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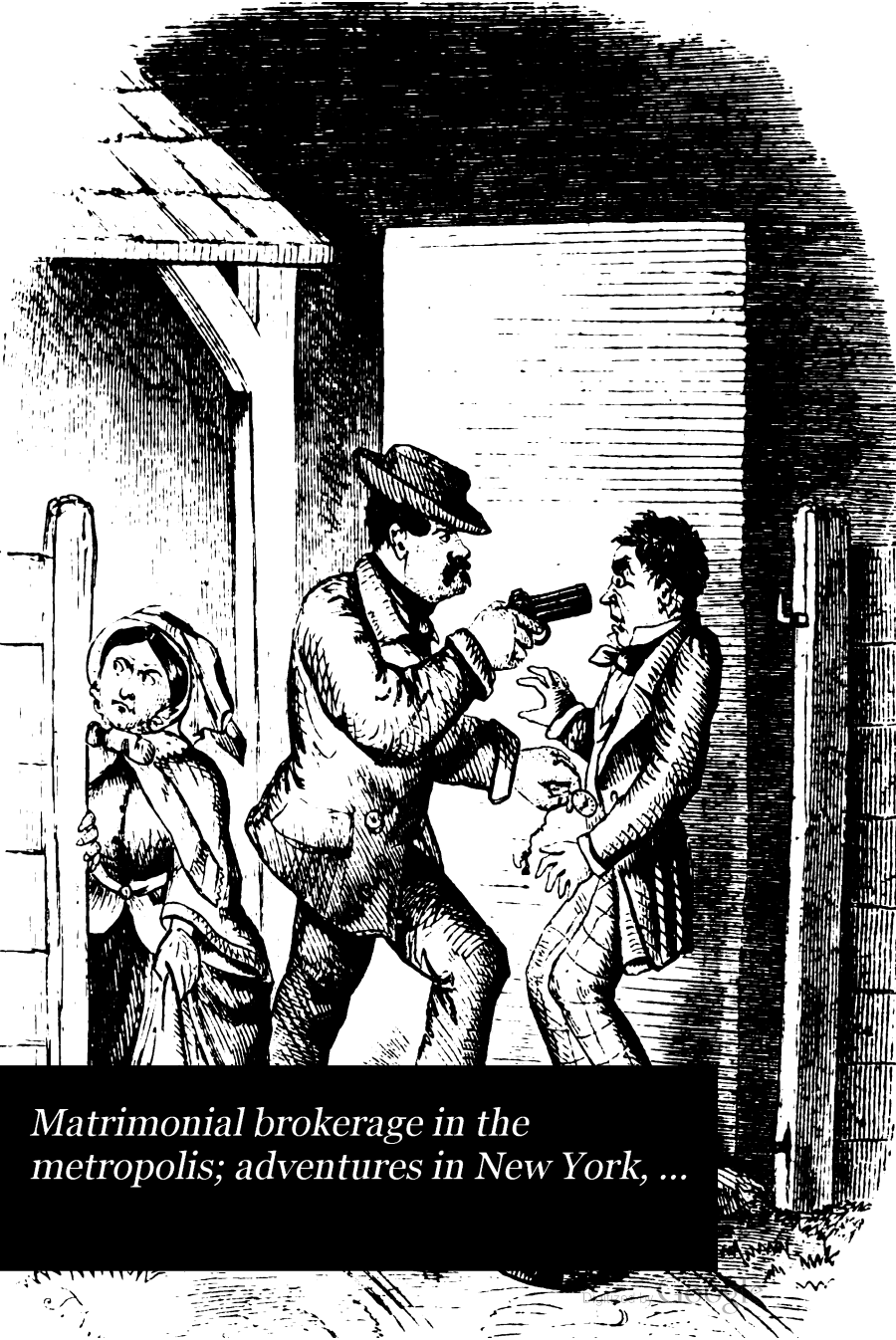

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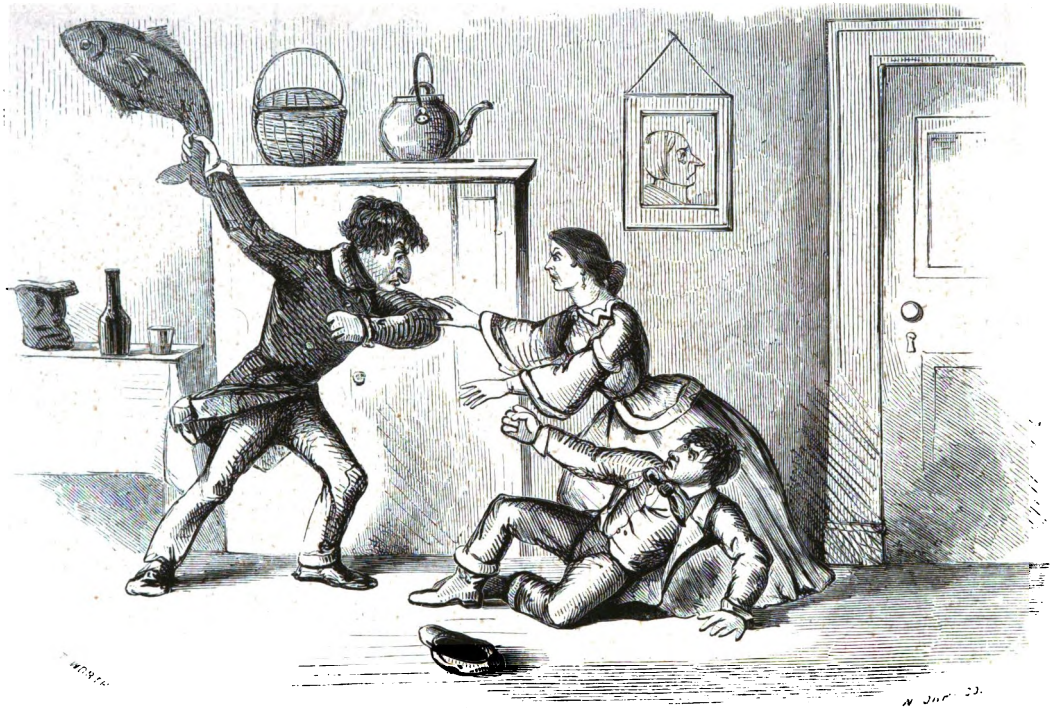

Mr. Salmon falls beneath the overpowering Codfish of the Stiff-necked Israelite.—PAGE 33.

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MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE

IN THE

METROPOLIS;

BEING TRUE NARRATIVES OF

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN NEW YORK,

AND

STARTLING FACTS IN CITY LIFE.

BY A REPORTER OF THE NEW YORK PRESS.

NEW YORK:
THATCHER & HUTCHINSON,
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1859.

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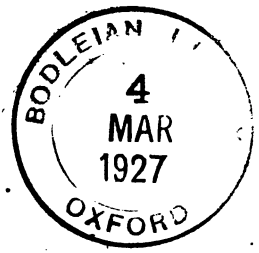

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PREFACE.

TWENTY-ONE of the thirty-three chapters comprising this volume, are substantially the same as appeared in the New York EVENING POST during the latter part of 1858 and the beginning of the present year. The remaining chapters have not before been published.

The numbers which appeared in the EVENING POST were copied into some of the best papers of the country, and received with such favor that the publishers were induced to present them in the present form.

The Author would feel that he has been poorly remunerated for the great labor he has expended in collecting the materials for this book, however rapid or extensive might be its sale, if it were received as a work of fiction; and he wishes to state distinctly that the main incidents related are real occurrences. The last chapter, relating to a well-known female, is strictly true in every particular.

If any one doubts that matrimonial offices really

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exist, or that matrimonial advertisements are common, he has only to consult the advertising columns of the *New York Herald*, where he will find abundant evidence of the fact.

Many of the characters described in these pages are outcasts, and such as are never met by persons living out of this city, nor even by thousands who reside in it. The pencil of his friend, Mr. Thomas Worth, will introduce them to the reader better than any description.

The Author takes pleasure in referring to an editorial article in the Appendix of this volume, which appeared in the Evening Post of February 14th, in which the truth of his statements is vindicated, and his services in collecting the facts are referred to in flattering terms.

The Author.

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MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE.

CHAPTER I.

A BRIEF EXPLANATION.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE, or professional match-making, is carried on in New York under multifarious forms, chiefly through the agency of matrimonial offices.

Matrimonial offices are, professedly, places for matrimonial candidates to form acquaintances; or, as it is expressed in an advertisement of one of these establishments, "for introducing ladies and gentlemen at present unknown to each other, who are desirous of entering into matrimony."

Thus: Mr. A. wants a wife. He goes to the matrimonial office, registers his name, describes his personal appearance, his circumstances, habits and tastes; also the kind of woman he desires to marry.

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Miss B. wants a husband. She goes to the office and makes a similar entry. The broker, or agent, with a large "assortment" of candidates on the books, selects and introduces such as seem suited to each other, charging one to ten dollars as a registry and introduction fee, with an additional charge for every subsequent meeting of the parties at the office. It is understood that names and residences are strictly confidential, and are never to be revealed without the consent of the person interested.

The theory of matrimonial brokers is, that circumstances often prevent persons meeting a suitable companion, and that by availing themselves of the brokerage system, they may escape the unpleasant dilemma of remaining single or marrying unhappily.

But since Wall street, the great centre of all brokerage but this, has its peccadilloes, it need not surprise us if matrimonial agents do sometimes vary from the rectangular rules of honesty, and say one thing when they actually mean another. How their practice corresponds with their theory, will appear from the chapters which follow.

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CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Frost's Matrimonial Office—Brunettes and Blondes—Matrimony and Hair Dye—Grand Chance for Speculation—Remarkable Faculty for Lying—A Mechanic in a Cold Room—Hopes deferred "a Few Days."

THE matrimonial brokerage office of Mrs. Frost was originally opened in Bleecker street, but subsequently removed to Fourth street.

Mrs. Frost is a lively little woman, about thirty years old, who makes no great professions of honesty, but expresses a willingness that other people shall be wholly honest if they choose, although her experience, she says, has convinced her that it does not pay very well. She represents herself as a widow, or as having a husband, as the occasion seems to require. "Sometimes," she says, "I like to have people think I am married; they think better of me for it, and it is to my advantage. But sometimes I prefer to be a widow." In the first instance she exhibits a marriage certificate, which she keeps on hand for the purpose, and holds to be conclusive evidence that

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she has a husband; in the second case she stoutly denies the existence of such a being.

She claims to possess full information concerning the character and circumstances of all the persons on her list, and desires to have her recommendation of a candidate taken as final and conclusive evidence of his respectability. We are sorry to say, however, that if a man will pay this scrupulous broker with sufficient liberality, he can be introduced to any female on her list, even if she knows less of him and the truth of his assertions than of the accuracy of the inscriptions on the tombs of the Pharaohs. He need not even give any name.

"Blessed is he," saith the Book of Mormon, "who bloweth his own horn; for whoso bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blowed." Likewise: "Whoso bloweth his own horn, the same shall be blowed with a vengeance."

For a conspicuous example of both texts, we refer to Madame Frost. She perseveringly advertised in the papers, and issued circulars setting forth the beauty and accomplishments of the brunettes and blondes, with sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks, and flowing locks, and graceful forms, whose names were on her list.

There were in fact some very pretty girls among

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these hopeful candidates for matrimony; but as a general rule, view borrowed enchantment from distance.

One of her "beauties" was a widow, over fifty years of age, of immense frame, sharp, ugly features, and as garrulous as Xantippe. She was anxious to marry, she said, for two reasons. First, she believed with Antoinette Brown, that "a good husband is a good thing," and thought she should be happier married than in a single state. But second, and chiefly, she had a recipe for making hair-dye and perfumery, which "excelled any in the known world;" and if she could get a man with sufficient capital to set up in the business, "it would be the making of both," as well as the hair-dye. She always carried a bottle of the perfumery with her upon her courtship expeditions, and would expatiate upon its merits with a verbosity excelling the verbosity of the vender of razor-strops. She evidently intended so to impress some man with its value that he would take her for the sake of getting the recipe. But as human hopes are transient as the colors of Iris, it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that she failed in this; and that after a great number of fruitless journeys to the matrimonial office, she abandoned it in despair.

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Another of the female candidates was a coarse German woman, who wanted a husband to tend bar, having lost her former one, who was a "sehr guter Mann," about two months previous to her application to Mrs. Frost. She said, when he was alive to tend bar, business went on well; but since he died she had missed his services a good deal, and wanted to supply his place.

Mrs. Frost charged five dollars for an introduction to one of these beauties, and where a rich widow was involved, wanted more, though she would take even less than five dollars if she could not get so much. The fee entitled the person to one introduction; another introduction involved the necessity of another fee.

Mrs. Frost was a remarkable liar. Her gift in this respect might excite the envy of all students of the art. She would lie, not with hesitation and blushes, but with earnestness and fluency. If she found herself involved in the tangled web which the old couplet assures us the deceiver weaves, she always found strength sufficient for her day, and would lie herself out with gusto and dexterity.

The man who refused Mrs. Frost's demand for money was her enemy. She would annoy and persecute him in sundry ways. A mechanic who had

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few acquaintances in the city, and desired a wife, called upon Mrs. Frost. The result was an appointment to meet a female at the office at a given time; and Mrs. Frost agreed to give the woman notice and secure her presence. But he was not liberal enough to meet the wishes of the virtuous broker; she, therefore, determined upon revenge, and did not give the female in question notice of his appointment.

Punctual to the hour, the expectant mechanic was at the house. It was a cold day in February, and he was shown into a room up-stairs where there was no fire, Mrs. Frost assuring him that the lady would arrive in a few minutes, and that he should see her in the parlor. But an hour passed and no one came. He finally grew impatient, and rapped upon the landlady's door. She again took him to the cold room, told him she would send a messenger after the lady immediately, and that if he would wait a few minutes, she had no doubt he could have an interview. "It is cold up there, I know," she added, "but the parlor is occupied by another couple, at present; they will leave by the time she comes, however, and you can have it."

The mechanic returned to his cheerless quarters, and the landlady went back to the fire, to ridicule

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him and laugh at the deception of which he was the unsuspecting victim. At last, after another hour's waiting, he lost all patience. She then announced that the messenger had returned, and that the lady had been taken violently ill, but would be able to see him in a few days. So the mechanic's hopes were postponed

"A few days, a few days, a few days longer."

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CHAPTER III.

Another sudden Frost blights the Mechanic's Hopes—Breaking off Matches—How and Why it is done—Spies—A Stiff-Necked Israelite—Fictitious Capital—An Errand and a Clerk "Done" simultaneously—Correspondence—A Chicago Man takes a Lesson in the Mutability of all Human Affairs, etc.

EVER since the second chapter, the verdant mechanic has been left waiting in a cold room for his lady-love, the thermometer meantime contracting to its minimum dimensions, having been informed by Mrs. Frost that he must wait "a few days longer."

Suspecting nothing of the trick which had been practised upon him, he held on with commendable pertinacity, and after many journeys and the expenditure of nameless drachmas, succeeded in obtaining an introduction. He made rapid progress in his courtship. The twain seemed to be on what the spiritualists call the same plane and in coincident spheres; and it was agreed that at their next interview they should exchange addresses—after which, he expected to be able to court upon his

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own hook, and do as other lovers do—walk up to the front door and ring the bell at her father's house.

He looked anxiously forward for the time of meeting; and when it arrived, started eagerly for the matrimonial office, singing that familiar hymn:

"O, bliss! more blissful for the clouds
Which did obscure thee once!"

The author of the Pickwick Papers, with that rare sagacity for which he is distinguished, has remarked that "when you have parted with a man at two o'clock in the morning on terms of the utmost good fellowship, and he meets you again at half-past nine, and greets you as a 'serpent,' it is not unreasonable to conclude that something of an unpleasant nature has happened!"

Our mechanic came to the same conclusion, when, upon reaching Mrs. Frost's office, and inquiring if the "gal" had arrived, the lively little broker replied, "No, she has not, and will not! She don't want to see you again!" Something had happened.

"Not see me again!" exclaimed the mechanic, starting back, very much like a man rapped on the nose with a mallet.

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Frost, "but I can't

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help it; that's what she said. And, between you and me, she is *rather* fickle. I think she liked you well enough, but she don't hold her mind long. But there are enough others, better ones, too, that I can introduce you to."

There was nothing to be said. The smitten and stricken lover could not go and throw himself at the feet of his cruel mistress, for the reason that he couldn't find his mistress, much less her feet.

Hence we do view, from the above brief tale, that it is one of the thirty-nine articles of Mrs. Frost's creed to blight the hopes, undermine the desires, dislocate the plans, and prostrate the aspirations of her patrons. If the mechanic and his charmer had been married, there was nothing more to be made out of them. But if the match could be broken off, the mechanic might be induced to get an introduction to another party, in which case, of course, he would pay another fee; and the girl's name would still be retained upon the list among the female candidates—a source of further profit.

In this instance the girl was as anxious for the meeting as he, but she, like him, had been told by the lively and little Mrs. Frost, matrimonial broker, that the mechanic had sent word he should not be there; that he had seen another girl to whom he

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had taken a greater fancy, and did not wish to see *her* again.

"Each lover thought the other false."

Breaking off matches, if there is any prospect of marriage, is a regular branch of the business. Before the parties have exchanged addresses it is easily done, but afterwards it is more difficult. In such cases, the plan of the broker is to create mutual distrust. Vague hints are at first thrown out to each against the other, although with professions of the sincerest friendship.

"Where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?"

Such was the substance, if not the form, of her hints. She possessed the power of insinuation to a remarkable degree. She invariably left the impression, on such occasions, that she knew more than she would tell. Iago never understood better that

"Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur."

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She did not herself believe it possible, she would say to the masculine A.; but she had lately heard suspicious things whispered about the virtue of the feminine B. Meantime, the B. was told of various unholy things which rumor had whispered concerning the A. If she was listened to, her insinuations gradually assumed a more definite form, and finally ripened into the hardest accusations.

The A. was told that the B. was, or at least had been, far too familiar with X., and did not mean to marry A. if she could get a richer man, but only encouraged him as a *dernier resort*, in case she failed to get the wealthy but as yet unsnared Z.

Miss B. was told that Mr. A. was a rascal, a humbug and a libertine, and that he had confessed that he never had any intention of marrying her; that he said it in confidence, but she was determined not to allow a friend for whom her bosom was fired with such a tender and Platonic flame, to be imposed upon, especially as she was, in part, responsible for the acquaintance; all of which, of course, gave Miss B. a high opinion of the lively and deceitful little Mrs. F., and inspired her with profound gratitude for her maternal warning and protection, which met with a more than maternal success.

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If either of the parties, as they very naturally would, asked why they were ever introduced to one so unworthy, Mrs. Frost was ready with the answer that she had herself been deceived, and that it was only by an accident that she discovered it. But hearing it intimated that there was something wrong, she had followed up the rumor and ascertained the truth.

Indeed, she claimed that no one could long deceive her, and that she could in time discover the secrets of all her patrons. And, to this end, according to her own confession, she carried on a system of espionage, and tracked her customers to every part of the city.

There was a young Jew in her house, with a face as square as a die, but not so little, who seemed much attached to her. His brains were as muddy as an acre of the Dismal Swamp; but the wit of this stiff-necked Israelite would sometimes arise and shine, and give the family a deal of trouble. On such occasions he would go off on a spree, spend all the money he could lay his hands on, and run in debt up to his eyes. He once carried off Mrs. Frost's trunk—her leather trunk, we mean—worth twenty-five dollars, and pawned it for a dollar and a half. There was another man, less seen in the

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house, whom she sometimes called her husband—and besides these, a Scotch girl, any or all of whom she sent out as spies upon the movements of her patrons.

"Little did Miss B. think," she once said, when trying to break up a fancied attachment; "little did Miss B. think, when she met that man on the corner, from whom she parted here the other evening, that I sent a man out at the side door to watch her. But I *did*, and she met the man, too, and *I can prove it.* She has had her day with me: she deceived me a long time, but now I know her, and I shall tell her never to set foot in this house again the very next time she comes."

The next time the girl came, however, she was welcomed as warmly as ever, and told any amount of wicked things which Mr. A. had said and done.

Taking lessons with docility from the Parker Vein Coal Company, who, like her, anxious to make money a little faster than in the legitimate course of business was possible, a few years since issued some millions fictitious stock, not to mention the more recent example of the La Crosse and Milwaukie Railroad Company, which invested in a governor and State legislature on a speculation, and issued bonds on land it did not own, Mrs. Frost

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does business on fictitious capital. The plan of professing to send a messenger or to go herself upon an errand, and getting pay, without sending or going, was frequently tried, and with such success as to become a regular branch of trade.

A charmèd clerk had been introduced to a charming little female, whom he wished to see again; and Mrs. Frost promised to give her notice and secure her presence at the office upon a given day. At the specified time the charmèd called; but the charmer was not there. He was told she would soon come; but after waiting in vain a long time he grew impatient.

"It is strange," Mrs. Frost exclaimed—"strange that she don't come! Look a-here! suppose I go up and find out if there was not some mistake. I am sure there must be; for I saw her this very morning, and she promised certain to come."

"I wish you would go!" eagerly replied the smitten dispenser of tapes and muslins.

"I will; but you see I must ride. They charge fare on the cars, and who knows how many customers I may lose by going? But give me a dollar, and I'll go."

The dollar was willingly paid. The landlady went out of the room, spent an hour in her own apart-

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ment, reading the Anatomy of Melancholy, and making a diagnosis of the case down stairs, and when she had finished a chapter, returned with word that the girl could not come that day.

The clerk's troubles were not at an end; for his credulity was not yet exhausted, and his purse not yet empty; and while faith and capital held out, Mrs. Frost held on. He subsequently saw the girl, and made another appointment; but before the time for the meeting arrived she was taken ill. She wrote him a note, apologizing for her absence, which she gave to Mrs. Frost. When the clerk called, in expectation of the meeting, he was told that the girl was sick, but the fact that she had written him a letter was carefully concealed.

During the conversation, Mrs. Frost magnified the illness of the young woman to a fearful degree, expressed fears that she would not recover, and finally suggested that she "had better run up and see how she was getting on. Perhaps," she added, "the lady will be well enough to write to you."

The disconsolate clerk gave her a dollar to go on the errand; she withdrew to another room, resumed her studies of the Anatomy of Melancholy, and in due time returned, delivering the letter she had received the day before.

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Correspondence from the country and from other cities, was a source of revenue to Mrs. Frost. Her advertisements, which were widely scattered, announced that the business could be done by correspondence; but no letter would receive attention unless a fee was inclosed.

When a letter was received, she replied by setting forth the advantages of the matrimonial brokerage system, the beauty and virtues of the numerous female candidates upon her list, and by assuring the correspondent that scores of happy marriages were daily brought about through her agency.

When a sufficient fee was forwarded, the next thing was to get some girl to correspond; if this could not be done, she answered the letters herself, assuming the character of a highly accomplished young lady, anxious to meet a congenial spirit.

Generally, however, she found girls enough ready to correspond; and not unfrequently she had one in correspondence with half a dozen or more deluded strangers at the same time, each of whom was made to believe himself the sole object of interest to his fair but unknown correspondent.

In one instance, a man who had paid liberally,

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came all the way from Chicago to see a young woman with whom he had been exchanging very affectionate letters, for three or four months, and with whom, as he supposed, he had exchanged likenesses. Had he known that Mrs. Frost had written all the letters he had received, and that the daguerreotype which was sent him was copied from a plate, it is probable he would not have made the journey. When he arrived and addressed a note to his imaginary sweetheart, he received one in reply returning his picture, and thanking him for his attentions, but declining, "for satisfactory reasons," to see him; and he returned without beholding the object of his journey, to ruminate upon the fickle nature of woman, and convinced of the truth of the old political song, that—

"Doubtful things are mighty unsartin."

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CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Peter Salmon and his Affinities—His Courtship of the Hair-Dye and Perfumery Widow—His Present of a Codfish, and how he was whipped with it—The Stiff-necked Israelite aroused—A Tragedy—Happy Effects of Brandy.

Peter Salmon had in view the eternal fitness of things, when he hired out to the keeper of a fish market. By any other name, however, he would have smelled as sweet; for he carried in his garments the fishy odor—ranker and smelling further than the fish themselves—an odor, in the language of the ancient writer, more than codfish, more than mackerel, more than shad, but something compounded of all these odors, and in itself more than odor; *sed potius commune quoddam ex omnibus, et plus quam* polecat.

In his person, too, it was observed, Mr. Salmon bore a strong resemblance to the finny tribes, as any person in ten might have seen who has visited Barnum's Museum, and "knows what an aquaria is." His long, lank body was as straight as an eel

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stretched out straight; his shirt, checked with small red spots, was singularly like a trout's belly; his short, broad hands resembled the tail of a cod-fish; his round eyes were not unlike a crab's; and, we regret to say, his habits were those of a sucker. Here, unfortunately, his affinities with the submarine inhabitants cease; for water was more out of his element in him that any other potable fluid.

Like too many young men, Mr. Salmon got sick of his calling. "Anything but the fish business!" became his habitual remark. Hence, although his literary acquirements were none of the best, he fell into a habit of reading the "wants" in the papers, and in this manner one morning stumbled upon the matrimonial advertisement of Mrs. Frost.

Novelty has a charm for young and tender minds; and although Mr. Salmon was only thirty years of age at the time, he began to think of marriage, and grasped at the chances offered in the advertisement as eagerly as spry terriers spring at the vanishing tails of sprier rats.

"Who knows," such was his soliloquy, "who knows but I may strike on some rich widder, and get out o' the fish business?"

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With these views he went to the matrimonial office one evening, and was soon inspired by Mrs. Frost with the liveliest anticipations of immediate matrimony and money. He paid his fee of five dollars, but declined making any entry in the book, partly because he did not wish to commit himself too soon, and chiefly because his chirographic accomplishments scarcely warranted the undertaking. He had, in fact, like the Roman Catholic archbishop, a habit of writing his signature with a cross. Unlike the prelate, however, he did not add his patronymic.

Mrs. Frost recommended to Mr. Salmon the widow with the recipe for hair-dye and perfumery, mentioned in the second chapter. By adding largely to her personal attractions, subtracting fifteen years from her age, and multiplying her virtues with great earnestness, Mrs. Frost drew a picture of the widow which completely captivated the simple mind of the piscatory Salmon. He engaged to meet her the next evening, and Mrs. Frost engaged to let her of the hair-dye know all about his yearnings.

Mr. Salmon could not sleep that night. He was tossed upon his bed with a multitude of pleasant emotions; and so sure was he of success that he

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assumed many unusual airs in the market next day. He was impudent to his employer—impudent to customers, and knocked down a small boy who offended him. At one time he fell into a reverie, "Who knows!—this may be my last day in the fish business—marry the widow—set up a hair-dye and perfumery shop in Broadway —have nothing to do but dress like a gentleman —stand behind the counter and take in the cash!"

During this reverie several customers passed on to other stands, in consequence of his neglect. Observing this, his employer reproved him; whereupon he told that worthy gentleman to "go to brimstone," and uttered a fearful malediction upon the fish business.

As night came in, Mr. Salmon went out; not, however, until he had done up a nice codfish and some smaller fry, as a slight token of his gratitude and devotion to Mrs. Frost, who was doing him such essential service. These she accepted, with many appropriate acknowledgments and compliments, saying, among other things, that he deserved the best woman in the United States.

Mr. Salmon found her of the hair-dye awaiting him in the parlor, and was introduced.

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Now Mr. Salmon's prejudices in regard to what a woman should be, were as strong as his habitual odor. In his estimation it was woman's duty to remain silent in the presence of man, and never to speak unless spoken to. Silence, in his opinion, was woman's crowning virtue; but silence with the lady of the hair-dye was a virtue in which she was deficient to a remarkable degree. Poor Mr. Salmon had framed many pretty speeches in his mind, all for her benefit; but he had no chance to deliver them; it was as easy to drive a horse and dray through Niagara as to break into her interminable sentences.

So disgusted was Mr. Salmon with the widow's gift of tongue, that he inwardly uttered an exclamation of praise and thanksgiving when she arose to depart. Although she talked incessantly while putting on her hat and shawl, talked while he attended her to the door, and talked standing in the door, and talked with her hand upon the knob, he saw a prospect of being relieved from the intolerable persecution. No sooner was she out of doors than he rushed frantically into the kitchen (which was also the sitting-room), and opened a furious tirade upon Mrs. Frost, for having introduced him to such a "hag of Bedlam."

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Mrs. Frost, with all her virtues, was not remarkble for patience; and, not being in the best of humor went off like a torpedo.

Now, it so happened that the stiff-necked Israelite of the square face, mentioned and described in our last chapter, had that evening been down to a newspaper office with a matrimonial advertisement, for the insertion of which he paid out of a $1 bill, with which he had been injudiciously intrusted, and appropriating the remaining half dollar to his own unrighteous uses, had returned home as drunk as four shillings' worth of bad gin and brandy could make him.

When Mr. Salmon commenced his onslaught upon Mrs. Frost, the Israelite sat in one corner of the room, with his feet on the table and his head drooping upon his bosom, as if in profound meditation. He at first paid little attention to the fierce war of words, but finally awoke to a partial realization of what was passing.

"Pay me back my five dollars!" said Mr. Salmon.

"I shan't do it!" said Mrs. Frost. "I agreed to introduce you and I did introduce you. You wanted to see this one, and if you don't like her it's none of my fish!"

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The allusion to fish was unfortunate. It reminded Mr. Salmon of the friendly holocaust he brought under his arm on that memorable evening.

"You'd better talk of fish!" he fairly roared in reply. "Where's the cod and mackerel I gave you! Five dollars wasn't enough, I suppose. Give me back my fish!"

"I shan't do that neither!" said Mrs. Frost. "You want me to do your work for nothing, and then abuse me for it. You can take your hat and march just as soon as you please!"

"I'll have my fish before I go!" said the indignant and highly-flavored Salmon.

"Then you'll wait till doomsday!" replied the lively and no less indignant little Frost.

"Give me my fish!" shouted Mr. Salmon.

The stiff-necked Israelite was now thoroughly awake. He rushed to the cupboard, and seizing the codfish by the tail, swung it over his head in mortal defiance, crying out to the astonished Salmon:

"There's your fish!—take your fish and be d——d to you!"

Saying which he fell upon the now petrified Salmon and gave him a broadside of codfish upon the chops, which brought him to the earth.

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"Don't don't! Luke! don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Frost, throwing herself between the fiery Israelite and his victim. But it was of no avail. The wrathful Luke plied the codfish to the body of the prostrate Salmon, until it (the codfish) lay scattered about the floor in a thousand fragments; after which he quietly resumed his former meditative posture. Mr. Salmon was—

——"vanquished, but unsubdued."

No sooner had Luke resumed his seat, than his senses, stupefied by the sudden application of the homœopathic principle of "*Similia similibus curantur*," came back with all their accustomed brilliancy. He squared off in front of his antagonist and demanded satisfaction, instead of salmon, but receiving no answer, was about to take summary vengeance, when Mrs. Frost interfered and begged a truce.

Mr. Salmon declared that one of two things would happen. He would either flog the Israelite then and there, until no bone should remain in his body unbroken, or he would go directly to the police office and have him arrested for assault and battery.

Mrs. Frost was perplexed. Luke was a favorite,

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and the idea of seeing him flogged before her eyes was intolerable; a complaint before a police magistrate, an arrest and a trial were equally so.

Something must be done, and the lively little woman tried the power of persuasion. She was very sorry for what had happened; Luke was drunk, or he never would have acted so; the woman with the hair-dye had deceived her—never before was heard to talk so; she would introduce him to another girl without charging him a cent, etc., etc.

Salmon was inexorable,

> "With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
> And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon!
> Restless it rolls—now fixed, and now, anon,
> Flashing afar; and at his iron feet
> Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done!"

He was about to plant one of the "iron feet" aforesaid into the ribs of the Israelite, when Mrs. Frost hit upon an expedient. She slipped a fifty cent piece into Luke's hand, and the shining coin wrought like magic upon his muddy wits. Much quicker than Mr. Salmon's quickest thoughts, he rushed out of the door and made good time to the nearest drinking-house, leaving Mr. Salmon once

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more harpooned with astonishment at the suddenness of his movements.

"Queer boy that!—quick work!" was the first remark with which he broke the silence.

"A very strange man," said Mrs. Frost; "don't mind him; he's in liquor. He's a perfect tiger in liquor—can handle a dozen common men; but when he's sober is the best fellow in the world."

"Singular!" was the conclusion of the relenting Salmon. "I drink, myself, sometimes."

"Wouldn't you take a little brandy now, Mr. Salmon?"

Saying this, the shrewd little broker ran to the cupboard, unlocked an inside door, and placed a glass of brandy in contiguity with the delighted Salmon in double quick time.

The expedient was a happy one. Mr. Salmon drank, and the effect was remarkable. He was felicitous, contented and friendly. He was at peace with all man and womankind—forgave Mrs. Frost whatever wrong she had done him, might, could or should do him; and in the best of humor wended his way to the shrines of departed fish.

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CHAPTER V.

The Memorable Courtship of Herr Altkopf—A Wedding at last—Coal Dust and Lager Bier—A Mammoth Infidel—A sudden and unwelcome Apparition—Fearful Battle between two Husbands—Tragic termination of Wedded Bliss.

It has been long known that the methods of removing the feline cutaneous covering are more than can be expressed by the first of the integers; and that the methods of compounding sausages are numberless, is proven by the case of the Corporation *agt.* Herr Schlagenhamer, who was recently arrested in the act of chopping up dogs for sausage-meat, without due process of law, thus interfering with the prerogatives of the municipal pound. It is also true that there is more than one way of making money; and Mrs. Frost has furnished a notable illustration of the fact.

It happened that she occupied a house in one room of which a fortune-teller had formerly revealed the hidden mysteries of fate, and whose credulous patrons, not being great readers of the

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newspapers, were not all aware of the fact that she had removed.

As Mrs. Frost was one morning engaged in answering the inquiries of a matrimonial candidate, which extended over four pages of foolscap, she was interrupted by the entrance of a man whose besmeared person was a more conspicuous advertisement of his business than the words "coal-yard," upon his cart.

"Ist the fortune-teller here?" was his inquiry.

Mrs. Frost was as prompt in deciding a new point as she was in pocketing a fifty cent piece, and answered without the slightest hesitation:

"Yes—walk in!"

The driver of the coal-cart walked into the parlor with a ponderous tread, the dust flying from either leg as he stepped. He was little accustomed to womankind, except as manifested in the mammoth specimen whom, until recently, he had regarded as bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh; but, though he was somewhat embarrassed at first, the attractive manners of Mrs. Frost soon put him at ease.

"Is there anything I can do for you to-day, sir?" she asked, smiling graciously.

"Yah; dat is, I have one hope you may someting mit my sorrow do for me."

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"Ah, are you in trouble? I am always sorry to see people in trouble, and will help you if I can."

"Danke Ihnen!—dat ist goot. Mein frau, dat is vat you call my vife, ist weggelaufen—dat is, she is run, mein Gott, away!"

"How long has she been gone?"

"She run zwei week ago away mit a Schauspieler—vas is dat you call him?"

"A what?"

"A Schauspieler. Dat is a man who have one grand exhipition of pig and little vimin. A kleine girl dat is almost a little shild, is die little voman they call thirty years old, wenn she not more as ten, he know—she ist die little; and vat tink you now? He offer me one tousand tollar for my frau for die pig voman, and I ask him two tousand, vich he say pe too much, and so he got her to run away and go mit him to the vest, and she is now the pig."

"Well, what do you want me to do for you?"

"I vant you tell me vere mine frau is, and venn she will come ever pack."

"Oh, yes, I can tell you that; but I shall charge you a dollar, and you must pay in advance."

Having received her fee, Mrs. Frost buried her head in her hands a few minutes, and then said in a decided and solemn manner:

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"Your wife is in Detroit, Michigan. I see a handbill posted in the street which announces that she will be exhibited this evening—admittance 25 cents. She will never come back to you—never!"

"Ist Detroit in the vest?"

"Yes."

"Ten, mein Gott, do you speak trut, for I know she's gone to die vest: and how know you dat unless you know more?"

"Of course I tell you the truth; but you needn't feel bad because she's gone. It is the easiest thing in the world to get another wife. You didn't care much for her, did you?"

"Gott im Himmel! I care much! He offer me a tousand tollar, and I vos one fool I didn't take it; put I thought I get two tousand, and now she run off and I get noting. Wenn I had took one tousand so vould I care not one tam!"

"But she's gone, and the best thing you can do is to get another wife; get one that will earn more than a thousand dollars."

The Goth received this proposal in silence, and passed into a state of deep meditation. At last, a smile gleamed through the black curtain that hid his face as he answered:

"Goot! dat pe very goot! But how will I get her?"

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"I will help you. I keep an office for getting wives; and if you will pay me enough, I promise to get you one. If I don't I will marry you myself."

The expression which overspread the features of Herr Altkopf when the last proposition of the little broker met his ear, was indescribable.

"Vat, now, you not got a husband? I taut you have a husband."

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Frost, "I am a widow."

"Dat is goot—es ist mir lieb—dat is, I am very glad you pe a vidow!"

Hereupon Mr. Altkopf, in very bad English, recounted Mrs. Frost's attractions with great admiration—the chief point being her undoubted capacity to make money at fortune-telling. He finally concluded the eulogy of her virtues by proposing immediate marriage.

Mrs. Frost replied that she would not marry at present; that she was partly joking, and must take time to consider; but added:

"If you are going to court me, and say you want to marry me, you must do something to show that you are in earnest."

"Yah—vat is dat?"

"Well, although I do not want a man to support me, I do not want a husband who will spend all I

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earn. You are in the coal business, and if you give me a load of coal this afternoon, and other loads whenever I need it, I shall think well of you, and if I think best, will marry you in the spring."

The result of the interview appeared about two hours afterward, when the cart of Mr. Altkopf, laden with choice coal, was lightened of its burden in front of Mrs. Frost's residence.

Time passed, and more coal was needed. Mr. Altkopf, who visited the matrimonial office whenever he could "steal awhile away," responded with great promptness to the necessity; and at intervals for at least two months, his cart, as Mr. G. P. R. James would say, "might have been seen" in front of the place discharging its valuable contents.

Mr. Altkopf at last grew weary of this sort of courtship, not only because he disliked to let his coal go without ready cash, but because he made no progress. Mrs. Frost was always busy when he called, and he got sight of her but a few times in the two months. His patience having at last become exhausted, he sent to her word by the servant girl that he would not fetch her any more coal, unless she saw him at once.

Mrs. Frost, perceiving the crisis which she had

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long expected, had at last come, received the Goth in the parlor with a sweet and winning smile, but informed him that she had not yet decided.

"Herr Gott! sacrament!" was the rough reply of the indignant and not very gallant lover; "how long tink you I prin' you coal for noting? Now tell me diesen Augenblick—tiss minute, vill you pe meine frau—dat is my vife, or vill you not?"

"You must wait awhile longer; you are in too much of a hurry," replied Mrs Frost.

"I vill not wait!" roared the angry Goth, bringing his mighty cow-hide boot down with an energy which shook every window in the house, as well as the courage of the broker, and filled the room with fine black coal dust—"I vill wait not one pit!"

"Well, then," replied the frightened Mrs. Frost, "if you will not give me time to consider, I will not marry you."

"Herr Gott! sacrament!—den vill you pay me for mein coal!"

"I will do better for you than to marry you myself," replied Mrs. Frost; "I will introduce you to a widow who has a good business, and will give you a situation at once where you can do better than at drawing coal."

The Goth, in spite of his sudden ebullition of wrath,

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had great faith in Mrs. Frost; and as matrimony was with him simply a speculation, he listened to the proposal.

It will be remembered that in a preceding chapter, we mentioned a certain German widow, among Mrs. Frost's candidates, who was in search of a husband to tend bar, having lost her spouse some two months before. She kept a lager-bier saloon in Stanton street, not of the highest character; and to this woman, in due time, Mr. Altkopf was introduced.

As both were in search of a mate from commercial considerations, and as each held out satisfactory inducements, he of the coal-bin was married to her of the lager-bier barrel in three days after the introduction. On that memorable occasion, Mr. Altkopf washed all the coal-dust off his face and hands, and donned a clean shirt and linen bosom for the first time since his marriage to the mammoth infidel.

Mr. Altkopf speedily disposed of his small interest in the coal-yard, and devoted his talents exclusively to the elimination of lager-bier—a calling much better suited to his taste.

As this is the only marriage ever brought about by the agency of Mrs. Frost, it is to be regretted that

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it was not more fruitful of mutual happiness, and that its *dénouement* should have been so sudden and tragic.

Late one evening, about two weeks after his wedding, the ponderous Mr. Altkopf sat in the bar-room. The lights were dim and his customers had departed one by one, until he was alone, surrounded by kegs of lager-bier and a dense cloud of smoke. He was meditating the profits of the day, when suddenly he detected low conversation in the adjoining apartment of his wife. Being naturally interested, he listened, and clearly distinguished a man's mingling with the harsher voice of his new spouse.

Although Mr. Altkopf was not of a jealous disposition, he at once suspected there was something wrong.

> "Some clouds portentous of impending storms,
> Freighted with hot and blasting thunderbolts,
> Seemed gathering overhead."

He placed his ear to the key-hole of his wife's room, and heard her say:

"I thought you not come pack—you say you not come pack—so I marry him!"

"Herr Gott! sacrament!" exclaimed Mr. Alt-

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kopf, breaking out with his habitual oath, and bracing his back against the door, where, dropping his head upon his breast, he studied the meaning of the words.

His exclamation was heard inside, however, and as he stood in the contemplative mood, with his full weight against the door, it suddenly opened, and he measured his gigantic body upon the floor; and before he had time to collect his scattered senses, and rise to his feet, the owner of the strange voice was upon him, armed with a hickory stick, which he applied to the prostrate body of his foe with something of that unction which inspired Samson, when with such an inadequate weapon he whacked so many of the Philistines.

"Wer ist da! Ich bin der mann of the house! Gott im Himmel! Stop tief! Police! watch! murter!" were some of the exclamations of the belabored Goth, as he writhed in fruitless attempts to rise and grapple with his unknown antagonist. He called upon the loving bride, whom two weeks before he had led to the altar, to assist him, but she told the stranger to "preak his head mit the stick," which injunction the stranger faithfully followed.

Mr. Altkopf concluded that he must either him-

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self defend his inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, or be smashed to coal-dust; and inspired by the valor of despair, he succeeded in gaining his feet, and manfully showed the assailant his face, of which

> ——"the broad circumference
> Stands on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
> Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views."

If the valorous deeds which Mr. Altkopf then performed were worthy of Hector, unfortunately for him, those of his antagonist were worthy of Achilles; and although he fought and swore both in English and German, he was completely overpowered in considerably less than thirty seconds, alike in the contractile and expansive exercise of his muscles and in the volubility of his unmitigated Deutsch.

What the final result of this battle would have been, had not a metropolitan policeman rapped upon the door, it is impossible to foresee.

"Halloo!" shouted he of the blue coat and brass buttons; "I say, what's all that noise? Keep still, or I'll take you all to the station-house!"

These timely words put a sudden end to hostilities, and an explanation followed. From that

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momentous explanation the astounded Goth learned that the "widow" was of the "grass" species; that she had quarrelled with her husband, who left, swearing by King Gambrinus that he would never come back; but, after wandering a few weeks, reconsidered his rash resolution, and now returned to take possession of his wife and lager-bier shop; and much to the chagrin of the Goth, was welcomed by the wife.

A record of the negotiations and battles which resulted from this state of things, would be as voluminous as the testimony in the Parish will case. The result was that husband No. 1 paid husband No. 2 a dollar and twenty-five cents a day for his services as bar-tender during the time he held that distinguished office, and he resumed his coal cart, which he still drives. The mammoth infidel is still "the pig."

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CHAPTER VI.

The Exit of Mrs. Frost; with an Afterpiece, in which a Mexican Heiress appears, and there is an Unlucky Recognition—Henry William Herbert's Marriage—A Watchful Mother, etc.

It becomes our painful duty to record the disappearance of the lively little broker, whose achievements have been recorded in the four preceding chapters.

Some months after the memorable wedding of Mr. Altkopf, and the disastrous termination of his brief matrimonial career, Mr. John Benedict, a young man who was living here for the sake of living here, resolved to visit the matrimonial office of Mrs. Frost; and having rung the bell of that establishment, was met at the door by a woman with black clothes and an audacious face, who informed him that Mrs. Frost had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, without the slightest intimation of her destination.

"I rented this house," said the bold-faced woman, "and bought out the matrimonial business.

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She told me great stories about making money out of it, and promised to tell me all about her customers and the system of management. But she went off with her furniture, saying she would come back the next day and tell me all about it; and that is the last I have seen or heard of her. It's real mean of her; for I shouldn't a-rented the place if she hadn't promised to tell me all about things. Don't you think it's mean? What am I to do?"

Mr. Benedict expressed the opinion, that Mrs. Frost had treated her successor very shabbily, and acknowledged himself unable, on so short an acquaintance with the case, to advise the sufferer what course to pursue.

The woman invited him to look at her house, which invitation he accepted. When they were on the hall of the second floor, the door of one of the rooms stood open, and a young woman was before the mirror adjusting her hair, and Mr. Benedict was informed that this young woman was the landlady's daughter. Gradually the sinner unfolded her plans to her visitor; and before Mr. Benedict went away, he was convinced that his reputation or self-respect would not be improved by a second visit.

A few weeks after this adventure, Mr. Benedict

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observed an advertisement in a morning paper, announcing that the advertiser would introduce gentlemen "to any number of ladies," with a view to matrimony, for one dollar. All persons desiring her services, could obtain her address by inquiring for Mrs. W——, at the Broadway Post-office. The same day on which this announcement appeared, Mr. Benedict went to the office specified, and inquired according to direction. He received a white envelope, neatly directed, and upon opening it, found that the matrimonial establishment was situated in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace.

Thither the adventurous Benedict bent his steps, and was met at the door by a little girl who exhibited unusual intelligence, but had the look of a half-starved and much-abused child. She invited him to the parlor, and said Mrs. W. would be down directly.

Mrs. W. promptly appeared. She was a tall woman, with neuralgic pains in her face, and a heavy handkerchief around it, although the day was excessively warm.

"How did you find me?" was her first question.

Mr. Benedict explained the process, and asked her if she would introduce him.

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"I will introduce you to a young lady," she answered, "whom you cannot help falling in love with, unless you are a more indifferent person than I think you are. Do you want a rich wife?"

"I am not particular about that."

"Then you have means?"

"I have some means."

The broker's interest was manifestly increased by this announcement, and she forthwith began to praise the young lady in question. "She has black eyes, long black hair, a clear, beautiful complexion, is neither too large nor too small, has a sweet mouth, and faultless nose and chin, and while she is more intelligent than most girls of her age, she has none of their foolish extravagances."

"How old is she?"

"She is not quite seventeen. Some prefer a wife who don't know all about the nonsense of the city, but are sensible and domestic."

"That is my idea."

"Is it? Then you will be suited, I am sure. This girl's mother has been very particular—kept a very strict watch over her; hasn't allowed her even to go to theatres; scarcely permitted her to go out of her sight alone. The consequence is, the girl is quite unsophisticated."

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"Does her mother know that she is a candidate for matrimony?"

"Oh, yes. It is her mother's doings. The truth is they are rather poor—that is, not rich, but well enough off. The mother has brothers living in Mexico, and they are anxious she and the daughter shall go and live with them. In that case she will become heiress of a great estate. But it seems like taking her out of civilized life; and the mother, although she is determined to go to Mexico herself, is willing to leave the daughter, provided she can find her a suitable husband."

"So the mother has determined to go to Mexico?"

"Yes; she will go in about six weeks. In fact, they are both getting ready for the journey; and, unless the daughter marries soon, they will go together. If there should be a strong probability of a favorable alliance for the young lady, I suppose the mother would postpone the journey."

"I understand you to say you are willing to introduce me to her?"

"Yes, if you bring good references, and the references upon examination prove your representations to be true. As I said before, the mother is very particular, and will not allow any one to

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bestow the slightest attentions upon her daughter, until perfectly satisfied that his motives are honorable, and that he is every way worthy."

Mr. Benedict expressed a desire to see the young woman, but feared he would not be able to furnish references, since he was almost a stranger in the city. He could get an abundance of the best by sending home, but that would consume too much time; and before his character was established, mother and daughter might be on their way to Mexico. However, he would see if he could find some one that he knew at the hotels, and would call next afternoon.

When Mr. Benedict called next day, according to agreement, with some names in his pocket, which he had determined to give as references, the matrimonial broker graciously informed him she had seen the mother, and that in consideration of Mr. Benedict's gentlemanly appearance and modest demeanor, which she had described to her, the mother had concluded, under the circumstances, to depart somewhat from her ordinary rigidity, and permit an introduction. If it was mutually agreeable, the acquaintance could be cultivated, and meantime he could supply the proper recommendations. She further informed him that the

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mother would not permit an introduction without accompanying the daughter, and that the two would be at her house at six o'clock that afternoon.

True to their appointment, the two arrived, and the broker led in the young candidate and introduced her. The broker then withdrew, and Mr. Benedict found himself alone with the young lady whose charms had been described as irresistible. His first conclusion was that she was not less than twenty-two years old; his second, that her childish simplicity was all assumed; and his third, that though she had rather a pretty face and good form, she was far from being beautiful; and, finally, that the vigorous application of a tooth-brush would greatly improve the mouth which the broker had called sweet.

"Were you ever in a matrimonial office before?" asked Benedict.

"Goody gracious, no!" she replied; "were you?"

"I have read advertisements of other offices, I believe," was Benedict's evasive answer. "I think Mrs. Frost had one in Fourth street, and that Mr Robinson kept one in Broadway."

"Yes," said the young innocent, "I have heard

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so. I believe they were connected; but I don't know."

"Did you ever hear of any one marrying at these offices?"

"Yes; I believe the man who committed suicide—what was his name—Herbert, wasn't it?"

"Henry William Herbert, or Frank Forrester," suggested Benedict.

"Yes, that was the name. I have heard that he got acquainted with his wife at a matrimonial office."

"Indeed! I have read a different story. I think he said he defended her against ruffians in the street, and accompanied her home, and made her acquaintance by that means."

"Oh, no; he met her at a matrimonial office."

Benedict and the young lady talked of everything in general and nothing in particular—the latter professing entire ignorance of the world—for an hour or more, when the broker came and called her out. Soon after, Benedict heard voices in low and earnest conversation in the adjoining apartment; and then the broker reëntered, assured him that the girl was delighted with him, and announced that the mother desired an interview. "If she is pleased with you as well as the girl is," added

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the woman, "I presume she will invite you to call at their house."

Benedict declared his readiness to bear the scrutinizing gaze of the mother, and in a moment the broker led her in.

It was now twilight, and ordinary features were not discernible in the room; but the moment his eye rested upon the "particular" mother, he recognized her. The huge frame, the black clothes, the high forehead and bold face, were again before him; there was no mistaking them. She was the woman whom he met when he called for Mrs. Frost; and the daughter, he now remembered, was the same individual who stood before the glass adjusting her hair, when he looked through the door on the second hall of that disreputable house.

The woman, however, did not recognize him. She expressed herself pleased with his appearance, and invited him to call at her house. He made no direct answer, and bidding the mother, daughter and broker a respectful good-night, left them alone in their glory, without giving them any intimation of his knowledge, which was quite fatal to any little schemes they may have planned concerning him.

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CHAPTER VII.

A Gentleman from the Rural Districts in a Matrimonial Office—His Adventures with an Actress—How and Why she Fainted in His Arms—A Retreat.

In the fall of 1857, a young country merchant, not altogether ignorant of the ways of the city, and by no means averse to adventures, came here to get his semi-annual supply of dry goods. Having made his purchases, and being in no especial haste to return, he determined to visit a matrimonial office, the advertisement of which he had seen, and which struck him as exceedingly curious.

He repaired to the place indicated in the paper, paid the usual fee of five dollars, and made the following entry:

"John Quincy Jenkins, a dry goods merchant, of Memphis, Tennessee, 28 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high, black eyes and hair, and domestic tastes, desires to form the acquaintance of a lady, 22 to 25 years of age, with a view to matrimony. She must be of affectionate disposition, accomplished, intelligent and handsome. None others need apply. Money is no object, the advertiser having a lucrative business."

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The merchant was assured by the broker that she had just such a person upon her list at that moment; and that if he would call at five o'clock that afternoon, he should see her.

The adventurous Jenkins, being of a somewhat suspicious disposition, feared foul play; and, when the appointed hour had arrived, went to the matrimonial office with a six shooter, well loaded, in his pocket, more than half expecting to defend himself against robbers and assassins.

But the enemy he encountered was not of this kind. He was introduced to a young woman with black eyes and hair, pearly teeth, delicate hands, fine form, and intelligent and rather handsome face. Her dress was appropriate, and her manner modest.

Be it known that the adventurous Jenkins had anticipated nothing of the sort. He had supposed that if the landlady introduced him at all, which he considered doubtful, it would be to some frightful hag, who would drive him from the house in disgust. He was, therefore, a good deal taken aback, and though a man of sufficient brass, much embarrassed.

He rallied, however, and was soon chatting with the fair stranger as with an old acquaintance.

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Her wit and intelligence surprised and pleased him. He had no more idea of marrying than Brigham Young has of living single, and began to wish, from the bottom of his heart, that he was out of the affair.

The twain talked on until Jenkins became aware that he was expected to broach the main subject—but how to do it was a problem. He resolved, however, to tell her frankly that he was there merely from curiosity. He opened in this way:

"Mrs. —— (naming the broker), keeps a matrimonial office, it seems. It is a novel idea, and her advertisement made me very curious."

The unknown beauty blushed charmingly. The glow which overspread her features was, indeed, "a hit." But it lasted only a moment. She replied, "Yes; I see no harm in it. I would not have my uncle know I am here for anything in the world; he could never understand it. I have plenty of acquaintances, but little sympathy. I am well aware what the conventionalities of the world require; I am also aware that a woman's happiness is often sacrificed to them. I have resolved to this extent to break through them, and never to marry until I love."

"Love, surely," replied the half-captivated and

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philosophic Jenkins, "is the essential element of happiness, and I fancy that marriage without it would be an intolerable burden."

"I came here," responded mademoiselle, "not because I am ignorant of what belongs to a modest woman, but because I believe there is nothing wrong or immodest in doing so; and thinking that I might meet with what has thus far in life been denied me—the sympathy and friendship of some one who understands me."

"And I came here," vigorously responded Jenkins, perceiving a good chance to say what he wanted to, "I came here simply from curiosity. It is always best to be frank and truthful; I have no intention of marrying, but seeing so novel an advertisement in the paper, I wished to know its meaning."

Jenkins is of opinion that when he uttered this speech, a careful observer might have seen the slightest shade of disappointment becloud the features of the fair stranger; but if so, it passed quickly.

After a few minutes' conversation, Jenkins arose to depart. He expressed gratification at having seen her, and said that as he had a few days to spend in the city, he would, if he might presume to do so, beg the honor of calling upon her.

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"Tell me, sir," replied the enchanting damsel; "tell me if you can respect me just as much as though you had met me at Saratoga or Newport, and sought an introduction?"

"It matters little where we find a jewel we prize," was the gallant reply of the gallant Jenkins.

"If by that you mean to answer me in the affirmative," was the reply, "I shall be happy to have you call upon me to-morrow evening at my uncle's, No. —— 14th street.

Jenkins went away, looking, like Ferdinand,

——"in a moved sort,
As if he were dismayed."

His soliloquy was something after this fashion:

"I was a fool for going there! If the girl is honest, and has taken a fancy to me, she will be disappointed. She seems honest and modest, though I don't understand how a really modest woman could go to such a place; still she might, perhaps. I did as much as tell her I thought it was not immodest when I asked to call upon her. I don't think I ought to have done so; I am sure it was wrong. I won't go—that's the cheapest way to get out of it. Yes, I will go!"

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Jenkins was swayed by conflicting emotions for something more than twenty-four hours—sometimes firmly resolving not to call, and again as determined to go. Finally, when the time came, he started without hesitation.

He found Della (so she called herself) in a very respectable house, richly furnished. He was introduced to the "uncle" as an old acquaintance whom she had met at a watering place. The evening passed very pleasantly—so pleasantly, indeed, that Jenkins, without thinking precisely what he was about, promised to call again, which he did two evenings later.

This time he found Della alone, and after another very pleasant chat, arose to take his leave, remarking that he should remain in town but three days longer, and asked if he might call again.

He now observed that his new friend appeared much embarrassed. She did not answer directly, and Jenkins walked to the door. She followed with hesitating steps, but finally seized him frantically by the hand, and drawing him back, stammered rather than spoke as follows:

"You—sir—you ask if you shall call again. It will give me pleasure to have you do so—that is—

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sir—I—have—something—to—say. You will excuse me—but I know you are generous and can appreciate my position"—(a profound sigh, and Della, staggering to the piano, placed her head in her hands and wept.)

"Madam," said Jenkins, "I trust I can appreciate what you wish to say; and if I can be of service to you in any way, you have only to show me how." She restrained her tears, and proceeded:

"I will be frank with you, sir—that is—(sighs and tears)—I will try to tell you—will you forgive me if it is wrong?"

"Certainly—it cannot be wrong," Jenkins answered, considerably excited by the unexpected scene. "Tell me frankly; I assure you it will give me pleasure to serve you."

"Yes—but—oh dear! (another fit of weeping) —but—it is so—strange!"

"What is it, *Della?*" said Jenkins, for the first time calling her by her Christian name.

"You will be as frank as I am, will you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then—whether you come again or not depends upon yourself."

"Then I shall certainly come."

"I fear not."

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"Pray explain." (Sighs and tears.)

"Be calm."

"Well, then, I will try to be calm enough. I—like—you—very—much,—and feel—towards—you as—I never did towards another. I—that is—I am sure I *shall*, if you continue to come here—*love you.* If you do not feel so towards me, I must ask you not to come again."

This last speech was interlarded with an infinite number of sighs, and appearances of fainting; and no sooner was it concluded than she fell fainting towards the bewildered Jenkins. Of course there was no alternative, and he caught her in his arms, and made various frantic attempts to restore her; and as he thus performed his kindly offices, in came the uncle, of a sudden, followed by a young man whom Jenkins had not before seen.

Those who have read the adventures of the renowned Mr. Pickwick, will never forget the memorable occasion on which his friends entered his lodgings, and found Mrs. Bardell fainting and screaming in his arms; and they have only to revert to that picture to have an exact portrait of the case of Mr. Jenkins. The uncle summoned the servant girl, who, for some unaccountable reason, was very near at hand; she came rushing to the spot, and she,

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too, saw Della in the arms of the petrified Jenkins.

In due time their united efforts restored her, and the uncle demanded of her an explanation. But she could not or would not make any, and he, of course, turned upon Jenkins. The adventurous merchant told him that his niece was seized with a fainting fit as he stood by the door about to depart, and that he, of course, caught her to prevent her falling at the moment he came in. The uncle, however, seemed dissatisfied and suspicious. Jenkins told him his niece would explain all when sufficiently restored, and bade him good night.

It chanced that Mr. Jenkins had an intimate acquaintance living at the hotel where he stopped; and as he rushed out of the house in a condition bordering on frenzy, he encountered this identical friend. It was a moonlight evening, and the lawyer instantly recognized him as he descended to the street. As he did so, he very deliberately walked up the steps and examined the number, more carefully than Mr. Farrell did 31 Bond street, on that memorable occasion when he sat down to tie a shoe-string, and returning to the walk, said to Jenkins:

"What the d—l has brought you here?"

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"I don't know!—fate, I suppose—or being a cursed fool!" was the excited reply.

The lawyer took Jenkins's arm, and demanded a confidential communication. He, with some hesitation, gave a history of the case from first to last.

"You gave a fictitious name and residence?" inquired the lawyer eagerly, when Jenkins had finished.

"Yes."

"And did you tell the fair enchantress where you were stopping?"

"No. I told her I was at the Metropolitan."

"Lucky! lucky!" said he.

"Why lucky?"

"Let me tell you. I know a thing or two of that precious uncle and his virtuous niece. Did she faint well?" said he, laughing.

"Yes."

"Admirably, I will wager. She sighed well, blushed well, wept well, fainted well?"

"Yes."

"Of course she did. *She was once an actress.* She might have been a good one—a famous one, I think—but that she had so many lovers and amours. She ran off with a southern actor, lived with him a

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year or so, went to a watering-place, met the man of the house there, ran away from the actor with him, and called him her uncle. He is as much her uncle as I am—no more."

"Well?"

"Well; there are a great many things done in New York which don't square with the golden rule—lawyers know that. You know something of us here, but you know little of the wicked ways of this wicked city. The house you have just left is a *trap*, and but for your precaution in concealing your name and hotel, you would have been caught. You would have been as it is, probably, had I not found this out; for they would search every hotel in the city, but they would find you.

"Your safety is in flight. You must retreat in the morning, or my word for it you will be sued for a breach of promise of marriage in less than three days. *That scene was all arranged.* They will make out a case against you. In the first place, there is the matrimonial office; the keeper will swear to the facts of the acquaintance. It was formed avowedly in view of matrimony; there is your writing in the register—all of which shows the *animus*. In the second place, the repeated calls. They can prove two and insinuate more.

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The matrimonial agent will not remember the date of your entry on her books—the people will not remember the date of your first visit. They will say it *might have been* four weeks that you were in the habit of calling, though they cannot swear positively. In the third place, there were three eye-witnesses of the fainting scene, besides the girl herself; and I have no doubt the young man is a *bonâ fide* witness, invited there without any knowledge of the conspiracy. Could a lawyer ask a better case with which to go before a jury?"

"But are you sure there is a conspiracy?"

"I know it; that is, I am morally certain of it."

"But she must have known the advances she made would disgust me, if I had entertained an idea of marrying her."

"Exactly so. She meant to disgust you. She of course had no more idea of marrying you than she has of marrying me. A breach of promise case was what she was after, nothing else."

"Have they served up any such cases before?"

"Yes. I have seen the papers for four similar cases, and rather than suffer the exposure, trouble and expense, the parties settled. One man gave $1,000, another $1,500, another $3,000, and another $4,000; which, I have no doubt, was divided up

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between the girl, the uncle, the servant girl, and perhaps the matrimonial office."

"And the lawyer," Jenkins suggested.

"Well, the lawyer had his fee, of course, but I do not know as he was *particeps criminis*."

Jenkins did not argue the morality of the lawyer's part, but requested him to let him know if anything occurred, which he promised to do.

The next morning John Quincy Jenkins left for his home in the rural districts, two or three days sooner than he intended. In less than a week he received a letter from his legal friend, in which he was informed that the next day after his last visit to Della, a lawyer was applied to, as he expected, to make out a case and commence proceedings against John Quincy Jenkins, for breach of promise of marriage, unless it was settled. At the uncle's suggestion, the lawyer went with him to the Metropolitan Hotel, to find Mr. Jenkins, and see if he would not compromise; not finding that worthy gentleman, the old man instituted a search in all the prominent hotels, and finding no such name on the books, concluded that Mr. Jenkins was a myth, and consigned the individual who bore that name to curses and to history.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The Matrimonial and Patent Medicine Agency of Madame Lebon—How she "shows the Future Husband or Wife, and makes all Happy"—A Novel Manifestation of a "Clairvoyant"—A Flame with the Mercury at 90°.

THE matrimonial agency of Madame Lebon, 175 Hudson street, though not of the most comprehensive, is of the most important character.

Is there a young man or woman in the metropolis or out of it, who would not give a fair proportion of his fortune to have the exact features of the being whom fate has decreed to bear half the burdens of life, presented in a box, where he could contemplate them at leisure? Is there a man or woman who would dislike to be happy?

If such exist, they had better not visit Madame Lebon; for, if we can believe her advertisements, she shows the future husband or wife, according to the gender of the applicant, and fixes the happiness of a pair so securely that a million earthquakes cannot budge it a hair's breadth.

The woman who possesses these miraculous

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powers describes herself as an "accomplished clairvoyant." She has a sprightly, business-like way, remarkable in one of her shape, since the latitudinal and longitudinal extension of her visible frame are of nearly equal measurement. She lives in a decently-furnished house, also, in which she has the advantage of most women who unfold the mysteries of the future.

A friend of ours who has witnessed the wonderful exhibition which she readily displays on payment of a fee, has given us not only a faithful description of what was done, but also of the manner in which it was done. His communication is nearly in the following language:

"When I called upon Madame Lebon, as good fortune would have it, no other customer was in, and I was admitted to an immediate audience with that mysterious personage. I inquired as to the nature of her miracles, and she replied that she would examine my head, give my peculiarities of temperament and disposition, tell me the diseases to which I was liable, prescribe the remedy, answer all questions relative to absent friends, show me the woman I am destined to marry, and make the union a happy one, and all for fifty cents, which must be paid in advance.

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"I told her to proceed, and she placed before me, on the table, a round piece of brass, about five inches long and an inch in diameter, which appeared to be solid, and told me to put my hand on it. She then inquired my age, and proceeded with what she called an astrological calculation, rapidly writing a number of unmeaning characters upon a piece of paper.

"'You were born,' she proceeded to say in a very rapid manner, 'under a night planet, between Jupiter and Mars—nearer Mars. You have seen trouble under that planet, and will see more; but a change is before you, and you will see better days. You will change your business—the change will be beneficial—you will be better pleased than in your present position. Do you dream a good deal?'

"'I dream occasionally.'

"'Oh, yes; now you see I tell you the truth. You dream. All persons who are born under a night planet dream; so you see you were born under a night planet as I told you.'

"As Madame Lebon styles herself a clairvoyant, and as she seemed to be in a normal condition, and chatted about a variety of things with great verbosity, I called her attention to this point, by saying:

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"'I see, madame, by your advertisement, that you are a clairvoyant?'

"'Yes, I am a clairvoyant.'

"'Are you now in a clairvoyant state?'

"'Yes; I am in the clairvoyant state. I am not in a trance state, however. I am a clairvoyant of a peculiar kind.'

"'I should think so. I had supposed that a clairvoyant found it necessary at least to concentrate the mind upon the subject under consideration; but I observe that you talk on different subjects as freely as though you were in a natural state.'

"'Yes; that is the peculiarity of my clairvoyant powers.'

"She proceeded with a phrenological examination, which lasted about a minute; said something about sickness among my distant friends, and made a number of vague, general remarks, perfectly non-committal in their character, all of which were thickly interlarded with talk of business, phrenology, patent medicines, etc.

"'We are doing a great deal of business—crowded with customers—wonderful things constantly done here—times hard, however—charge only fifty cents—you are nervous temperament—

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you want a wife of a good disposition, who will not go romping about, but stay at home and mind the family, and not be extravagant—now isn't that true? You are sometimes bilious—we have an excellent medicine at fifty cents a bottle. You are inclined to liver complaint; it is only in the bud now, but will blossom out soon if you don't cure it. A bottle of our medicine would cure you; and it is particularly necessary in hot weather. People are to blame who will not buy it when it is so cheap. Every person's blood needs cleansing—your blood is bad, and will soon be worse if it is not attended to—there is nothing in the world like our medicine to purify the blood—and only fifty cents a bottle. You are not over fond of children—would like a family, but not too many children—if you don't want a bottle of the medicine, however, I won't urge you. We do not make it for money, but for the good of mankind—have effected great cures—miraculous cures—cases all the doctors had given up. We seek to do good and cure people, and not to get their money, as you see; for we only charge fifty cents. Is there any question you wish to ask about friends or business?'

"'I see you advertise to show the future wife, and to make all happy. I came especially to

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see the person I am to marry, and to be made happy.'

"'Oh, yes, I will show you your future wife. Place your hand upon this (again pointing to the mysterious piece of brass). You know a dark-haired girl with dark eyes. She parts her hair in the middle! She is quite fond of you—you like her. She will make you a good wife. Do you not believe it?'

"As madame made these remarks, she cast a searching look into my face, to see if there were any signs of pleasure or surprise; but failing to discover any, she proceeded in her usual rapid manner:

"'But I perceive, also, that there is a light-haired girl who is fond of you. She parts her hair in the middle! She now has on a black dress; she does not *always* wear a black dress; but she has one on now. She will make you a good wife.'

"Madame cast another searching glance, but again failing to detect any expression of feeling, she asked:

"'Do you not know a light-haired girl?'

"'I have seen one.'

"'Yes; I thought so—I mean I know you have, and you can marry her, and she will make you a

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good wife. Her disposition is well adapted to you. Now would you like to see your future wife?'

"'Yes; certainly.'

"'Well, then, step into the parlor a moment, while I raise her. Will you see the dark-haired one or the light-haired one? (Without waiting for an answer.) The light-haired one? Yes, of course; you shall see her.'

"'Let me understand, if you please. Am I to see the real woman herself, or her daguerreotype, or spirit?'

"'You are to see the wife—that is, I raise her.'

"'Do you mean that she will actually stand before me in flesh and blood, with hair parted in the middle, and the black dress on, so that I can shake her hand, and converse with her?'

"'No, no! You will see her, and that is enough. That is what I promise to do, and that I do. Please step into the parlor.'

"I waited in the parlor a few minutes, until the man in attendance informed me that all was ready. I then returned to the presence of Madame Lebon, and found a bright flame blazing upon the hearth, notwithstanding the weather was excessively hot.

"'Have you raised her?' I asked.

"'Yes.'

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Madame Lebon shows the Future Wife.—PAGE 51.

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"'Where is she?'

"'You shall see.'

"'What is the [illegible]

"'I will [illegible] I must not reveal.'

"'Does the spirit [illegible] communications depend a [illegible] merely?'

"'You need not question [illegible] things are beyond your power to [illegible]

"'Do you always have a [illegible] the future wife or husband?'

"'Yes.'

"'I judge, then, that the deity of your [illegible] is fond of fire. Does he resemble his mate?'

"'Silence, if you please! Do not question in the mysteries you cannot comprehend!' said madame, with an angry and mysterious air. 'If you wish to see your wife—that is, the light-haired [illegible] this way to the window.'

"Having placed myself at the window, she handed me the same piece of brass, which I now saw was a box, or tube, closed at one end. She pointed with her hand towards the sun, [illegible] about her head, pointed to the flame, [illegible],

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[illegible] Conscience by Peter's Wife.—Page 51.

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"'Where is she?'

"'You shall see.'

"'What has the fire to do with it?'

"'That is one of the mysteries of my art, which I must not reveal.'

"'Does the spirit who presides over these incantations demand a flame, with the mercury at ninety?'

"'You need not question the mysteries. These things are beyond your power to know.'

"'Do you always have a fire when you "raise" the future wife or husband?'

"'Yes.'

"'I judge, then, that the deity of your conjurations is fond of fire. Does he reside in a hot climate?'

"'Silence, if you please! Do not question the mysteries you cannot comprehend!' said madame, with an angry and mysterious air. 'If you would see your wife—that is, the light-haired one—step this way to the window.'

"Having placed myself at the window, she handed me the same piece of brass, which I now saw was a box, or tube, closed at one end. She pointed with her hand towards the sun, waved it about her head, pointed to the flame, and then said,

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"'Behold!'

"I looked into the brass box, and at the bottom saw a miniature daguerreotype of a very pretty woman, with light hair and a black dress.

"'You know it?' she said.

"'Can't say that I do.'

"'It resembles some one you have seen, or recalls some cherished ideal of your mind, does it not?'

"'It looks like the picture of a very pretty woman, and I have seen many pretty women.'

"'Ah, I thought it was the one. You might as well own it at once. Now is there any question you would like to ask? [Without waiting an answer.] No? Well, then, if there is no question, that is all, unless you want a bottle of the medicine. Let me show you. Will you take one? It will do you good.'

"'No; I only came to see my future wife and be made happy. You have shown me the light-haired woman; now what is it about being happy?'

"'Oh, of course. I have told you the light-haired woman is the one that will make you a good wife, and that she will marry you. I tell who is adapted to people, and show the person whom they

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ought to marry, *and that is the way I make all happy.*' "

As brass is abundant, and daguerreotypes are cheap, a very small sum will set one up in Madame Lebon's business. Only four twenty-five cent pictures will be needed—a light-haired and dark-haired lady, and a light-haired and dark-haired man, to be slipped into the brass box as occasion requires. The ceremony of the flame might be omitted in warm weather.

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CHAPTER IX.

"A dear sweet little Opera Singer"—A South Carolinian in a Matrimonial Office, and in Love—The Broker's Opinion of Northern and Southern Gentlemen—A crusty Father forbids the Bans—A projected Elopement, and a highly entertaining Dénouement.

Less than a year ago, a man from South Carolina, giving the name of Julian St. Cloud, called at a matrimonial office in this city, and expressed the opinion that it is not good for man to be alone. The broker was pleased with his appearance, and the formidable roll of bills from which he paid his fee did not lessen her good opinion.

"The Southern gentleman," said she, "has a code of conduct which is not understood in the North. I can trust him. I know a Southron's word means something. I have lived in the South, and know that the laws of chivalry, courtesy, and honor, characterize the Southern gentleman, while the Northerners, compared with them, are a set of boors. They are a meddlesome gang of speculators, swindlers, and adventurers. You cannot trust

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them—can't believe what they say. They lie even when the truth would serve the same purpose. But the word of a real Southern gentleman is all the pledge or security I want."

Mr. St. Cloud modestly admitted the justice of her remarks, and praised her discrimination.

"When a real gentleman, like you, calls upon me," resumed the broker, "I do all I can for him. It is a pleasure; and even looking at it in a selfish point of view, I never lose anything by it. I have some very fine and highly respectable ladies on my list. Indeed, it has been my constant aim to have no other, and if there was the slightest suspicious appearance, I have invariably refused to introduce such. In this way I have established a reputation of respectability for my house, so that some of the first ladies in the city come here as candidates for matrimony. Of course, the only way such a reputation could be established is by dealing always fairly. I know there have been tricks played at other offices; but I am determined that there shall never be any cause to complain of me. What kind of a lady do you think would please you?"

"As to that," replied the Saint, "it is difficult to tell who would please me until I saw her."

"How would you like to be introduced to

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a beautiful lady who understands music perfectly?"

"Other things favorable, I should like it."

"Well, I have a dear, sweet little opera singer. She lives with her father, a physician, in ——— street, has studied under the best masters, and is one of the most accomplished persons, in every respect, I ever saw, and is so beautiful and charming I am sure you would fall in love with her."

"You say she is an opera singer. Does she sing at the Academy?"

"No; her father will not allow her to. He is too proud for that. But she has sung in private circles with great success, and won the applause of the best critics. She wants to go to Havana, and if she can get her father's consent to make the journey, intends to appear under an assumed name, without his knowledge. She is a sweet little woman, and as keen as a brier."

"Is she wealthy?"

"She has money enough—that is, her father is rich. She has spent a good deal in educating herself; but that is all over now, and she could earn money faster than she has spent it, if her father would consent to her appearance."

"And she is not engaged?"

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"No. She has had several good offers, but has refused them all.

"Why?"

"Simply because she didn't fall in love. She is a true-hearted, honest girl, and is more anxious to get a husband who can love and appreciate her, than one who is rich. She left here a few minutes since. I wish you could have seen her."

It was settled that St. Cloud should call the next afternoon, and be introduced, which he did.

He met a small woman with black hair, sparkling black eyes, and Italian features. Her manners were pleasing and vivacious, and the Saint found no difficulty in getting acquainted.

Conversation turned upon the opera. "I should judge," he observed, "that you have Italian blood."

"I have. It comes from my mother, an Italian."

"It is natural, then, that you should excel us Americans in your devotion to music. Italy, the land of love and of song, has given you her blood; I doubt not her genius also."

"Do not flatter me. I am not a genius. I am, however, very fond of singing and music of all kinds. I have spent three years on the continent, and studied under the best Italian masters. It has been an expensive and laborious task."

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"Undoubtedly; but the accomplishment fully compensates you. I know of nothing which would so much please me as to be a musician. But it is of no use; I might practise and study until the crack of doom, and be as far from my object as at the beginning."

"You are not a musician, then?"

"No, indeed, I am not. But that does not prevent me from admiring and loving music. If I cannot sing, I can appreciate singing."

"The next thing to doing it yourself," replied miss.

"Do you think so?"

"I certainly do. It has been said the next thing to being a poet is to be capable of appreciating a poet. There can be no appreciation without a sympathy of feeling and taste; and such sympathy puts the artist and admirer upon equal grounds. The same is true of music and everything else, good or bad."

"Then perhaps I may find favor in your eyes," replied the Saint. "I am sure I should love *your* music; for it would require double stupidity not to appreciate the gifts of Apollo in one who also possesses the favor of Venus."

After further conversation, in which the little

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woman discoursed of ancient and modern literature with equal fluency, she said:

"You go to the opera, of course?"

"Yes; I am passionately fond of it."

"What is your favorite?"

"La Traviata pleases me quite as much as any I have heard. I am not capable of giving a critical opinion; but nothing delights me more than the drinking song in the second scene. I always cry *encore*."

"Oh, yes, that *is* a gem, indeed," eagerly replied the semi-Italian, her face glowing with delight, and immediately sung:

"Libiamo, libiamo ne' lieti calici,
Che la bellezza infiora," etc.

"Bravo! encore!" said the Saint, with unaffected admiration. "Were I in Mr. Ullman's place, I would elect you *prima donna* at once, if I had to make La Grange and Gazzaniga take a back seat to give you room."

"You are extravagant again. But do you *really* think I can sing?"

"Candidly, I do. If your voice is powerful enough to fill a large hall, I believe you could take rank with the first."

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"I will not deny that your praise is grateful. I have labored long and ardently—it has been the highest ambition of my life to deserve what you say I deserve, and a little vanity in this may, I think, be excused."

"I must go home now," the little woman continued, after a pause, drawing an elegant gold watch from her waist; and acting with characteristic promptness, was going out without any ceremony, when she was stopped by the Saint.

"A word more, if you please," he said. "Allow me to say frankly that I am greatly pleased, and desire to make your acquaintance. Can I call upon you at home?"

"Oh, no! I cannot invite a stranger to my house. It would do me no harm to meet a man *here* who was a humbug. But I cannot invite a person to my father's house until I know he is not a humbug. I like your appearance, and presume your professions are true; but supposition is not sufficient."

"I will furnish references," said the Saint.

"Very well; when the references are examined and proven, I will invite you to call. Until then it is not to be spoken of."

"Will you meet me here?"

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"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes;" and she was off in an instant.

"Didn't I tell you the truth?" said the broker, after the girl had gone.

"Yes, upon my soul, I am half in love already. Beautiful form—sparkling eyes, witty, quick, ambitious, proud, sweet—a magnificent voice—nothing less than charming at every point. What does she say of me?"

"Likes you much—is really pleased, I assure you; but is too much on her guard to invite a stranger to her house."

"She is right. But to-morrow I will give my references."

And the next day the Saint did give references, which the "sweet, dear little opera singer" said she would examine. In due time she reported favorably, and invited him to call at her father's residence, No. —, —— street.

He called and was introduced to the old gentleman, a crusty man, who seemed wholly absorbed in books. There was a physician's sign on the door, but no indications of practice.

The courtship progressed rapidly, and the Saint proposed. He was referred to the father. The old

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man again looked over the references, made sundry inquiries relative to the Saint's pecuniary affairs, future plans, etc., and finally said:

"I am satisfied, Mr. St. Cloud; but I will consent to this marriage only upon one condition."

"Name it," said the Saint eagerly.

"My daughter is a fool."

"Indeed, sir, I do not understand you."

"She is a fool, sir! She has taken into her head that she can sing. She *can*, as far as that is concerned, and I have spared neither care nor money to give her a perfect musical education, as you know; but how am I rewarded? She is determined to appear publicly; and to that I will never consent—never! never! In short, if you will not promise never to encourage, never to permit her to carry out this silly, monstrous design, I forbid the marriage."

"I offered my hand to your daughter, sir, because I love her as she is, and I do not consider myself at liberty to make any such promise. I am bound in honor to say, that I should trust the matter to her own discretion."

"Discretion be hanged! If she loves you enough to renounce her monstrous design, it is well. If you both insist, you must never enter this

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house again. I give you one day to consider," and with a respectful bow, the parent signified that he had no more to say.

Saint Cloud had omitted to state, in his communication to the crusty father, that the daughter, in accepting his proposal, made it a condition that she should be allowed to exercise her own "discretion" in the matter of singing publicly.

An immediate interview took place between the Saint and his lady-love, in which the former made known the old gentleman's position.

"Cruel man!" said she, bursting into tears. "I do believe that if *you* desired it, I should be willing to abandon my life-long ambition; but this rash promise to him I cannot and shall not make."

"But will he insist?"

"Insist? Yes! When he says a thing he sticks to it without reference to consequences. Nothing changes his determination. We might as well appeal to a marble statue."

"What, then, can we do?"

"I don't know. I must be guided by you."

"We have but one day to decide. If we do not accede to your father's demand, I shall not be permitted again to enter the house."

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"You must decide."

"Well, then," said Saint Cloud, "his demand is unreasonable, and we will not submit. Will you marry me contrary to his wishes?"

"But he will disinherit me—I shall be penniless. Can you love me enough to take me poor?"

"I care not a fig how soon he disinherits you on my own account. I scorn such base considerations. I have enough; and if I had not, I would earn my bread by ditch-digging before I would make a promise contrary to your wishes."

"Good, generous man, it shall be as you say."

As business demanded Mr. Saint Cloud's attention, it was decided that he should go home and return to New York at a given time, when the wedding should immediately take place.

"I have," said the Saint, "deposited to your credit $1,000 in ——— Bank; here is the certificate."

"I cannot take it."

"But you must. Suppose your father learns our secret? You will, perhaps, be turned out of doors. And in any case you will have some expenses to meet. In short, you must take it."

The lady took it with much seeming reluctance,

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and Mr. Saint Cloud, after an affectionate parting with his betrothed, returned to his home.

A week passed, and contrary to expectation, he received no letter. He wrote repeatedly; there was no answer, and at the end of a month, unable longer to bear the suspense, he came to New York to solve the riddle.

On the morning after his arrival, he went anxiously to the doctor's house. It was closed, and on the side of the door was a notice: "To let, this house and furnitue, inquire of ——."

The disappointed Saint immediately went to the agent indicated by the bill.

"I see, sir, that No. —, —— street is to be let, with the furniture. Who is the proprietor?"

"I am."

"Have you owned it long?"

"I built and furnished it. My wife died, and I rented it."

"To whom?"

"I rented it to a man calling himself Doctor ——. He professed to be very wealthy, and to have lived formerly in Charleston; but said his affairs were in confusion, and when his first quarter's rent came due, asked, as a favor, that I would wait until the second quarter's pay day. I thought it was all

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right, and trusted him. But when the second quarter came round, he eloped with his daughter; and besides cheating me out of my rent, carried off some valuable books I had left there for temporary keeping."

"Do you know where he went to?"

"No. I wish I did; I'd take the rent out of his hide if I could find him."

Mr. Saint Cloud left for South Carolina the same afternoon, and has not been seen in New York since.

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CHAPTER X.

The brief but conclusive Experience of Paul Pike, Harness-maker, with a Matrimonial Advertiser—He meets her on Union Park—He takes a Walk—He stoops to pick up a Gold Watch, and is glad to pick himself up.

PAUL PIKE, harness-maker, is a bachelor, thirty-two years of age, who has made about as many efforts to get married as he has made tugs or hold-back straps, but has never yet succeeded in his laudable design.

Mr. Pike is one of the vainest men that breathes. He listens to you with a look of impatience and pain, as though it were mere waste of time, and when you have finished, proceeds, with a triumphant sneer, to demolish, as he thinks, all the fallacies to which you have given utterance.

Mr. Pike, in short, thinks himself a model, morally, physically, and intellectually, and believes that the woman whom he marries will be the most honored and distinguished woman in the city of New York.

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But, unfortunately, Mr. Pike is the only person who thinks so; and several ladies to whom he has made advances, unable to appreciate the royal qualities which so elevate him in his own esteem, have treated him with indifference or contempt.

Mr. Pike, to his intense amazement and great indignation, had recently met with this unaccountable treatment at the hands of a lady, when his eye rested upon a matrimonial advertisement, in which it was represented that a young woman of education and refinement desired to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of good intellectual abilities, who was manly, industrious, and economical—qualities which the advertiser esteemed more highly than wealth or position. Any sincere gentleman of this description was invited to a free interchange of views through the Post-office.

Mr. Pike thought it a sensible advertisement, and immediately conceived that in him the lady might find a full realization of her ideal. His industry and economy were proverbial, and if the lady was as penetrating as her advertisement indicated, she could not fail to discover that his intellectual parts were brilliant.

Therefore, Mr. Pike answered the advertisement. He stated his worldly circumstances and prospects

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with the great minuteness for which he is celebrated, and then proceeded to bestow upon himself an elaborate eulogy, in which he enumerated all his good qualities, and praised them as they appeared to deserve. He "spoke with less hesitation," he wrote, "since Miss Gay had requested an honest interchange of views; and he felt persuaded, from the high tone of her advertisement, that if they should ever become acquainted, she would not fail to properly estimate his qualities of mind and heart."

"In short," wrote Mr. Pike, "it has been my lot to live, move, and have a being among grovelling worms of the dust, who have not the soul, heart, or mind, either to aspire to the high intellectual standard I set up in youth, and have attained only by the most severe and persevering labor, or to appreciate the gifts of genius and the accomplishments of study, in those better than themselves."

To this modest epistle, Mr. Pike in due time received a highly flattering answer, in which he was assured that his letter, "in every line, bore unmistakable evidences of sincerity and superior intellectual brilliancy."

Mr. Pike, believing that he had at last found a woman capable of appreciating him, wrote an

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ardent reply, urging an immediate interview, and clearly intimating that he was ready to marry immediately, provided he was as well satisfied with the personal appearance and social faculties of the fair unknown, as he was with her letter.

The second epistle which Mr. Pike received was as prompt and decisive as he could possibly have wished. He was assured that Miss Gay "had read his letters over and over again, with ever increased pleasure and admiration, not only for the deep tone of sincerity which pervaded them, but for the high mental qualities which could not fail to be discerned." She was anxious to see him, and begged that he would condescend to meet her in Union Square the next Wednesday evening. "If it is pleasant," said she, "I will walk with my brother, and hope to find you at the south gate at precisely nine o'clock. Please wear a white ribbon in the left buttonhole of your coat, if the coat is black, and a black one if it is white. I will say to my brother, 'Here is an old friend,' and will then speak to you. You must be pleased to see me, inquire after my welfare since our last meeting, and finally beg leave to escort me home. This little deception can harm no one. I live in Hoboken, some distance from the ferry; and will frankly tell

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you that it would do much to win the esteem of my family, who are somewhat vain, if you should order a fine carriage after we cross the river, and invite my sisters to ride with us, after you are introduced. I say for the good of our plan, that a pretty liberal way of doing things at the commencement, will be likely to turn the scale in your favor with the other members of the family. Do not think I care for these vain things; but it is best sometimes to conform to the wishes of others."

Mr. Pike forthwith wrote a labored reply, in which he signified his "entire approbation of the plan," and expressed his "warm admiration for the forethought it displayed."

The momentous Wednesday night was clear and beautiful. The moonlight, it occurred to Mr. Pike, was appropriate to the romantic adventure he had in hand. He donned a faultless white coat, took a hundred dollars, with which to do things on a liberal scale, and having arrived at the southern gate of Union Park, about five minutes before the appointed time, adjusted a black ribbon in a buttonhole on his left side.

At nine o'clock precisely, a veiled lady, leaning on the arm of a stalwart man, approached, and looking at Mr. Pike, came hastily to him, shook his

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hand warmly, inquired after his welfare, etc. Mr. Pike did his part well, and having been introduced to the brother, asked leave to walk with them.

The brother, whose appearance did not particularly please Mr. Pike, remarked, in a bungling manner, that he wished to make a short call up town, and since his sister had been so fortunate as to meet an old acquaintance, he would ask to be excused, hoping to join them at the ferry. Mr. Pike took Miss Gay's arm, and signified his readiness to follow her lead.

"We have to go through rather an unpleasant district," remarked the lady, who had not yet deigned to show her face to her new companion; "but it is pleasant on the other side of the river."

Mr. Pike, as he walked through the west side of the town, was convinced that Miss Gay had spoken the truth. He paid little attention to the locality, however, as the stranger's flattering remarks effectually soothed whatever apprehensions he might otherwise have felt.

At length they approached the river, and were passing a lumber-yard, when Miss Gay suddenly pointed to the ground between two piles of boards, and asked:

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The Unhappy Situation of Paul Pike, Harness Maker.—Page 103.

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"Mr. Pike, what is that object on the ground? It looks to me like a gold watch."

Mr. Pike, in whom the instinct to get and keep was not wanting, immediately went to the place, and stooped to pick up the prize. But, as he bent over, a man suddenly darted from behind a pile of boulders, and giving him an unwelcome blow on the back of the head, knocked the gentleman flat on the earth, as indifferent with regard to the prize, and instantly seizing him by the throat, held him where he could not be seen by any one but Pike. Then, presenting a revolver at his temple, he solemnly assured his victim that if he stirred, spoke, or resisted, he would send a bullet through his body, and give him a good night's rest.

Having quieted Paul with this friendly assurance, he took every dollar from his pocket, stripped him of his gold watch and chain, and did not spare even his pocket knife, gold studs or sleeve buttons.

"Now," remarked the remorseless thief, "you may live, move, and have a being among the revelling forms of the dust; but you are watched by a man who has a double-barrelled narcotic, and if you stir before the moon sinks, he will administer a dose that will quiet your nerves."

Mr. Pike had been so terrified that he had not

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"Mr. Pike, what is that object on the ground? It looks to me like a gold watch."

Mr. Pike, in whom the instinct to get and keep was not wanting, immediately went to the place, and stooped to pick up the prize. But, as he bent over, a man suddenly darted from behind a pile of boulders, and giving him an unwelcome blow on the back of the head, knocked the petrified Pike flat on the earth, as nuffieeless with terror as an iron pipe, and instantly seizing him by the collar, dragged him where he could not be seen by any passer-by. Then, presenting a revolver at his breast, he solemnly assured his victim that if he stirred, spoke, or resisted, he would send a bullet through his body, and give him a good night's rest.

Having quieted Paul with this friendly assurance, he took every dollar from his pocket, stripped him of his gold watch and chain, and did not spare even his pocket-knife, gold studs or sleeve-buttons.

"Now," remarked the remorseless robber, "you may leave, move, and have a being among grovelling worms of the dust; but you are watched by a man who has a double-barrelled narcotic, and if you stir before the moon sinks, he will administer a dose that will quiet your nerves."

Mr. Pike had been so terrified that he had not

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Happy Situation of Paul Pike, Harness Maker.—Page 105.

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"Mr. Pike, what is that object on the ground? It looks to me like a gold watch."

Mr. Pike, in whom the instinct to get and keep was not wanting, immediately went to the place, and stooped to pick up the prize. But, as he bent over, a man suddenly darted from behind a pile of lumber, and giving him an unwelcome blow on the back of the head, knocked the petrified Paul flat on the earth, as motionless with terror as an iron pike, and instantly seizing him by the collar, dragged him where he could not be seen by any passers-by. Then, presenting a six-shooter at his breast, he solemnly assured his prostrate victim that if he stirred, spoke, or resisted, he would send a bullet through his body, and give him a good night's rest.

Having quieted Paul with this friendly assurance, he took every dollar from his pocket, stripped him of his gold watch and chain, and did not spare even his pocket-knife, gold studs or sleeve-buttons.

"Now," remarked the remorseless robber, "you live, move, and have a being among grovelling worms of the dust; but you are watched by a man who has a double-barrelled narcotic, and if you stir before the moon sinks, he will administer a dose that will quiet your nerves."

Mr. Pike had been so terrified that he had not

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particularly observed the features of the robber; but he recognized the quotation from his first letter to Miss Gay, looked at him closely, and discovered that he was no other than the stalwart brother he met in Union Square.

Mr. Pike, believing himself watched, lay on the earth until the moon disappeared, reflecting upon the serenity of the stars, and contrasting it with his agitated feelings. When at last only the gas lamps illuminated the city, he crawled from his prison and went home as fast as his legs could carry him. His experience, though brief, cost him over $200, and was so satisfactory that he has been content without repeating his experiment.

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CHAPTER XI.

Madame Mar, the Phrenologist and Matrimonial Agent—Her Account of Herself—How she becomes another Person—Dressing in Men's Clothing—Conquest of a New Orleans Belle—Canes from Washington's Estate—Selling a Man the Chart of another Man's Head—A Sea Captain in Search of a Wife—He is sent to Brooklyn—Results of his Journey.

Madame Mar, of 176 Varick street, advertises that she has a "study" connected with the science of phrenology, which enables her to tell one's age, character, and circumstances; when and what kind of a person he will marry, etc. It is neither fortune-telling nor guess-work, she asserts, but a science, founded upon infallible principles of nature. She can calculate a man's destiny from the lumps on his cranium with as much certainty as an astronomer can calculate an eclipse.

The madame is about forty years of age. The assiduous services she renders mankind, prevent a decent amount of attention to the cleanliness of her person and apartments.

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On her table are one of Fowler's plaster-of-paris heads, blank charts for examinations, and all the paraphernalia of a phrenologist, besides copies of the *Ledger* (the same for which Sylvanus Cobb and Emerson Bennett write only), the Adventures of Dick Turpin, and kindred literary treasures.

Her science, or "study," as she calls it, consists of measuring with the fingers from one bump to another, which she does with a studious and wise look, repeating, half-audibly, "one-and-a-half—a half—two—three—that is seven—that indicates long life to a certainty,"—or similar jargon, resembling a mathematical calculation; she then goes on to announce the character and destiny of her visitor with an air of perfect confidence.

She has also, in connection with her business, a matrimonial agency, conducted on the plan of those already described. Her fitness to take charge of people's love affairs will appear from some of her operations, as related by herself.

She advertises that she is assisted by Mad. Gore, a "celebrated clairvoyant," who can see the inside of a man's head as easily as she (Mar) can see the outside, and who will describe diseases and prescribe remedies with wonderful accuracy.

But it happens that this clot of Gore is a myth,

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or rather, Madame Mar and Madame Gore are one and the same person.

When a stranger rings the bell, madame goes to the door and asks, "Whom do you wish to see?" If the reply is, "Madame Mar," she says, "I am Madame Mar," and if the reply is, "Madame Gore," she says, "I am Madame Gore," and performs the extraordinary offices of either, according to the wishes of her customer.

If a person calls to see Madame Mar, and subsequently wishes to see Madame Gore, she goes up stairs to learn if that being is at liberty, slips on a venerable white wig, powders her face, and throws on a loose robe, and descending, informs the subject, in a faltering voice, that she is Madame Gore, and invites him to her room.

If customers call to see Madame Gore at a time when Madame Mar is engaged, she tells them Madame Gore's time is fully occupied for the day, and that they must call again if they would see her. But it seldom happens that she is called upon to practise either of these arts of trade.

"When I lived in New Orleans," said Madame Mar, "I was stopping at a hotel in which a grand ball came off. With the connivance of one of the managers, who introduced me as a distinguished

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visitor from New York, I dressed in an elegant suit of gentlemen's clothes, and cut a great figure among the women. I make a good-looking man, I tell you. I flirted with the belles and heiresses all night. It was good fun to flirt with a girl a little and then leave her and see how jealous she would look.

"I have done a good deal in the way of dressing up in men's clothing, and can pass for a man any time I do so without suspicion. I have found it very convenient sometimes in business matters.

"On the night of the ball, the manager whispered that I was a millionaire from the Fifth Avenue, and single. This of course created a sensation, and I was the lion of the evening, notwithstanding several dignitaries were present. I borrowed an elegant gold chain and diamond pin of a gentleman with whom I was on intimate terms, and these were at once a passport and indorsement.

"Before the party broke up I took occasion to address myself particularly to the daughter of a very wealthy man, and talked love to her as I know I should like to have it talked to me, if I were as young and handsome as she. The result was an invitation to call upon her, which I did the

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next evening. I should have followed the joke, and engaged to marry her, but I had to leave for St. Louis in a few days. So I wrote her a note, saying I had just received intelligence of the death of a wealthy relative, whose affairs I must settle, and that the business would require my absence in Europe for several months."

Whatever doubts may be entertained as to the truth of this story, no one who looks upon the masculine features of the madame can doubt that in male attire she would easily pass for a man.

The madame relates one of her pecuniary speculations in this wise:

"I was once in the city of Washington, examining heads, etc., and had rather bad luck. I couldn't make much more than my board, and determined in some way to raise the wind. So I one day sent the man who travelled with me to the swamp, where he cut two hundred sticks. These he drew to the city, according to my orders, and put them on the streets to sell as canes cut from the Mount Vernon estate, and all of them were sold for a dollar apiece.

"I don't suppose," added the madame, "that a single man who bought a cane cared any more for Washington than I do; but they thought it would

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be a nice idea to have a cane from his farm, and they never knew the difference. I tell you there is nothing like humbug. People will pay more for it than anything else; and so long as they will be humbugged, I might as well make something off of it as anybody.

"A man once came here and ordered a chart of his head, which I made out for him; but he was dissatisfied and refused to take it. A few days afterwards, another gentleman called for a chart. I buy my blanks of Fowler & Wells, and, as it happened, the one filled up was the only one I had. I was bound not to lose the chance; so, after going through with the examination, I stepped into the next room and erased the name of the former man, which was written with a pencil, and inserted that of the new customer, and then gave it to him without further alterations. I suppose he never knew but he had a chart of his own head, and it did him just as much good."

With so many business accomplishments, Madame Mar could but succeed as a matrimonial agent.

A sea captain, who had lived in single blessedness to thirty-five, and whose skin was tanned by the tropical sun, came to this port a few months since. He expected to remain several weeks, and deter-

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mined to improve the time in finding a wife. In looking over the papers he discovered the madame's advertisement, and resolved to avail himself of her services. He accordingly called, and stated his errand.

"What kind of a wife do you want?" asked madame.

The son of Neptune described the ideal of his imagination, and Madame Mar, like a true merchant, assured the captain she had the article he wanted.

"A few days ago," said she, "a beautiful young lady came here and had her head examined. She said she wanted to marry a sailor; that ever since she could remember, she had a great desire to live on a ship; and she described the kind of husband she wanted. I perceive by the formation of your head," said madame, running her hand over the captain's top-piece, "that you are the man she wants; you could not have suited better had you been made to her order."

The captain was in ecstasies. He thought of his long solitary voyages, the many prayers he had breathed to the sea for domestic bliss; and now the angel of his dreams was to come forth, full armed with every grace, at the waving of the enchantress's

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wand, as Minerva came forth from the head of Jove.

"What will it cost," asked the captain, "to make this lady's acquaintance?"

"As to that," said the madame, "I should charge nothing if I was not obliged to; but I must eat and drink, and buy coal, as other people do."

"Certainly," said the captain.

"I have paid considerable postage, etc. for the girl, and have taken a good deal of interest in her case, and I presume you are willing to do what is right?"

"Certainly," said the captain, his hand already on his pocket-book; "name the amount and it shall be paid."

"Well," resumed the madame, "under all the circumstances of the case, I don't think ten dollars would any more than make me good."

The captain's response was brief and to the point. He counted out the ten dollars with alacrity. In return he received a card with a name in the feminine gender, and a street and number written upon it. He was also instructed in reference to the route, and cautioned to be very careful not to mistake the place.

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"You need no further introduction than my name," Madame Mar assured him. "Tell her I have looked at your head scientifically, and pronounce you her congenial mate."

With this encouraging assurance, the captain set out on his amorous excursion with a light heart. As directed, he went first to the Brooklyn City Hall, and there took a car upon one of the avenues leading out of the city. At the terminus he looked in vain for the street designated on his card; but after much diligent inquiry was directed to it. After a half-hour's tramp, which took him beyond the Celtic huts, and made him sweat like a man at the anvil, he found it. It was a street recently laid out, and contained only four houses, none of which were very attractive in external appearance, and none of which were numbered.

"This is the street," soliloquized the captain; but how the deuce comes it that the card says, 'No. 50,' when there are only four houses on it? The lots must be numbered. Yes, I'm sure that's it. I'll inquire at each house, if I don't find her before I come to the last one."

In accordance with this determination, the hero of this adventure went to the door of the first house. There was no bell, and he rapped sharply with his

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knuckles. He heard a footstep, and his heart was in his throat. It might be Mary herself. But no! the door opened, and an Irishwoman, with red round face and redder hair, stood before him.

"Does Mary Fillmore live here?" he inquired, holding up his card and reading it, so as to be sure and not make a mistake.

"Mary Fillmore, do ye say? Who is Mary Fillmore?" was the response to his question.

"She is a young lady I wish to see. Is she at home?"

"Home? Sure, she may be at home for all's I know uv her."

"She doesn't live here, then?"

"Live here? No. Thomas O'Heara lives here, an' his sister Clara, whose husband, God pity her, was kilt by the falling of a thimber down on the big building they're putting up on the corner uv the avenue. But Thomas O'Heara—that's me hoosband, God bless him—isn't the man as'll see a sisther turned out of doors while he's a shelter, and he tould her she might come here, and she's living with us for the present, sir; but it's may be"——

The captain interrupted the narrative of the verbose wife by asking:

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"Is there such a person as Mary Fillmore living on this street?"

"Strate? This strate is no strate at all, at all. It's but jist laid oot, and there's no more nor four houses on it. In the next house there's Jemmy O'Brien—the same, yer honor, as dhrives a cart on the avenue. He's got a wife an' four little ones. An' in the next house is Mr. O'Flannighan—that's three; an' in the next there's Mr. Malone—Pathrick Malone, sir, as carries morther on the new Water Works, an' a fine job he'll have uv it, to be sure"——

"Then you don't know such a person as Mary Fillmore in the street?" inquired the captain, again interrupting the narrative of the loquacious Mrs. O'Heara.

"Niver a bit have I heard uv the like!"

The captain's inquiries at the three remaining houses confirmed the accuracy of Mrs. O'Heara's catalogue of the inhabitants of the street. Among the Celts, pigs, and poultry, no Mary Fillmore was to be found, and the captain was suddenly knocked from the highest pinnacle of expectation to the lowest depth of desperation and despair. He retraced his steps with a rage which was at least cousin to frenzy, swearing by all the sea nymphs that he

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would not sleep until he had recovered his ten dollars and given "that old hag a piece of his mind." But his journey had occupied so much time that before he reached 176 Varick street, the house was dark, the prophetic lips of Madame Mar and Madame Gore being sealed by the sleep of undoubted innocence, and the captain postponed his reckoning until the next day.

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CHAPTER XII.

The Captain Re-visits the Scene—He meets Madame Gore—He is Reconciled—He is Introduced—The Heartrending Narrative of Miss Mary Fillmore—Material Aid—The Captain in Love—A Wedding on Ship-board, but no Bride.

NEVER be it forgotten that in the last chapter we left the disappointed sea-captain retreating to his hotel, from the darkened premises of the phrenologist, weary with his Quixotic journey to the remote suburbs of Brooklyn, regretting the ten dollars he had invested in his matrimonial enterprise, and breathing hideous ruin and combustion against the house of Mar.

His exasperated feelings, aided by countless entomological annoyances, kept him awake the greater part of the night; and as he tossed about, he improved the time by meditating various fearful schemes of vengeance. Each bite of his nocturnal companions stimulated his determination; and, hence, it doth appear that every time a marauding insect inserted a tooth into his heated

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flesh, under the impression that he was biting the captain, he was in fact only inflicting torments upon Madame Mar—a fact greatly to be lamented, since the madame had as much annoyance of this kind at home as she could well abide.

Scarcely had the madame arisen next morning and eaten her breakfast, when the door-bell rang with a clamor equalling the ordinary clamor of a gong, and stepping to the window, she perceived the captain. His countenance told his errand.

The madame was thoroughly frightened. To extricate herself from her embarrassing position, temporarily, until some expedient could be hit upon, she resolved to play the "Gore" dodge; and with incredible agility put on the venerable wig and robe; and having thus transformed herself to Madame Gore, "the celebrated clairvoyant," went to the door.

"Where is Madame Mar?" thundered the ferocious seaman, in a voice which struck terror to the heart of Gore.

"She is not at home, sir. She went away last night, and has not yet returned," replied the madame, at the same time inwardly thanking her stars that the captain did not penetrate her disguise.

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"She is a humbug!" roared the captain. "I want to see her! I *will* see her! I will follow her to the end of the earth and —— but what I'll have satisfaction for the trick she played me yesterday."

"Why, bless my soul!" said the grey-haired Gore, with well-feigned horror and astonishment, "what does this mean? Are you mad, sir? Madame Mar play a trick! Madame Mar is not a humbug, sir; she is answerable for all her acts, and if you will speak to her respectfully, she will fully explain anything she has done, or atone for any wrong she may have done unintentionally. Will you walk in and be seated, sir?"

"If you will pay me the ten dollars that rascally woman swindled me out of, and five dollars for my journey to Brooklyn, I will. But if you don't do it, I will wait until Madame Mar comes, and will tear the house down over her head if she don't do it."

"I think," answered Gore, with great calmness, "you had better wait until you get over this passion. Madame Mar will be at home by three o'clock this afternoon, and if you will speak to her respectfully, and state your case, I pledge my word she will satisfy you. But if you rave like a madman, she will not hear you."

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"I will be here," replied the son of Neptune, "at three o'clock; and if she don't pay me, I'll publish her in the papers."

It is said there are times when even the hardest hearts relent, and as there is much difference between tearing a woman's house down over her head and publishing her in the papers, it is probable that this time had arrived in the history of the previously ferocious captain, when he made his last threat to Madame Gore. In fact his heart was softened, and as he walked away he reflected that he might have been hasty; it was possible there was a mistake; he should have been more calm. The more he thought of it, the more the good nature which he really possessed got the upper hand of his wrath, and when he again rang the bell at 176 Varick street, at three P.M., he was ready to listen to any excuse or proposition the madame might have to offer.

The madame received him very graciously, and came to the point directly, by saying:

"I am very glad you called here, sir; I was anxious to see you. Mary Fillmore, the girl you went to see yesterday, called here about an hour ago, and informed me that she moved two or three weeks since; so I suppose you lost

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your journey. I told her of you, and she is anxious to see you. I persuaded her to remain, in view of the trouble you must have had yesterday; and she will be here in about an hour."

There was a sudden revolution in the feelings of the worthy captain. From the deepest despair he was suddenly elevated to the highest hope. He apologized warmly for the language he had addressed to Madame Gore in the morning, and as a further expression of good fellowship, paid two dollars for a chart of his head.

In about an hour, as Madame Mar had predicted, the long-sought Mary Fillmore came, and the captain, covered with blushes and embarrassment, was introduced.

Mary was represented as being eighteen; but a practised eye would have pronounced her older. She was represented as being beautiful: perhaps she was; that is a matter of taste. The captain, who had seen very little of womankind, thought her so; and if the captain was satisfied, that was enough.

Whatever her personal charms, she won his heart before the clock struck five; and, with perfect faith in the assurance of "congeniality" which

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Mar had given, he proposed unqualified matrimony before it struck six.

Mary blushed as a maiden of eighteen is expected to under similar circumstances. She could not speak for a long time, her emotion was so obvious. Finally, she said:

"Do you know I am poor?"

"What of that?" replied the generous sailor: "I have enough for both of us. I had rather marry a poor girl than a rich one."

"You are kind, sir—very kind and generous. But perhaps if you knew how *very* poor I am, you would not love me."

The captain protested that it could make no difference.

"I could tell you a very sad history, my dear sir, and if, after you hear it, you still love me, it shall be as you wish."

The captain, sure already of the prize, begged her to proceed.

"Well," said Mary, "my father was once well off. He kept a large grocery store in Canal street, and we had a fine house up town. When I was ten years old my mother died. The effect upon my father was terrible. He was unable to attend to any business for many months, and for a long

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time we despaired of his life. But he partially regained his health, yet he was broken-hearted, and never the same man. He had so long neglected his business that everything had gone wrong; in fact, he never was able to do business afterwards, and resolved to sell all he had. He was obliged to, or part of it at least, to pay off the debts incurred during his sickness; and everything went at a sacrifice. After he had converted all his property to cash, we travelled three years, and I got so I loved the sea better than the land. But this travelling was fatal to our fortunes. When we returned we had but very little left, and father was more disheartened than ever. His strength gave way, and for years he was an invalid. I had to sew through the day, and attend to him through the night, and nobody can guess what we suffered. About a month since he died in a mean room over in Brooklyn, where you went yesterday, and where we lived for several months. I got into debt and am now working the best way I can to pay off my debts and support myself. It is very hard, I assure you; but I have done it all cheerfully for my poor dear father's sake. [Mary here burst into tears, and the sympathetic captain actually put his arms around her and kissed her repeatedly—the first

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offence of the sort he ever committed in his life.]

"Now you know my history," resumed Mary, drying her tears; "you know how *very* poor I am, and *in debt*, too; can you love me?"

In reply the captain repeated his former offence, after which he asked her how much she owed.

"I owe $100," was the reply.

"That can be very easily paid," said the captain, and he soon counted out the money. "But," he added, "you will need some things for the wedding. Take this fifty dollars now, and let me know when you want more."

Mary took the money, protesting that the captain was the noblest and most generous man in the world; that she never could love him enough; that she was so happy it seemed like a dream, etc., etc.

The captain asked permission, at parting, to call upon her; but she said she had no place to receive him. Besides, she wished to visit some of her friends, and had much work to do. But she would see him there again.

The captain was permitted several interviews with his betrothed at the madame's house, and at each interview offered money, which offers were

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never refused. He proposed that the wedding should take place at madame's; but Mary was not quite ready—she had clothes to make and much to do. "Besides," she added, "do you know I have a great desire to be married on ship-board? It may be foolish, or sentimental, if you wish to call it so; but it is true. It would be just suited to my taste."

The captain, who readily consented to everything proposed by his lady-love, was much pleased with the idea, and it was finally determined that the ceremony should be performed on the vessel, on the morning of her sailing. The crew were instructed how to conduct themselves in honor of the bride; they were all treated to a grand supper on the night preceding the wedding; and on the morning which was to crown the captain's bliss, a clergyman was on board, ready to unite the twain in the bonds of matrimony.

The bride had promised to be on hand precisely at ten o'clock, and the captain had given her money with which to hire a carriage. But ten o'clock came without the bride. An hour passed, and the captain grew uneasy; he was to sail at two P.M. At twelve o'clock, the expected not arriving, he concluded to run over to Madame Mar's and see what

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the trouble was; but when he got to madame's place the window-blinds were all closed; he rung the bell furiously; there was no response. The captain saw the true state of the case; he was "sold." His hopes, like the spirits of Prospero's vision, suddenly

——"melted into air—into thin air,"

and he did not detain his ship to recall them.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Singular Matrimonial Errand of a Member of a Popular Brooklyn Church—Brokerage applied to the Next World—Madame Mar is missed from the accustomed place—She becomes the Escaped Wife of a Mormon Elder.

Those very heathenish old heathen, the Druids, who, according to the received accounts, lived in the woods on exceedingly plain vegetable diet, and didn't deserve so good fare, had a financial system which beat the beasts of Wall street. They borrowed money, and promised to pay in the next world.

Madame Mar should have been a Druidess, for her system of Matrimonial Brokerage extends to the next world, as appears from the following history:

As she was one day seated at her table, poring over "The Road to Ruin"—a work of great literary merit and undoubted moral tendency, bound in beautiful yellow paper—her attention was distracted from the absorbing book by the entrance of a richly dressed, stately woman, whose bearing and

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manners indicated an accomplished lady. She was surprised at such an apparition in her apartment, from the fact that her female visitors are generally ignorant servant girls, or despairing old maids, who, having failed to secure husbands by the ordinary methods, as a *dernier ressort*, come to her. She, therefore, put on her very best manners, recalled the pretty words of the dictionary, and received the visitor with becoming dignity.

After some commonplace conversation, the lady said:

"I have called upon a very singular errand. I wish, in the first place, to know if I can confide to you the great secret of my life, without danger of exposure?"

"Madame," replied Mar, with much apparent earnestness, "my life is devoted to the good of others. I read the destinies which nature has traced in the organization of the human mind, to give warning of danger and inspire hope. I am a woman who knows what life is—what love is; I have hoped, suffered, and enjoyed; I can sympathize with the afflicted, and it is a part of my duty to society to preserve all secrets affecting the peace and happiness of those who confide to me. You can, I assure you, trust me to the fullest extent."

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"You will see the importance of secrecy in my case," responded the stranger. "Should the confession I am about to make come to the knowledge of my husband or society, it would ruin us forever. I move in the best circles of Brooklyn; I am a member of a popular Brooklyn church; I am a wife and a mother."

"Under such circumstances," replied Mar, "it would be very cruel to betray your confidence. I promise you solemnly to deal fairly."

"If I may trust you, then, and I believe I can," resumed the lady, "I will give you a statement of the circumstances which have brought me here, to confess a secret never before made known to any human being.

"*I do not love my husband.* He is a good man, and all that; but I do not love him; I cannot love him;" saying which, the lady looked very much abashed, as if frightened at her own words, and said she thought she had better say no more. But Madame Mar was not the person to lose a client, and rallied her faltering courage:

"There are many such cases, my dear madame—many more than you suspect. I understand perfectly the cause of your sorrow. You and your husband are not *congenial.* Marriage without con-

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geniality is not marriage—it is a falsehood to the world, and a sin against heaven. Yet it is a misfortune that must sometimes be borne. This unhappiness is the result of ignorance. I can tell who are fitted for each other. The principles of my science are infallible; and if people would marry upon scientific principles, there would be an end of the misery caused by unhappy matches. I knew by the formation of your head that you were unhappy with your husband; perhaps you need not be always. Confide all to me; if I cannot relieve your distress altogether, I can at least soothe it."

Thus encouraged, the lady proceeded:

"Our marriage was not an affair of our own so much as it was of our parents. Our families were intimate, wealthy, and exclusive, and before we were old enough to know the meaning of love or marriage, it was decided that we should be man and wife. We were taught to regard it as a fixed fact, and never thought of a possibility of anything different. At the time agreed upon by our parents —when we were too young to marry—the wedding took place as arranged; and I did not discover for some time into what misery I had been plunged, apparently by my own consent, but really by the action of others, in which I had no hand."

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"And for which you were not responsible," suggested Mar.

"After a while—and it was not a long while—my husband's presence became repulsive to me, and I was much happier when he was away, and dreaded his return. But we had children; I was proud of my position as the wife of a man whose wealth gave him superiority, and I made up my mind that neither my husband nor any other person should ever know the truth, however great the sacrifice of feeling it might require of me.

"There is a physician in Brooklyn, who was an intimate friend of my husband before our marriage, and who used to visit at our house. I felt strangely attracted towards him. I was at his wedding, which, like mine, was an affair of the families, and then, in spite of my own struggles with the feelings, I discovered the truth—*I loved him*—and I know by the looks he gives me when we meet, and by his conduct towards me, that he loves me. It is a hopeless love. My only earthly happiness is in my children, and how wretched I sometimes am God only knows."

The reader of these articles knows that we have had false sighing, false fainting, and false weeping; and the writer takes a dismal pleasure in record-

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ing that at this stage of her narrative, the lady burst into honest tears. The great sorrow of her life, concealed for years, and causing any amount of hope, despair and remorse, was confessed at last.

But how unwise of the poor lady to confide this story to Mar! She looked at the case entirely in a financial aspect. While professing the deepest sympathy with the afflicted woman, she was thinking desperately of the best method of turning her sorrow into ready cash; and when the visitor had gone, she had a hearty laugh at her simplicity; and notwithstanding the solemn pledges of inviolable secrecy, told the story as a capital joke.

As soon as the lady had dried her tears, she stated her errand:

"I came here, Madame Mar, *to learn if the doctor and I are congenial spirits, and if we are destined to be married in heaven!* I expect no happiness here except doing my duty to my children, and if I could really believe in such a union in the next world, I think I should be reconciled to my lot in this."

The phrenologist, with true business tact, determined so to arrange matters that further services would be required, just as a physician gives pow-

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ders with directions to call on him again when they are gone. She replied that in her opinion, from the statement of the case, the lady and the doctor were congenial spirits; but in order to determine fully, she must see both of them.

It was accordingly arranged that the madame should visit her customer at her residence on a given day. She went, and the lady found it necessary to call in the doctor that afternoon, to give some advice about a child's health. After his departure, the madame informed the lady that she had given the doctor's head many scientific glances during his visit, and she was perfectly satisfied that he was her congenial companion.

"He," said the phrenologist, "is your husband, in spite of the law. You were made for each other; and however you may be separated, I perceive by the formation of your heads, that you are man and wife.'

The lady now came to the practical part, and as the result was precisely what she wanted, and as she was particularly anxious to keep on the right side of Mar, now that she possessed her secret, she gave her a very handsome roll of $5 bills—not less than ten, nicely folded up.

Inasmuch as Madame Mar is a very honest and

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disinterested person (as clearly appears from the transactions in which we have seen her engaged), it is not at all likely that she has levied black mail upon the Brooklyn wife.

But the public will, for the present at least, be compelled to get on without the services of the renowned Mar and celebrated Gore. She had an offer to go about the country as the escaped wife of a Mormon elder, and lecture upon Life in Salt Lake City. For this service she was to receive $5 per day and expenses paid. She hesitated whether to accept it; but as her friends now miss her from the accustomed place; as the man pictured on her window curtain no longer sits patiently while she examines his head; as the door-plate inscribed "Madame Mar and Madame Gore" is removed; as her advertisements no longer ornament the columns of the *Herald*, and as strangers now dwell in the habitation of 176 Varick street, which a few weeks ago was the theatre of her scientific researches and triumphs, it is probable that she has accepted the offer, and is now relating to admiring audiences in the rural districts her sufferings in the City of the Prophet.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Gipsy Palmist and her "Secret for Gaining the Affections of the Opposite Sex"—The Experiments of Mr. Samuel Alley therewith.

THE individual who looks upon Samuel Alley sees before him a tall, well-formed man, with high brow, well-adjusted black hair and whiskers, and the air of a commander. If he would never speak, (and he seldom does,) he might pass for a pattern of wisdom; but the moment he opens his mouth the illusion is at an end, and the discriminating listener at once perceives with all his external appearance of greatness, Mr. Alley is only a very ordinary man. Phrenology and Physiognomy are ashamed of themselves whenever Mr. Alley's voice is heard.

Mr. Alley was a grocer's clerk, and occupied a small room in the vicinity of Clinton Place, taking his meals at eating-houses, or going without them, according to the state of his finances; for it must be admitted that if he was called on to choose between a billiard-table and a dinner-table, he generally took the former.

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In truth, Mr. Alley's sins, both of omission and of commission, were manifold as the hair upon his head and face, (and many were the hairs on his head and face,) and notwithstanding his reverend and solemn aspect, he was as sorely given to "ungodly revelrie" as his means would allow.

If ever Mr. Alley was sufficiently in funds, and could spare the time from his ordinary debauch, he went to the theatre—the only public institution, in his estimation, worthy the patronage of a free and enlightened citizen.

It was at Burton's that Mr. Alley one night saw a young lady with whom he fell in love, not hesitatingly, but headlong. He kept his eye on her through the play, and slily followed her home, carefully noting down the number of her residence in Clinton place. A patient devotion of two weeks discovered to the smitten Samuel the name of the smiter; but this knowledge availed him nothing. How could he, a poor grocer's clerk, ignorant, with nothing except bad habits to start with in life, get inside of that fine mansion, and win his ideal, was a question which greatly perplexed Samuel from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof; and one, too, which disturbed his rest. He concluded that the thing was impossible, grew misanthropic,

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and drank and swore worse than ever, as he contemplated the great difference in the chances of a rich man and a poor one.

In this sorrowful posture of his affairs, Mr. Alley saw one morning the advertisement of the "Gipsy Palmist, 407 Grand street," who announced that she discovered all the secrets of one's life, and had "a secret for gaining the affections of the opposite sex."

The Gipsy is a woman over thirty years old, with a pitted and unclean face, and long finger nails, with a distinct and palpable line of dirt under each.

To this enchantress Samuel went with newly-awakened hopes, and poured out his complaints. He pictured the violent love he had experienced, the despair it had occasioned him, and asked if she could do anything for him, assuring her that if she did, she would win his gratitude, and more substantial rewards, since the young lady was rich.

The Gipsy held out the most flattering hopes. It made no difference, she assured him, whether he was rich or poor. Even though an entire stranger to the object of his affection, and separated from her by the widest social differences and dissimilarity of taste, the potent mixture which she prepared

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would level all obstacles, and in fifteen or twenty days realize his most sanguine dreams. It mattered not, so far as the effect was concerned, whether his motive was good or bad; the charm would in any case subdue the most obdurate heart; yet she cautioned Mr. Alley, in using it, to be very careful to express the very wish he felt—the very intention he cherished—because the conjuration would subject the young lady entirely to his views, and her own feelings would in a very short time correspond to his wish precisely as he uttered it; and those feelings would remain unchangeable forever. Therefore Mr. Alley should ponder the responsibility, and decide clearly and fully what he wanted before he gave the wish definite form in the conjuration, remembering that the decrees of fate cannot be altered, and that the happiness of both, through life, might depend on the correct wording and sincerity of his wish.

This caution was given in execrable English; for the Gipsy manifests the utmost contempt for the rules of syntax, and having been born on the Black Heath, as she asserts, abuses the letter *h* in a manner worthy of a native of Lancashire or Yorkshire.

"If," said she, "you wish to 'ave it done, it will

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win you a wife, whose love will not die hout hin a year hor twenty years; but will throw 'er in your harms, like, hand make 'er follow you jist as a child does hits mother, until she dies."

Mr. Alley, in a labyrinth of ecstatic visions, expressed his perfect delight at the generous promises of the Gipsy, and demanded the price of the charm.

"I charge haccording to circumstances," she replied. "If a man his rich, I think 'e can hafford more; but you say you's poor, so I won't be hunreasonable; give me two dollars."

The money having been paid, the Gipsy took a pulverized substance, and doing up about four ounces, equally divided in two papers, nicely, like a doctor's powder, directed him to take them to the fire at midnight, and throw one of them in, and while the paper burned, repeat aloud the name of the young lady and the wish regarding her, and when the first paper was consumed to throw in the second one, again repeating the name and wish while it burned. It would not answer, she assured him, to perform the conjuration a minute before midnight. Precisely twelve o'clock would do; but it was better to wait a few minutes longer; yet he must, above all things, avoid waiting until past one

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o'clock. She probably believed with Bolingbroke, that,

> ———"Wizards know their times.
> Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
> The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
> The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl,
> And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;
> That time best fits the work we have in hand."

Mr. Alley, with superstitious awe, took the mysterious papers, which, he verily believed, contained the sovereign balm for all his heart-burnings; happy, indeed, that he possessed the awful secret, yet trembling as if in the presence of those ghosts who, at the approach of "Aurora's harbinger,"

> ———"Wandering here and there,
> Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits all,
> That in cross-ways and floods have burial."

He ventured, however, to ask the Gipsy what the compound was; but she evidently regarded the question as little better than blasphemy. She condescended, nevertheless, to tell him that all Gipsies were sworn to preserve their secrets, and would not reveal them, even to escape imprisonment or death.

Mr. Alley went home, and anxiously awaited the midnight hour. He had provided himself with a fire, and when his white-faced watch told him the

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time had arrived, threw one of his papers into the flames, and solemnly repeated the name of his charmer and the sincerest wish, perhaps, he ever uttered. The second paper was thrown in, according to directions, and the name and wish repeated.

This incantation, be it known, was performed on a warm summer's night; and at its conclusion, Mr. Alley, covered with perspiration, retired from the house and passed two hours in watching the door-knob, which he knew was often turned by *her* divine hand, to give his room time to cool. But when he returned, he found the whole house aroused by the unnatural heat which he had found it necessary to make, and was assailed on all sides as a lunatic or a thief. "A counterfeiter, I will wager!" suggested one; and this seemed the most reasonable supposition. "You had better wait till cold weather before you make bogus coin!" cried another. And, worst of all, the landlady, convinced that Alley was casting base coin, told him to leave the house instantly, and that if he ever set foot in it again, she would expose his crimes, and have him arrested by the police.

But Mr. Alley bore all patiently, convinced, as he was, that his afflictions were only for a season, and that the transcendent bliss which was in store

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for him would more than compensate his many and grievous sacrifices.

Mr. Alley awaited with profound anxiety the expiration of fifteen days, at which time he contrived to encounter the young lady in the streets, fully expecting she would rush to his arms, overwhelmed with the same emotions she had awakened in him. Planting himself at a corner, he watched her approach, and, as she came up, stood directly in her path. The light-footed damsel, seeing the passage obstructed, carelessly turned aside, and scarcely noticing him, went on. He would have spoken, but found himself dumb. "It is too soon. Fifteen *or twenty* days, she said. I will wait five days longer, and it *must* work by that time;" and with this consoling reflection Samuel went about his business.

Mr. Alley passed five wretched days, at the expiration of which, the weather being pleasant, he was convinced that the lady would walk out, and believed his troubles were at an end. He was not mistaken in his first calculation, for he had not stood upon the corner a quarter of an hour, when the smiling charmer sallied forth for a Broadway shopping excursion. How beautiful she appeared in the ravished eyes of Samuel! "Now or never,"

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The Experiment of Mr. Samuel Alley on the Corner.—PAGE 143.

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[illegible] to him. As she approached [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] porch, she cried [illegible]
"I [illegible] for you, Miss ——! Do you
[illegible] you?"

The young lady thus [illegible] was natural and [illegible] with all his credulity, was not so great [illegible] to mislead [illegible] case; the hopes he had [illegible] conjurations were preceded at a [illegible] off in despair.

The same evening, however, new [illegible] the Gipsy, he called [illegible] could say for herself, or if she could [illegible] thing in his favor, the desperate straits [illegible] was reduced. We will endeavor [illegible] into English the dialogue which follows, as our readers [illegible] not understand it in the original tongue.

"Twenty-one days ago," said Mr. Alley, "I bought your secret for gaining the affections of the opposite sex; but it didn't have any effect."

"I do not remember you, sir," replied the Gipsy. "What do you want?"

"I want to see if you can do any more for me."

The Gipsy's eye lighted up. The [illegible] her customer was evidently not exhausted [illegible]

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Expedition of Mr. Samuel Allsopp on the Coiner.—Page 143.

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he said to himself, as she approached, and again planting himself in her path, made out to speak: "I have waited for you, Miss ——! Do you know how I love you?"

The young lady thus saluted gave a scream, as was natural, and ran home at full speed. Samuel, with all his credulity, was not so great a fool as to mistake the case; the hopes he had built upon the conjuration were prostrated at a blow, and he went off in despair.

The same evening, however, unwilling to abandon all faith in the Gipsy, he called to see what she would say for herself, or if she could not do something for him in the desperate straits to which he was reduced. We will endeavor to translate into English the dialogue which followed, as our readers might not understand it in the original tongue.

"Twenty-one days ago," said Mr. Alley, "I bought your secret for gaining the affections of the opposite sex; but it didn't have any effect."

"I do not remember you, sir," replied the Gipsy. "What do you want?"

"I want to see if you can do any more for me."

The Gipsy's eye lighted up. The credulity of her customer was evidently not exhausted, and she

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might, perhaps sell him another charm. "Did you follow the directions?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"And the lady still refuses you?"

"Yes."

"That is strange—very strange. It seems impossible. I sell hundreds every month, and every one is astonished at their power. Are you sure there is no change in the lady's conduct towards you?"

"None, except for the worse."

"But I am sure there is a change. She feels more kind towards you, but does not wish to show it."

"You are mistaken; she fears and shuns me."

"Then there is a mistake. One of two things is true. Either she has changed slowly and imperceptibly, or you have not followed directions. The great beauty of the charm is that it works slowly, and the person does not know that anything has happened. Suppose, for instance, that I should burn the powders and wish to win you; you would pretty soon begin to like me, and think more and more of me, until you would finally get so you couldn't bear to be out of my sight a minute. It lasts, too; that is better yet. But it is necessary,

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when the wish is made, to have your mind and thoughts fixed upon the person you want to gain. I think you did not know this."

"Yes, I did. My whole mind was on her. I thought of nothing else."

"That is very strange, then."

"Well, what can you do for me?"

"I don't know what to think. It is the first time a man ever complained that it did not work, and I don't know what to say."

The Gipsy was not a little annoyed; but suddenly a new idea struck her.

"Have you a rival?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"You have. I am sure you have."

"Well, what of that? Is not the secret sufficient to overpower him. This is the promise you made me."

"Certainly; but you see there are hundreds of persons coming here; and I of course do not know who they are. It is probable that your rival has been here before you."

"What would be the effect, if my rival and I should each use your charm, and make the same wish?"

"The one who made it first would win her."

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"If then my rival used it first"——

"You might as well have flung your powders out of the window; they would be no good to you. If he got the start of you half an hour, or half a minute, you might just as well have flung it to the dogs."

"But suppose we both made the wish at the same time?"

"Then they would do away with each other; or, the one who thought most of her, his would have effect. But this could not happen, and your rival has done it before you."

"What shall I do? Must I give her up?"

"Get another powder and burn it, being careful to follow the directions, and you will find it will beat him unless he burns more."

"And if he does?"

"The one who uses most will succeed."

"And must I pay you two dollars for every one I get?"

"Well, that would be rather hard. I like to give satisfaction to my customers, and always have before; and under the circumstances I will let you have another for a dollar."

"I don't know as I have a rival."

"Oh, you have; that's it, I am sure. Let me

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tell you what happened. A lady came to me and said she wanted to marry a man who is rich and holds high office in the city government. She told me his name, and I sold her the powder. This was early in the afternoon. A little while afterwards another lady came, and told me she was in love, but didn't give me the man's name. I sold her a powder, and she came back after the time was up, and said it had no effect. I then asked her the name of the man, and found he was the same one the other was in love with, and I understood all about it. The last lady was a friend I think a good deal of, and so I gave her another powder. She has burned that, and now she begins to see a change in the man. He begins to like her a good deal, and to neglect the other; and if the other does not burn another one, she will lose him sure."

"And suppose the other does burn another?"

"Then she will get him back, unless the last woman burns another still."

"And the one that burns most will get him?"

"That's it precisely."

"You say the last woman came back and said she had not succeeded."

"Yes, because it's as I tell you."

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"But you said, a little while ago, that I was the first person who ever came back dissatisfied," said Mr. Alley, who began to see through the Gipsy, and whose wits were stimulated by the discovery.

"I said you were the first *man*."

"Does this secret apply to married women? Suppose, for instance, any acquaintance of mine has a wife whom I fancy. If I burn the powder and wish to win her, will it have the same effect as it will upon an unmarried woman?"

"Yes, just the same."

"Well, then, if I succeed in getting this lady I am after, and my rival should keep on burning powder after we were married?"

"Oh, in that case, you would have to keep some on hand, and burn more than he did."

Mr. Alley wisely concluded that he had been humbugged, and further made up his mind that wedded bliss, if as liable to be upset as the Gipsy represented, was not worth all the expense and trouble it would cost. He therefore departed, without investing further, to forget his hopeless love and disappointment in the best manner he could.

The "secret" which the Gipsy sells to weak servant girls, and all other people silly enough to

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buy it, she says is of very ancient origin. Yet, notwithstanding the sacred character which she attaches to it, having the undoubted authority of a man whose opinion in such matters is law, we are prepared to tell

——— "what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what nightly magic"

the Gipsy uses. This sacred charm, which she would not reveal to save her limbs from irons or her neck from the gallows, is nothing more or less than pulverized carbonate of iron, which can be obtained of any druggist; and if it possess the power which the Gipsy claims for it, a dollar will buy enough to win half the women in New York and Brooklyn.

Meantime we advise husbands and lovers not to give themselves needless uneasiness on account of the publicity of this charm.

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CHAPTER XV.

A Lame Widow on the look-out for a Husband—She applies to a Bleecker street Broker—The versatile Joseph—How one Article may serve many Uses—A Wedding-day is appointed, but the Bridegroom gets into the Tombs.

Mrs. G——, a widow, lives in a village near New York, owns a house and lot, and has money enough at interest to support her comfortably. Not having received any satisfactory proposal, however, she took a fancy last year to try the chances of matrimonial brokerage; to which conclusion she was led through the ordinary channel of newspaper advertisements.

The office at which she applied was one of the several short-lived ones, which the proprietors have found it necessary to shut up suddenly, to escape the unpleasant notoriety of a judicial investigation. It was situated in Bleecker street, and kept by a sprightly woman, who disappeared from the scene in about three months after her office was opened.

To this woman the confiding Mrs. G—— made known her thoughts, which were highly approved

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and duly encouraged by the usual number of fictitious histories, in which persons in similar circumstances, it was represented, had patronized the office, and been speedily and happily married.

"This system of making acquaintances," she said, "is very common in Paris. Matrimonial offices are a regular institution there. In fact, I made the acquaintance of my husband at an office in Paris, and I know that there never was a happier union."

The managing broker, having questioned the widow in relation to her views of a husband, and found that she had a partiality for gentlemen of the legal profession, humored the prejudice as follows:

"I have a young man on my list who is in search of a wife, and I am sure he would agree with me that you are quite young and handsome enough. And as I do everything openly and fairly, I will tell you that your means would be a consideration. Not that he would marry a woman he did not love to get her money—he is too noble for that; but he is a young man just starting in business, and although his prospects are the very best, he cannot marry at present unless the lady is capable of supporting herself."

Now Mrs. G——, although really a good-hearted

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and honest woman, was by no means handsome, and was so unfortunate, withal, as to have one limb a little shorter than its companion. But if she had one weakness more prominent than another, it was an inordinate love of praise, which blinded her to all her faults of person. Only tell her she was beautiful, and she would believe you much quicker than she would believe her mirror; tell her the short limb made her motions graceful, and she would thank her stars that it was not as long as its mate. She was, in short, admirably calculated to be imposed upon by anybody who could discover her vulnerable point; and the Bleecker street broker had practised upon poor human nature too long to require much time in the discovery. She described to Mrs. G——, in glowing terms, the manly form, noble disposition, and generous qualities of the young man in question; and when Mrs. G—— suggested that he might not be pleased with her, went into such extravagant praise of her appearance, that she was delighted beyond measure, and thought the broker the most interesting person she had ever seen. It was arranged that she should be introduced the next afternoon, and she departed in a fever of hope and satisfaction.

Now it is evident to all discerning minds, that a

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matrimonial broker, to be successful, must keep on hand, at all times, the article demanded; just as a shoemaker or a dry-goods merchant must stand ready to supply his customers. Mrs. B., the broker we are now considering, was one of the kind who was never at fault in this particular; but as the number of candidates on her list was very limited she made up in quality what she lacked in quantity. Her plan was this:

She formed a kind of partnership with a young man, a vagabond of considerable smartness in his way; and this young man held himself in readiness to be introduced at any time and in any character, as a candidate for matrimony. Now he was a rich southerner, with a large plantation well stocked with negroes; now a lawyer; now a mechanic, and now again a doctor or a minister. In fact, during the three months which this office was in operation, the versatile Joseph (for that was his name), was daily introduced to two or three deluded females, in as many different characters.

It happened that while the conversation between the broker and the widow was in progress, Joseph was in an adjoining apartment; and as soon as the widow withdrew, the broker called him to the

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parlor, and pointing through the window to the limping victim, the two indulged in boisterous derision of that unfortunate individual, until she was out of sight.

"The lame old fool," (such was the refined language of the broker,) "what does *she* want of a husband?"

"If I marry her," said Joseph, "I will shave off the right foot until it is as short as the left one."

"You *will* marry her," replied the broker. "She's got a handsome property, and it will pay. Do your best with the old woman, Josey, my dear, and swear she is the handsomest woman you ever saw. She is fool enough to swallow all the flattery your lying tongue can roll off, my dear, and you are not bad at that."

"You really don't mean to have me marry that old thing?" said Joseph, somewhat alarmed, and a good deal surprised.

"Certainly; marry her if you can't get her money without it. It is the easiest thing in the world to run away, my dear. How long would it take us, do you think, to change names, and turn up in St. Louis or New Orleans?"

"I see," said Joseph; and in anticipation of the

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widow's fortune, a hot punch was speedily served up and consumed.

The next afternoon the lame widow appeared at the appointed hour; and the agent, with the most winning smile she could command, welcomed her.

"I am happy to see you," said she, "I have shown the gentleman your likeness, and he is much pleased. He has been here half an hour."

After allowing the agitated Mrs. G—— a little time to collect her senses, and recover from the fatiguing walk, the wicked Joseph, neatly attired, and well posted in his part, was led in and introduced as Mr. Brown of Boston. He told the widow he was spending a few weeks in the city on business, and assured her that nothing had so much pleased him as the opportunity to make her acquaintance. "I was here last evening," said he, "and saw your likeness. I was greatly pleased, but I must say it by no means does you justice. I will frankly state my circumstances and prospects; for I profess to be a judge of human nature, and know whom I can trust, the first time I see such a person.

"I have recently been admitted to practice, and have opened an office in Boston, in company with

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a friend. But it requires considerable time to get started, and although I have already a very good business, I have felt I could not yet afford to marry. But as we understand each other, I shall take the liberty of speaking directly to the point. I have been informed you have some property; and while I would not for a moment regard this of itself, I will say I have been anxious so find a lady in whom were combined the qualities of intelligence, virtue, and beauty, who also had a partial competency. I have not before found such a one; but in you I see all I have desired."

It is unnecessary to go into the details of this courtship of hypocrisy on the one hand, and stupidity on the other. Suffice it that when the silly Mrs. G—— went home that afternoon, it is difficult to say whether she was more pleased or amazed at the sudden success of her matrimonial scheme. That she was engaged to a man combining every desirable quality, she never doubted.

Joseph visited the widow at her house three or four times, and the wedding-day was fixed.

But although Joseph was frequently introduced to honest women in the character of a minister, his religion, we are sorry to record, bore a striking resemblance to that of Friar Tuck; and while he

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lacked that famous divine's knowledge of Latin, he was an undoubted thief. He was a thief in a small way, and his robberies seldom rose above the dignity of petit larceny. A few days before his appointed wedding, he was in a grocery, purchasing some creature comforts for the broker, and while the clerk was absent for a moment, rifled the money-drawer of its contents, was detected in the fact, and locked up in the Tombs.

No sooner was the unlucky Joseph in this disgraceful plight, than the broker went to work in his behalf. She learned that the clerk was to be the only witness against him, and hastening to the widow G——, informed that afflicted lady that a foul and horrible conspiracy had been entered into, to disgrace her affianced, if not to get rid of him; "and you, Mrs. G——," said the broker, "though not in the least to blame, are the cause of all his trouble."

The widow was terrified by this announcement, and could not see what she had ever done to bring him into such straits.

"There is a grocer's clerk," replied the broker, "who has for some time been a visitor at my office. He saw you go out of the house the first time you were there, and fell in love with you.

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Not believing him worthy, I gave him no encouragement; but he went to work and found out that Mr. Brown was engaged to you; and in order to get him out of the way, has started a story that he attempted to rob the money-drawer; and it is feared that he will swear to it on trial. But he stole the money himself, and I can prove it; and when the proper time comes, Mr. Brown will prosecute him for perjury, and send him to State prison. But as good luck would have it, the clerk did not know Mr. Brown's name, and he has given another to the officers, so he will not be disgraced by this business after all."

Mrs. G—— expressed the wish that Heaven would confound the wicked schemes of the ungodly clerk, and that the broker would have him arrested for perjury at once; but being solemnly assured that she had powerful reasons for delay, was pacified.

On the very day which was to have seen Joseph united to the widow, the wretch was brought up in the court of Special Sessions—that deliberative and dignified tribunal in which about two hours are required to clean a calendar of fifty cases, in a manner that reflects illustrious honor upon our elective judiciary—and was there tried for petit larceny.

Joseph, as has already been intimated, was not

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arraigned under any one of his previous names, but took a new one for the occasion. The court-room was filled to suffocation with a red-faced, blear-eyed, and hard-up crowd, which Mrs. G—— supposed had come for the sole purpose of seeing her lover's case disposed of. The grocer's clerk was sworn, and testified positively to the facts. An Irish lawyer (commonly called a "shyster"), attempted a cross-examination, but was soon "swamped;" it was like working a dry pump.

"Have you any witnesses?" demanded the court.

The "shyster" replied that the defence had been taken by surprise by the evidence of the grocer's clerk; that being conscious of innocence, and well aware that the charge proceeded from feelings of personal hostility to the prisoner, and was in fact only a conspiracy to rob him of his good name among men, they had not supposed the charge would be sustained; they had no idea Mr. Sandford (the clerk) would carry the passion of revenge so far as to perjure himself to gain an unjust advantage over a fellow-being. Therefore, they had taken no measures to prove an *alibi*, which might easily have been done. But since Mr. Sandford's presumption had soared so high; since he had sworn to what he knew to be false, from

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motives of revenge, the defence must abide the decision of the court, and they should content themselves by proving the previous good character of the prisoner. They were prepared to show by witnesses of the highest respectability, that his standing in the community was second to none; and he hoped the court, if it must find him guilty, would not inflict upon the defendant the disgrace of imprisonment, but content itself with a light fine, which he understood a lady in court was ready to pay.

To this proposition Mrs. G—— nodded assent, and the court expressed a readiness to hear whatever might be offered to establish good character. The shyster then called Mrs. B——, the broker, who testified that she had known the prisoner for a great many years, and that he was a gentleman of unquestioned integrity. A man whom nobody knew also swore to his good character, and the evidence for the defence closed.

Unfortunately for the broker and her favorite, however, the usage of courts allows rebutting testimony, and the plaintiff's lawyer availed himself of this advantage. The police officer who made the arrest was called, and swore that the prisoner was an old thief, well known to the police—that he had

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served two terms at least, upon Blackwell's Island, and he believed three; that his portrait adorned the collection of pictures at police headquarters, known as "The Thieves' Gallery," that the sentences which consigned him to the Island were on the records of the very court before which he was then tried; and finally, that the only reason the rascal was not recognized by the court was, probably, owing to the fact that he had shaven his whiskers and moustaches. This evidence was coroborated by the statement of another officer; and finally, the judge himself recollected having sentenced the prisoner on a former occasion.

The court said he could not consent to let the prisoner off with a fine. He was a dangerous character, and must be dealt with accordingly. He therefore sentenced him to the Penitentiary for four months.

The widow was convinced that Mr. Brown of Boston was a humbug, and that Mrs. B——, the broker, was a humbug also, which opinion she expressed very freely, and threatened to prosecute them as swindlers; but Mrs. B—— did not give her an opportunity. She moved suddenly, changed her name, and adopted a new business, as honorable and lucrative as the old trade.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Betty Ballou, and her "Menagerie" at Taylor's Saloon—Seven Hopeful Individuals in a Row—Why they were there and what came of It.

Those who have taken the trouble to look over the advertising columns of the *New York Herald* have observed advertisements under the head of "Matrimonial," in which persons of both sexes announce themselves as candidates, and invite correspondence with this view. If we believe these announcements, the advertisers, almost without exception, are patterns of modesty, virtue, honor and intelligence; generally, too, of refinement, wealth and high social position.

It is not very long since an advertisement informed the public that a young lady of good education and accomplished manners, being convinced that the formalities of society are mostly absurd and restrictive of free individual development, would like to correspond with a man of independence and sense, with a view to matrimony. She was twenty years of age, moved in respectable society, and believed she could make a good man

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happy. Any such person was invited to address Betty Ballou, at the Union Square post-office.

A young man answered this advertisement, under the signature of Julius B. Defoe, as follows:

"MISS BETTY BALLOU: I have read your advertisement in this morning's *Herald*, and have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I am a man of sense. That I am a man of independence would clearly appear to you if we should ever be married, for I would not promise to pay any more attention to a wife than I chose; and if I wanted to go to the theatre or opera with somebody else, as I probably should, I should do it in spite of her. In short, she could do as she pleased, if she chose to, and if she didn't, I'd make her, and I *should* do as I pleased, whether she was willing or not. If that is not independent enough for you, I beg you not to answer this letter.

"That I am sensible clearly appears from my mode of life. In the first place, I have spacious apartments with a private family in Fifth Avenue, and manage my affairs in Wall street—with about four hours' labor per diem—in such a manner that I have as much money as I want to spend or give away, go where I have a mind to, smoke in the parlor when at home, and get drunk as often as I am disposed.

"If this suits you, write and address me at the Broadway post-office. If it don't, do what you like.

"I will say, however, that I should be happy to see you, and think you will not find me a savage. If you are disposed to gratify me, state when and where we can have an interview.

"Yours respectfully, "JULIUS B. DEFOE."

Three days after depositing the above letter in

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the Union Square post-office, Mr. Defoe called at the Broadway office and found a reply awaiting him. It was written in a neat, plain hand, and the purport of it was, that Miss Betty was curious to see him, but was conscious of the impropriety of inviting a stranger to call upon her. If, however, he would be at Taylor's Saloon at two o'clock on a certain day, he would meet her there. "Go as far back as you can," said the letter, "on the left hand side, take a newspaper in your hand and read, so I may know you. When I enter, I will recognize you with a nod; then, please, come and sit by me."

A few minutes before the appointed time, Mr. Defoe, having provided himself with a newspaper, went to the place designated, took a seat as requested, and commenced reading. He soon observed a young man enter, walk near him, and look annoyed at his presence. Finally, however, the stranger sat down immediately in front of him, and with many looks expressive of "what business have you here?" also took out a paper and commenced reading.

"Unfortunate," thought Mr. Defoe. "If this fellow keeps on reading, she may mistake him for myself. However, when she sees he does not recognize her, she will try me."

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Betty Ballou and her Menagerie at Taylor's Saloon.—Page 165.

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While these thoughts were passing through his mind, an elderly gentleman, with a very red nose, also came up, and politely requested Mr. Defoe to go forward and give him the seat he occupied. "I would not ask it sir," he added, "had I not particular reasons, which I need not explain, for doing so."

"And I," rejoined Defoe, "would not deny so reasonable a request had I not particular reasons, which I need not explain, for doing so."

The elderly genleman seemed a good deal disappointed, but taking the last unoccupied seat back, also took out a paper and commenced reading.

"Nothing remarkable," soliloquized Mr. Defoe, "in three men reading papers at the same time, in a row; yet, under the circumstances, it is a singular coincidence." And this suggestion derived additional weight from the fact that few other persons in the saloon were at that time reading.

But Mr. Defoe's astonishment was considerably increased when a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, and finally, a seventh, entered, and each in his turn seemed anxious to get a rear seat, but failing in this, took the last one unoccupied, each at the same time commencing immediately to read.

Mr. Defoe thought there was something strange

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in this, and as mystery always pleased him, could not suppress a smile at the anxiety and distress of the literary strangers, who while they held papers in their hands, looked around the saloon.

"I think the girl has sold me," he said to himself, and good-naturedly dropping the paper from his hand, was about to order a beef-steak when he saw a young lady enter the right door. She was tall, graceful in her movements, had keen black eyes, and was richly though not gaudily dressed. She passed down the opposite aisle with a manner somewhat haughty, cast a furtive glance along the line of gentlemen who held papers in their hands, and finally gave Mr. Defoe an unmistakable nod of recognition.

He returned the salutation as if he had met an old friend, and immediately joined her.

"Mr. Defoe, I presume," said the pretty lady.

"The same, and happy to meet you, Miss Ballou," he replied.

"Tell me, Mr. Defoe, what you thought of my advertisement."

"I thought it very singular that a female should want a man of sense and independence for a husband—so I answered it. What did you think of my reply?"

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"I thought much. In the first place, that you were not handsome, and I am not disappointed. Also, that you were not dressed like a dandy, which is also true. Also, that you did not mean what you said, which of course is true."

"Then why did you answer me?"

"Because I thought so. You do not suppose a sensible woman would advertise for a husband, with an honest motive; and I know that no honest man would write such a letter as you did. I did not come to compliment you, as you find."

"I will not complain that you flatter me."

Refreshments were served up, and the conversation, though necessarily carried on in a low tone, became animated.

"Pray tell me," said Mr. Defoe, "the precise motive you had in publishing such an advertisement, and in meeting me here?"

"I did it for fun. It was always my disposition. Do you see that row of men over there, near where you were sitting, each with a newspaper?"

"Yes."

"Well, those deluded gentlemen all came here at my solicitation. They all answered my advertisement; I wrote to them precisely as I did to you. I wrote the letter you received, and my sister

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made twelve copies of it, which were dispatched to as many gentlemen. Seven of them, it seems, have accepted the invitation, and are waiting for me."

"And what will you do?"

"Nothing. I did not expect to recognize them. I came to enjoy the sport of seeing them who expected to fool me fooled instead; to watch the ludicrous expressions of anxiety and disappointment. They are dishonest, selfish, ignorant men, I am sure, or they would not have written as they did. In fact, I am sure that an honest man would not have written at all. Now see them! They look over the top of their papers as if a sheriff was after them."

"And you came here to laugh at them?"

"Certainly. *This is my menagerie of tamed animals.* I took them wild; but I fancy this discipline will domesticate them."

"Why is it that you have honored me above all the rest, and do not laugh at my calamity in common with theirs?"

"Because you wrote an absurd letter. I saw at once you did not intend to have me believe you. But those animals supposed I was foolish enough to think they meant what they said. I would not trust a soul of them with my dinner. They thought

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to deceive me, perhaps get some of my property, and at any rate to get into the society I move in."

"And how did you know I was the person who wrote over the name of Defoe?"

"The simplest thing in the world. You sat there with a broad grin on your face, with a look of perfect indifference. The paper lay beside you on the table, as I knew it would if I was five minutes behind time. You were thinking you had been sold, and that Betty Ballou had played you a good trick. The others were anxious and uneasy. They were meditating the schemes which brought them here."

"Your name, of course, is not Ballou?" suggested Defoe.

"No more than yours is Defoe," replied she.

The "menagerie" was by this time in a state of disorder. The "animals," uneasy at the delay of the expected, called for different articles of diet and drink, and one by one withdrew. Mr. Defoe also expressed regrets at parting, but said he must go.

"Must our acquaintance end here?" he asked.

"Yes, *unless you should chance to get acquainted with my husband*, and he should invite you to his house, in which case I shall be happy to see you as

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his friend. He does business in —— street, No. —. I should not like to have him know of this adventure; but I must have some amusement. If you ever know him you will not mention it."

Mr. Defoe pledged his honor not to reveal the fact to him, and bade her adieu.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The shrewd Speculation of Mr. John Smith—How Miss Jane invested $3,000—How Mr. John Smith was himself speculated upon, and the Wrath which it excited.

Mr. John Smith (not the one whose name appears in the New York Directory), is a man of unlimited brass, an unscrupulous liar, and as great a rascal as his limited brains will allow.

About a year ago Smith went to a matrimonial office in Varick street, and after satisfying himself that the keeper thereof was as mean as he—to wit, as mean as she knew how to be—he laid before her the following pleasant scheme of speculation:

"There's a girl up town that's got over three thousand dollars, clear cash; and I need it. She's an English girl that came to New York about a year ago, with her father, and they took rooms; but before the old man got into business he was taken sick and died. She let the rooms to a family and took board with 'em; the old woman that took the house bosses that girl just as though she was her own daughter, won't let her stir out of the

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house alone, day-time, nor night-time, nor go to any amusements; and the girl, like a silly one, minds her like a mother. The old man was a widower, you see, and left her his money—it was about $4,000 in hard cash, and I think, by the way in which she minds the old woman, she can be easily managed, if we can once get hold of her. I've tried hard to think of some way to get acquainted with her, but haven't made it out; and now I'll make you a good offer: if you'll get the girl to come here and be introduced, and I can get her $3,000, I'll give you one thousand; and if I don't get all of it, I'll give you a third of what I do get."

"I'll do my best for you," replied the matrimonial agent; "and you must do your best. You're good-looking, and if you can manage to put on the proper airs of an educated and rich man, and a sentimental one, too, I think we'll fix it. I'll guarantee that you shall be introduced to her before the week ends."

"I've as good jewelry as a man needs," said Smith, confirming the assertion by showing an elegant breast-pin. In fact, Smith knew "how to live on nothing a year" as well as Becky Sharp.

"That's very good in its way," suggested the

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broker; but if the girl has ever studied English grammar, you'll have hard work to make her think you're educated. There's only one thing about it; I must write your speeches, and you must learn them by heart."

"So much the better," said Smith; "that will save me the trouble."

The details of the virtuous scheme were fully settled, and the next day an advertisement appeared in a morning paper, representing that a young man, twenty-four years old, of unexceptionable habits, domestic tastes and abundant means, desired to make the acquaintance of a young lady about eighteen years of age, with a view to matrimony. As the advertiser was perfectly sincere, none need answer except in good faith. Any sincere person, who could give undoubted evidences of respectability, might call upon Mrs. ——, No. — Varick street, who was acquainted with the advertiser, and who would satisfy her as to his honorable standing and intentions. All communications would remain strictly confidential.

Smith and the broker were satisfied that this advertisement of itself would not be sufficient, even if the young lady should see it, which was quite improbable; and the next afternoon, according to the broker's instructions, Smith stationed himself

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near the girl's residence, and watched, in hopes that her self-constituted and inexorable guardian would leave the house. But his monotonous watch, which was only enlivened by frequent potations at a bar on the corner, was in vain.

Next afternoon, however, it was renewed, and this time with success. The landlady went out, and now was the time for the grand experiment. In a few minutes a note was left at the door, which read as follows:

"NEW YORK, *November* 28d, 1857.

"MISS JANE: You are not without friends. I know the miserable imprisonment you suffer. What business is it to *her* where you go or what you do? She is your *tenant;* why are you afraid of *her?* I have seen and admired you—know that you are capable of enjoying life, and being an ornament to the society in which you move. I send you an advertisement which I cut from a morning paper. I do not know the gentleman who advertises, but I *do* know Mrs. —— to be an upright, and good woman, and I advise you to go and see her. You can depend upon what she says, and she will keep everything strictly secret. Of course you need not be introduced unless you choose to; but I am sure you will be greatly benefited by visiting her. It may be the means of introducing you to good society at once. I was married at a matrimonial office, and have always been very happy with my husband. Whether you go or not, be sure that this is the advice of

"A SINCERE FRIEND.

"P. S.—The reason I do not sign this with my own name is that I am a relative of Mrs. —— your *tenant*, and she would be very angry at *me* if she should know *I* wrote it."

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Poor Jane was not a little puzzled by this note, "It is evidently some one that knows both of us," she thought; "some one that knows how I am abused, but don't dare say anything openly. She is a married woman, too, and I am sure she can have no motive for deceiving me. But is it a proper place to go to? She says the agent is honorable, and it will never be known."

Jane argued the question a long time, looked as she thought, upon all sides of it, and finally concluded to go the same afternoon, when she could do so without the knowledge of her tenant.

No sooner had she entered the house of the broker, however, to the great delight of Smith, who anxiously spied her movements, than her mind misgave her, and making some trifling excuse, was about to retire, when the broker came to the rescue of the joint speculation, by entering into a lively conversation, which soon won the confidence of the unsuspecting Jane so completely, that she ventured, with many blushes, to mention the advertisement, which she produced.

"I am glad you have come," said the broker, after glancing at the advertisement, "I like your looks. I know the gentleman who advertises. He is one of the most worthy and respectable men in

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New York. Besides his good qualities he is very rich, and an excellent business man. His father had so much confidence in him that he gave the charge of his whole business to him before he was of age. He, of course, has a large circle of female acquaintances—those who move in what is called the best society—but he is one of the few men who will not marry merely for worldly advantage, but is determined to marry for love, without reference to the circumstances of his wife. I have known him intimately for a great many years, and understand his habits, disposition and tastes, almost as well as though he were my own son; and I am satisfied he will like you. A number of ladies have called before you, but I understood him so well I would not introduce them; I know it would be a waste of time. But I am so well pleased with you that I shall introduce you, if you will consent, after making such inquiries about you as I feel bound to make in every instance.

"The truth is, many women come here that I will not permit to come the second time. They are bad persons, who do not understand the true character of this place. I never introduce parties until I am perfectly satisfied of their respectability; and it has often happened that when I required

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references, they have left without giving any; and sometimes, when I have obtained references, and called upon them, the persons referred to had no knowledge of the party at all, or were themselves persons I could not trust. Were I to introduce everybody promiscuously, I should soon get into trouble.

"I do not mean to intimate that I doubt *your* representations; for I am a judge of human nature, and believe you to be perfectly honest. But to prevent all possibility of mistake, I shall pursue my usual course, and make inquiries; and when satisfied, I shall give you references, so that you can satisfy yourself of the gentleman's character; then there can be no deception on either side; for I do perfectly despise a person that will deceive even in the smallest way."

Jane's honest soul was greatly delighted with the woman's inflexible integrity, and she told all about herself, where her acquaintances lived, and invited her to her house, where she hoped she would be convinced that all her representations were true.

Several days elapsed, during which the broker called upon Jane, and professed to have made inquiries and to be perfectly satisfied, at the same time giving a list of distinguished persons as

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references for Smith, but Jane was so well satisfied that she never took the trouble to call on any of them.

After a long mental conflict, Jane consented to be introduced, and Mr. Smith put on the very blandest and most fascinating manners of which he was capable. He was well aware that modesty and respect—although he possessed neither—were the qualities most needed, and he succeeded well in assuming them.

"Mrs. ——, I have no doubt," said he, "has told you my circumstances; and first of all I wish you to be convinced of my perfect sincerity. I hope, above all, to retain your respect, and to show you by every act that I fully mean all I profess. They tell us in books and sermons that there is much deception in the world, and I suppose we must believe there is; but I am sure there are persons above it."

By many similar speeches, all of which were carefully committed in advance, from the original manuscript of the broker, as well as by his respectful behavior and manners, Smith gained ground rapidly in Jane's good opinion, and in about four weeks they were engaged.

"Now," Smith said to the broker, "I have spent

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more time in this business than in any job I ever undertook before in my life, and I'm bound to have the money."

"You shall," replied the broker, "you shall have it at once."

Jane called that afternoon, and the broker repeated the praises of Smith's business talents; said he was intrusted with thousands of dollars every year by his friends, who got him to invest it for them, he always turned it to such good account; and that she, herself, whenever she had any money to spare, let him have it; that he always paid ten per cent., and refunded whenever it was needed.

"I have a little money, as you know," said Jane, "between three and four thousand dollars, that I have kept in the bank ever since father died, and I wish some good business man had it. Do you suppose he would like to take so small an amount?"

"Oh, yes, from any *friend* he would, and from *you* especially; he will do anything for you. Of course it is no object to him; he has money enough of his own; but I am sure it would give him great pleasure to do you a favor of that kind.".

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"Besides," suggested Jane, gratefully, "if I should make him the offer, it would show him that I had perfect confidence in him."

"So it would," said the broker.

The matter was thus settled before Mr. Smith's arrival, and the happy pair had not been conversing long before Jane, expressing profound gratitude for Mr. Smith's condescension in loving a person of her humble station, begged that he would take three thousand dollars of her money, and use it as he thought best.

"Really," said Smith, "I am very grateful to you for this additional evidence of your confidence. If you are desirous that I should take the money, I think I can invest it advantageously, where it will be perfectly secure, and draw at least ten per cent. I shall, however, insist upon securing you."

"I do not want any security," said Jane. "Please take it, won't you, and use it as you like?"

"I will certainly do whatever you wish; but you will at least allow me to give you a receipt or note for it."

"You may do as you like about that," replied Jane; "but I don't see any need of it."

It was agreed that the money should be drawn

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from the bank immediately, and paid over next day, and Smith, in view of his good prospects, rejoiced exceedingly.

But the matrimonial broker had plans regarding which she had not consulted Mr. Smith; and the next morning Jane was sent for, and soon made her appearance with the money. The broker gave her the tenderest of kisses, and the sweetest of smiles.

"Mr. Smith," said she, "came here late last evening, and informed me that he was subpœnaed as a witness in an important trial, and must leave for Albany on the earliest train this morning. Previously, however, he had arranged for investing your money, and as the gentleman wants it to-day, he left his receipt with me, together with a request that you would pay me the amount, as you see," at the same time exhibiting the order and receipt. "He will return in two days, and wishes you to meet him here on Friday at three o'clock."

Jane, though disappointed at not meeting her lover, cheerfully paid the money and retired.

At three o'clock the same afternoon, Smith, having recovered from the debauchery of the previous night, and properly attired himself, set out for the office, revolving in his mind a scheme for

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pocketing the three thousand, and escaping a division with the broker. "It's all nonsense," said he, "to give her a thousand. What is it to her? She's dishonest as Satan, and I might as well keep the whole."

Mr. Smith, therefore, was considerably taken aback, on reaching the house, to find it closed and apparently deserted. He rang the bell and swore alternately, and with equal vehemence. But both were alike vain. The matrimonial broker, in fact, reflecting upon her scanty receipts, upon her bills for a quarter's rent of house and furniture, to say nothing of coal and provision bills, had pocketed the money and ended her troubles by "removing the ranch."

Mr. Smith saw at once that he was worsted, and contemplated legal measures; but, unfortunately, he discovered that an investigation would be very likely to send him to State Prison, as well as his accomplice; and the more Mr. Smith reflected, the more was he convinced that he was helpless. He could only swear, which he did in a very satisfactory manner, and to the full extent of his limited philological attainments.

Jane went on the appointed day to meet her betrothed, but it is unnecessary to say she has never

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seen him. After the sufferings inseparable from the discovery that she had been deceived and swindled, she sensibly declined to die with grief, and taking the little money she had saved, went to the country and is teaching school. The broker, under another name, is telling fortunes in New York.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Matrimonial Office in Broadway—Robinson the Philanthropist—A Human Rival of the Long Island Mastodon—The Trials and Sufferings of Mr. J. W. B. Johnson—Letter of a Matrimonial Broker—A Peruvian in search of a Wife—Effect of his Application in the Rural Districts.

A "MATRIMONIAL Brokerage Office"—so it was called in the advertisement—was opened in Hudson street, in the fall of 1857, by Willams and Robinson, and was subsequently removed to 534 Broadway, where it dispensed its blessings to man and womankind, until the keeper thereof, for a reason which he never made public, suddenly shut up shop and disappeared. The partnership was dissolved in the spring of 1858, after which Robinson carried on the business alone.

Mr. Robinson, the continuer of the office, and the dispenser of marital bliss, is a man of faith; and his faith is in matrimonial brokerage. Convinced that all men who are born of woman have a mission on this sublunary sphere, he has come to the conclusion that he has a mission, and that it is

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to make matches—matches connubial, not lucifer —the fees thereof being merely incidental. He has "consented," "seeing the necessities and demands of the age," to devote all his abilities—natural, acquired, and stolen—to disseminating conjugal beatitudes, helping helpless and hopeless old maids to win previously frigid old bachelors, and despairing damsels to find congenial and attractive mates.

The philanthropic, unselfish, and entirely self-sacrificing Mr. Robinson, having the fear of statute-books, police magistrates and lawyers before his eyes, declareth, that when he opened his office he took counsel as to what the law in verity saith, "being desirous," to use his own memorable words, "not to be hauled up as a swindler!"

The apprehension of such a possible contingency did not, of course, originate in any disposition on his part to defraud or swindle; but in looking over the long list of martyrs whose names are enrolled on the archives of Blackwell's Island, and the longer list which, in common estimation, ought to be there, he concluded that, like other philosophers and philanthropists, he was in advance of the age; and that public opinion, often blind and infatuated, and even judges upon the bench, or juries in the box, might mistake philanthropy for fraud.

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It is probable that one of the most painful things the philanthropic Robinson encounters in his business, is the necessity of charging anything for his services. But as he cannot buy even Graham bread without drachmæ, he resolved to put money in his purse; in consequence whereof, all persons seeking his assistance in getting mated, irrespective of age, sex, color, or condition, are required to deposit a fee in advance. Without this, Mr. Robinson absolutely declines to take a single step in their behalf. But let it be observed, there is no speculation in those eyes that he does glare with.

With this fee the candidate leaves a name and references, with description of his person and circumstances. But he generally finds to his sorrow that he has shouldered a blind speculation; and that he is much less likely to grope into the good graces of a rich widow or charming. damsel than into a pit of despair.

Mr. J. W. B. Johnson had an interesting experience in this matrimonial office.

Mr. J. W. B. Johnson, in height, will compare favorably with the mastodon recently discovered on Long Island. The size of the foot and general formation of the limb, likewise, are not unlike the corresponding portions of that animal. But the

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body has thus far been unable to keep pace with the growth of the huge leviathanic legs on which it has been elevated, and looks more like the steeple than the second story of the structure.

Notwithstanding his immense height, Mr. Johnson is not above the ordinary emotions of mankind, and observing Mr. Robinson's advertisement in the papers, wrote, making sundry pertinent inquiries, to which, in due time, he received a letter in reply, of which the following is an exact copy:

"Robinson & Williams
Corresponding Agency
No. 534 Broadway
N. Y. April 7th 58

"Sir yours of the 6 came to hand this day and If you could call and see us we may do something In your case you need have no fear to call, for you will see no one but us as our office Is private, I have some ladies I. think will suit, call between 9 & 10 In the Morning, as we have few calls until afternoon.

"Respectfully
"ROBINSON & WILLIAMS."

The next day, after receiving this epistle, Mr. Johnson carried his immense feet up Broadway, and after lifting them up two flights of stairs, he found Mr. Robinson seated at a desk, in a small office.

The usual meteorological civilities having been

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exchanged, Mr. Johnson proceeded to enter his name and age, and a detailed description of his general health, personal appearance, circumstances and habits, together with a description of the kind of wife he wanted. Of this latter description, we can say nothing more than that neither Ovid's *Ars Amoris*, the Memoirs of Ninon de l'Enclos, Anacreon's Odes, Cervantes' Exemplary Novels, Bocaccio's Decameron, nor the latest Encyclopædia of Renowned Women, contains such another.

Mr. Johnson obtained the name and residence of a female candidate, which read as follows:

"—— Lee,
No. 83 So. 3d st., Williamsburg."

Mr. Johnson started for the place, and with that attention to the geographical qualities of a straight line and the arc of great circles, which indicated a confidence in the results of science, and more than the fidelity of a magnetic needle, in his palpitating heart. He very naturally expected to find a dwelling house at 83, but was somewhat taken aback, on reaching the spot, to find, instead, a Universalist meeting-house.

Mr. Johnson was next given the address of a widow in 14th street, and advised to write to her.

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The reply was to be directed to Mr. Robinson, and by him delivered to Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson wrote. Mr. Johnson waited three days. Mr. Johnson went to the matrimonial office for a reply, but received none. Mr. Johnson waited a week; and again went for a reply, and again found none. Mr. Johnson repeated this interesting process eight or ten times, more or less, with the same result; after which Mr. Johnson became weary of carrying his extremities up Broadway, and after debating whether to proceed to extremities with the unreliable Mr. Robinson, he concluded to let Mr. Robinson keep the fee unmolested; and to this day Mr. Johnson remains as unmarried as he was before he paid it.

One day a Peruvian called upon the philosophic and philanthropic Robinson to get a wife. He was up here, he said, on business, and declared himself the possessor of innumerable drachmæ. In his opinion, he should confer an immense honor upon any female to whom he gave his mongrel hand.

This black son of the tropics wanted a light complexioned girl—a fact going to establish the truth of the poet's assertion, that

—— "things most opposite
To things most opposite do sometimes cling."

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The bride must be rich and accomplished like himself. If such a one could be found, he would give her an A No. 1 social position, and take her through Europe on his return home.

Robinson was in no doubt as to the propriety of pocketing the fee; but after that was paid, he was in considerable doubt as to the result. "This man," thought he, "is as black as the devil's beard; he lives some thousands of miles off. It is a hard case."

He told the Peruvian that it was doubtful whether a lady of the description wanted could be found in New York willing to marry him, for the reason that such have as good chances at home; but in the country it often happened that rich and accomplished girls find no congenial society, and he believed he could "make a raise" among some of his female correspondents in the rural districts.

The philanthropic Robinson accordingly sent out an indefinite number of letters to rural damsels, containing a minute description of the Peruvian, and setting forth the advantages of an alliance with him. One of these missives found its way about four hundred miles into the interior, where a precious flower, hitherto blushing unseen, was wasting its sweetness on the unappreciating air.

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This maid had money; she could play the piano, was light complexioned, and not bad looking. Numerous were the hands which had been, or might have been offered her; but aspiring to a more honorable alliance, she had, with wanton tyranny, trampled rustic hearts into the gravel, as though they were worms or bugs, and returned only abhorrence and scorn for the glances of love and admiration.

But when Mr. Robinson's epistle reached her, it was her turn to be moved, and she was immediately in no less of a flutter than that she had so often created among the rustics with impunity.

Bright visions of a European tour—numberless servants in livery—nameless wealth—high social position, flitted through her intoxicated brain.

She immediately replied to Mr. Robinson's epistle, stating that she flattered herself she answered the description of the article wanted by the Peruvian, and expressing a willingness to marry the Señor, provided he was not a humbug, as of course he was not, being backed by the honest Mr. Robinson.

One of the saddest things the writer has to contemplate is the almost constant necessity under which he finds himself of recording the sudden

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blowing up of human hopes. But Sancho Panza said, "Let every man's fate kill him;" and as the author is only giving a plain unvarnished tale of naked facts, he is not at liberty to draw the pleasing veil of romance over these realities, even to save the hopes of a rural maiden from sudden destruction.

Her letter was received and laid before the tropical being. He read it several times with great deliberation, seated in an easy-chair, with his legs elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, and a delicious Havana in his mouth, the honest Robinson meanwhile awaiting the result with philosophic serenity and parental solicitude.

The Peruvian having read the gilt-edged sheet to his satisfaction, handed it back to Mr. Robinson and yawned.

"Well," said Mr. Robinson, "what do you think of it?"

"It won't pay," was the brief but pregnant answer of the Peruvian.

"But," suggested Robinson, "you have not seen her, and perhaps you had better go up there; the journey will do you good. If you don't like her there'll be no harm done."

"*No lo quiera Dios!*" was the reply of the

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Peruvian; but Mr. Robinson, not understanding the expression, asked him to translate it, which he did in a very free manner, by replying that it meant, he would see him in—fire first.

Mr. Robinson protested against this summary disposal of the matter; but the swarthy son of the tropics was as stubborn as a mule, and absolutely refused to stir.

But as Mr. Robinson had got his fee, as well as the young lady's, it made no especial difference to him, except that he was prevented from adding to the happiness of the human race by bringing about a happy union. How the matter affected the young lady may be inferred from the following letter:

"—, —, 1858.

"Sir—In my opinion you have cheated me, and I think you are a humbug. You are welcome to my 'fee,' and since this was all you were after, I suppose you will not give me any more trouble in future.

"Yours finally, —— ——."

In view of the philanthropic sentiments, and happifying results of Mr. Robinson's endeavors, it is matter for general public regret, that he found himself impelled to pull down his sign and close the doors of his office, before the summer months were

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ended. Yet such was the case; although the high character and standing of that distinguished broker forbid the idea that there was anything dishonest in his dealings; hence we cannot believe the story which the matrimonial broker mentioned in the sixth chapter, told about him. By this incredible narrative, she attempted to make it appear that a foreigner gave him $50 for an introduction, and finding himself deceived, threatened to prosecute Mr. Robinson as a common swindler; whereupon that individual disappeared from public gaze. But who can believe what one matrimonial broker says of another, especially when the accused party is a man of such distinguished worth as was Mr. Robinson?

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CHAPTER XIX.

How Thomas Dunn was done Brown—He encounters an English Widow with Thirty Thousand Pounds Sterling—He leaves his Likeness—What Use was made of it.

THOMAS DUNN, a respectable bachelor, who formerly did business in the lower part of New York city, one morning had his attention attracted by an advertisement, which represented that a widow, twenty-six years old, without children, and worth an ample fortune, desired to marry, and was induced to advertise, as the circle of her acquaintance here was quite limited, her husband having died a few weeks after their arrival from England.

Mr. Dunn is himself an Englishman, and possesses the strongest prejudices in favor of his countrymen. Had the lady been an American, he would not have noticed her; being from England, she must be honest and clever. Further, he is bent on obtaining his share of filthy lucre; and an Englishwoman with a fortune was, above all things, an object of regard.

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He accordingly answered the advertisement, and received a prompt reply, requesting him to call at a matrimonial office in Mott street, for full particulars, and to leave his likeness there for her to consult.

Mr. Dunn thought this a very reasonable request, and without hesitation deposited his picture with the matrimonial broker, and was informed by that individual, that Mrs. Giles, the advertiser, was a lady worth at least thirty thousand pounds sterling, which Mr. Dunn remarked was about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"If she is pleased with your appearance," said the broker, "she will make your acquaintance, provided you are worth as much money as you represent, and are a man of good character. It will save time if you leave your address with me, and such references as you choose to give."

Mr. Dunn did as he was requested, remarking that as he had never done anything he was ashamed of, he knew of no reason why he should withhold a full account of himself.

In two or three days the broker called upon Mr. Dunn at his store, and communicated the gratifying intelligence that his likeness and references were satisfactory, and that if he would call at the

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office the same evening, he could be introduced to Mrs. Giles.

He went accordingly and was introduced. Mrs. Giles was not very handsome, but Mr. Dunn respects so profoundly a purse of gold, that the most glaring defects of the person holding it are not visible to his naked eye. Goodness and wickedness, as abstract principles, never trouble his obtuse head; he does not, in fact, know the difference between a good man and a mean one. The best man for him is the man who makes and keeps most money.

The part, therefore, which Mrs. Giles had to play, was a simple one. She had only to convince Mr. Dunn that she was worth thirty thousand pounds, and her conquest was complete.

But this part, though simple, was after all very difficult, owing to the fact that Mrs. Giles had not ten pounds sterling in the world; and Mr. Dunn was the last man in the city to be put off with excuses on this point.

"I must see the papers," said he. "How is it invested?"

Mrs. Giles replied that she had left the matter entirely in the hands of her agent, who could give him all necessary information.

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"Who is your agent?" inquired Dunn.

"Mr. Brown," answered the widow.

"Where is his office?"

"In Wall street."

"What number?"

"I don't remember exactly the number; but I have his card, which I will bring you the next time you come."

"A singular way of doing business you women have," remarked Mr. Dunn. "How do you know but this Brown is a rascal, and is cheating you out of your money?"

"Oh, no. My husband left our affairs entirely in his hands. They were old friends."

"Then Brown is an Englishman?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's all right, I presume; but I must see this man immediately."

"Certainly. Come to-morrow, and I will give you his card."

"By the way, Mrs. Giles," suggested Dunn, "you have never told me where you live. I must of course know you better—know something of your friends and associations before we marry."

"Oh, yes, of course. Come up here to-morrow evening, and I will tell you everything."

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Mr. Dunn went over next evening, and was surprised to find another family in the house.

"Where is Mrs. ——?" he inquired, naming the broker.

"I don't know," replied the strange woman. "I let her have the room a few days, and she told me this morning, she did not want it any longer, and so she left."

"Then she didn't live here?"

"Oh, no. I am a poor woman, and do washing, and am out almost all day; so I rented the place to her a few days at seventy-five cents a day, and stayed here o' nights after I'd got through with my work?"

"You don't know where she's gone?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know such a woman as Mrs. Giles?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what she hired the room for?"

"No, sir, indeed. She said she advertised for a place as housekeeper, and wanted to stay here to receive answers. I thought seventy-five cents a day was liberal, and so I let her come."

Mr. Dunn growled very much as a surly dog would growl if one should snatch a bone from him which he was picking.

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"Do you know such a man as Brown in Wall street?" he demanded, in a savage tone, which frightened the poor washerwoman terribly.

"No, indeed I don't. I'm only a poor woman, and do washing for a living."

"Washing to the dogs! Tell me where that rascally woman is that was here yesterday."

"Oh, I can't, indeed I can't, sir; for it's as I tell you."

Mr. Dunn gave another canine growl and departed, vexed and disappointed. He still had faith in Mrs. Giles; but the broker being an American, and poor, had played the mischief. He therefore inserted a notice in the "Personal" of the *Herald* to the effect that if Mrs. L—— G——, who met Mr. T—— D—— at the house of Mrs. P. G—— would call upon the said T—— D——, she would confer a great favor, as he believed "the said P. G—— had done mischief."

But he waited in vain for Mrs. L—— G—— to call on the said T—— D——; and begun to think the said L—— G—— had been robbed, and perhaps murdered. "There's foul play in the business," he soliloquized; "thirty thousand pounds is too much temptation for a poor American woman, and I'll guarantee she's got a part of it.

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Poor Mrs. Giles! she has been robbed, I am sure!"

Such were the disconsolate reflections of Mr. Dunn, merchant, reflections which at times greatly exercised his miserly soul—until one day a friend came to him in much concern, and informed him that he had something important to communicate, which neither of them would wish others to hear. Being closeted together, the friend proceeded to relate, that a young Mr. Peterson, known as a dissipated youth, had assured him that the likeness of Mr. Thomas Dunn was exhibited in a house of nameless character, to the no small merriment of certain reckless persons who happened to know Mr. Dunn; and that the young woman who exhibited it, told a very comical story about it; and, in short, that Mr. Dunn was spoken of as a frequenter and patron of the establishment, and an ardent admirer of the young woman in question.

Now, Mr. Dunn, though unscrupulous in matters of business, and always ready to overlook the means by which a man obtained money, if he only obtained it, was justly sensitive of his reputation as a man of virtue, and nothing except the failure of some house largely in his debt, could have dis-

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mayed him so much as this intelligence. He knew at once where the likeness came from, and forthwith dispatched a messenger for the young man who had communicated the news to his friend.

The young man confirmed the statement Mr. Dunn had already received, and with remorseless minuteness described the merriment his likeness in such a place had occasioned.

Mr. Dunn employed the young man as an ambassador to recover his picture; but the female who had it would not surrender her treasure. "Tell Mr. Dunn," said she, "that I cannot part with the likeness of a gentleman for whom I entertain so much love."

Dunn grew desperate, and talked of invoking the police; but his friends assured him that would only make matters worse.

Finally, after numerous messages and tedious negotiations, Mr. Dunn gave the woman a hundred dollars to surrender the picture, and he fancied his troubles were at an end. In this, however, he was mistaken; for as he sat in his counting-room one day, he received a note from "Mrs. Giles," informing him that she was in need of $25, and that unless be could lend her that amount she should feel compelled to put on exhibition the copy of the

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photograph she had had taken from the one formerly in her possession.

The dismay of Mr. Dunn, upon reading this note, may be imagined. It made him so desperate that he resolved to go to the house in the evening, and buy or steal all the pictures of himself there. But as he was mounting the steps, whom should he encounter but the young man already referred to, who, misconstruing his motives, slapped him on the shoulder, and saluted him thus:

"Good for you, old boy! I thought so."

Mr. Dunn explained his errand, and commissioned the young man to inform his enemy inside, that she had blackmailed him once and was attempting to do it again; that he was not going to sell himself to the devil a second time; that he should never pay her another cent, and that if his picture was not returned the next day, he should arrest her as a swindler.

Next morning Mr. Dunn received his likeness; but his nerves were unsettled for at least six months.

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CHAPTER XX.

Adam, Apple-Dealer, keeps an Appointment—He visits the Sanctuary—He overhears an Important Conversation—He gets excited—He knocks a Man down and frightens two Ladies, who raise the Cry of "Murder"—He sees a Novel Version of the Affair in the Newspapers.

ALBERT ADAM, a descendant of Adam, dealt in apples, which seemed very natural. Whether the inclination to this kind of fruit was inherited or not, it was strong and profitable, and Adam made a good thing of it.

The least remunerative movement, perhaps, which Adam ever made, was during the last winter, when he went to meet a matrimonial advertiser. He had answered her manifesto, which appeared in the *Sunday Herald*, and in reply received a letter inviting him to meet her at the basement door of a certain church up town, at nine o'clock in the evening. She informed him that she belonged to a certain society which met in the said basement on the evening designated; and that the

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meeting usually lasted until nine o'clock. He was requested to place himself at the door, as the members were leaving, wearing the right glove, and holding the left one in his hand, that she might distinguish him. "It will not be necessary," she added, "for you to come before nine; but if by any unusual occurrence the society should adjourn before you get there, do not think I will not meet you, but *be sure and wait*, for in that case I shall go home and return in company with a brother, who knows of this correspondence, and will do anything to assist me. I shall be there *without fail*, and I really hope you will not disappoint me."

Adam was inclined to go early, but discovered too late that his watch was slow, and it was full nine before he reached the place. To his disappointment, the church was dark and silent as the grave.

The night was cold, and poor Adam thought the best thing he could do was to go home as rapidly as he came. But then, the young lady had told him she would not fail, and begged him not to disappoint her; and after a long and chilling deliberation, he made up his mind to wait.

In accordance with this heroic resolve, he stood at the basement door, now whipping himself with

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his hands to keep the blood in circulation, and now rubbing his ears to prevent them freezing, and now walking a block or so (being always careful not to lose sight of the church), to kill time and fight the cold.

Thus pleasantly and profitably did Adam pass the time until near eleven o'clock, and two hours in the cold, it is manifest, did not produced the pleasantest effects upon his amiable temper.

He was about to go home, when he observed two ladies and a gentleman pass for the second or third time, laughing heartily. It occurred to him that they might in some way be connected with the mysterious appointment, and after they had got quite by and turned the corner, he sallied forth from the door of the sanctuary, and going in the opposite direction until he saw them coming around again, slipped out of their sight while they passed him, and then fell in directly behind them, unobserved.

"Do you suppose the fool is there yet?" he heard one of them say.

"Yes, I swear the wretch will stay till midnight," replied the gentleman; whereupon the three simultaneously laughed.

"It's too bad," said lady No. 2, "to keep the

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poor innocent there this cold night; it will ruin his constitution."

"It will do his soul good," responded the gentleman. "The poor devil never would have gone to church but for you, Hat." Another explosion of laughter followed this speech.

"What would Mr. ——, our parson say, if he knew what we were about?" asked lady No. 1.

"He would say you were a good Gospel missionary," answered the gentleman. "He needs some special efforts from the laity to get people to the sanctuary; his sermons are opiates."

It was some relief to Adam to hear the parson abused; but when the three discovered that their victim had left his place of vigil, he heard the following plan contrived concerning him:

"I'll tell you what it is, my Christian friends," said the male, "it does a man little good to stay outside a sanctuary, and our friend Adam must spend a night there. Write a very humble apology to-morrow, Hattie, and tell him you were sick to-night, so that it was impossible for you to keep your engagement, and get him to come to the next prayer-meeting. Tell him to remain till all the rest are gone, and that before the room is closed you will go to him and ask him to walk with you.

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I know the sexton's son like a book, and will see that he takes charge of the room that night. We'll stay behind all the rest, and suddenly putting out the lights, lock him in."

The usual explosion followed the announcement of this pretty plan, and the young lady promised to do her part.

Adam was a peaceable man, but this scheme, added to the ridicule which had been heaped upon him, exasperated him too far. He grated his teeth with anger, and followed the three persons several blocks, until he thought himself unobserved, when, being a man of considerable muscle, he suddenly knocked down the gentleman (a small man), and seizing him by the hair, dealt him a number of sound raps in the face, which could not have failed to disfigure his physiognomy for several days.

"Murder!" screamed the ladies, and ran off at the height of their speed.

"Take my money, but for God's sake spare my life!" begged the prostrate gentleman.

"I don't want your money, you infernal scoundrel," said Adam, at the same time kicking him in the ribs. "Lock me up in the church after the next prayer-meeting, won't you?"

Adam made very quick work; for he knew the

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police would hear the outcry, and giving the prostrate gentleman a parting salute with the toe of his boot, he took to his heels, and had the good fortune to escape. The next day it was reported in the papers that "Mr. ——, a highly respectable young man, while accompanying two ladies from a party, was set upon in —— street, by a gang of desperadoes, knocked down, and would undoubtedly have been robbed, had not the prompt approach of the officers frightened off the robbers, who unfortunately effected their escape."

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CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Gillette's Courtship of $50,000, and where it led him—A Sentimental Widow quotes Ingomar—An Exciting Chase and a more Exciting Meeting.

Within the last twelvemonth, a man named Gillette, who hailed from the country and was stopping temporarily in this city, had a circular slipped into his hand by an unknown person, as he was sitting in the bar-room of his hotel. This circular represented that the advertiser kept "constantly on hand the names of a number of beautiful ladies of different ages and circumstances to suit customers," who were in the field as matrimonial candidates. It further pointed out the advantages of matrimonial brokerage, especially to strangers and gentlemen of limited acquaintance. Customers were also assured that all business was strictly confidential.

Mr. Gillette was a widower in easy circum stances, and readily fell in with the idea. The same afternoon he went to the place indicated by the circular, and when questioned by the landlady

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regarding his name, place of residence and circumstances, he answered quite too frankly, not being familiar with the arts and practices of matrimonial brokerage in the metropolis.

"There is a lady comes here," the agent said to him, "who will suit you, I think. She is handsome and young—she is a widow, but has no children. And seeing it's you, I will tell you a secret. She does not want it known, I am sure, for she told me not to tell of it; but I don't think it will do any hurt to tell *you*, and you mustn't let her know I told of it, will you?"

"No."

"Well, between you and me, *she is rich*—she is worth fifty thousand dollars in her own right, and the money is all at her disposal. She lives with her father, in Eleventh street, and he don't want her to get married, because while she lives with him he has the managing of her money, I suppose; and he don't know that she's any idea of getting married."

"Do many rich ladies come here?" inquired Mr. Gillette.

"Yes—that is, not a great many. Now and then an heiress or a rich widow; but of course they are always very particular, and I never introduce

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them except to such as I am a good deal pleased with."

Mr. Gillette felt flattered not a little by this timely compliment.

"Do you think I would please the young widow?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I have no doubt of it. I am sure you will suit her, and that she will suit you. But you see it's only now and then I am willing to give a man such a chance, and I go on the principle that a thing that's worth having is worth paying for. I think a man can afford to give more to be introduced to such a woman than to a common one; $50,000 don't come every day."

"What will you charge to introduce me?"

"I want double price—$10—to introduce you to this one."

"No risk, no game," was the philosophical remark of Mr. Gillette, as he paid the money, and promised to call the next day. He then returned to his hotel and reflected upon the important addition to his estate, which he almost regarded a fixed fact; for, if the truth must be spoken, Mr. Gillette was a sinner whose affections were perversely set on the things of this world.

The next day he was at the matrimonial office in

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good time. The widow was scarcely less prompt; and as the clock on the mantel struck three (the appointed hour), the door opened and the landlady entered, followed by a tall, well dressed female, whom Mr. Gillette immediately pronounced handsome. There was an ease and grace of manner and conversation about her which made a very favorable impression. "Fifty thousand, with so charming a young widow, is enough. I'll marry her!" was the inaudible exclamation of Mr. Gillette before she had been in the room five minutes. "It is fortunate," he further soliloquized, "that I meet her here, where matrimony is the order of business; it takes away half the embarrassment of proposing. I'll come right to the point."

"I want to get married, Mrs. T——," he began. "I have been a widower several years, and never have found a person whom I fancied enough to marry. For that reason I came to this office, and —and I am glad I came."

Acknowledging the indirect compliment with a slight inclination of the head, the widow replied:

"People marry from different motives; but I think there is but one true one. If persons marry for convenience, I should think they would be tired of it if it became inconvenient. If I should marry

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a man because he has got a good house, it might burn down without being insured, do ye see? If I married him because he was handsome, he might stub his toe and strike his pretty face on the flagging, and spoil himself entirely; and then he would be a bore. But if persons marry for love, love is lasting."

"I agree with you perfectly. I am delighted with the view you take of the subject," said Mr. Gillette, but thinking desperately, it must be confessed, of the $50,000.

"It may appear strange to you that I ever came to this place. You will not misconstrue my motives when I say I have had many opportunities to marry, which the world call good. But they weigh advantages by a scale different from mine. They look for show, and I for substance. They want rich houses, dress and furniture, and I want a *home*—real enjoyment, that outside matters of money, fashion, and such, can't spoil. I believe in marriage for love, and as I have not met any one since my husband's death that I could love, I have not married."

Mrs. T——, with a vast deal of similar talk, labored to convince Mr. Gillette that her motives for going to the matrimonial office were as spotless

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as a bran-new shirt collar; all of which was unnecessary; for Mr. Gillette had acknowledged to himself that fifty thousand would sanctify many irregularities.

"Do you love poetry?" she asked him, with a lively glow of enthusiasm.

"Oh, yes, very much," replied Gillette, although in truth he could not repeat ten stanzas to save his head, unless he quoted from Christy's Negro Minstrelsy.

"I am very fond of poetry," continued the widow—"very fond of it. Of course you have seen Ingomar the Barbarian?"

"I believe I have seen him," replied Gillette, associating the gentleman in question with the Indians he had just before seen at the Astor House.

"Certainly," said the widow, "Ingomar is a play. There is a beautiful description of love:

"'What love is, if thou'dst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

"'And whence comes love? Like morning's light,
It comes without thy call;
And how dies love? A spirit bright,
Love never dies at all!'"

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"Beautiful!" exclaimed Gillette; "beautiful and true."

"There is another," resumed the widow, "which I like still better:

"'It is a flame a single look will kindle,
But not an ocean quench.
Fostered by dreams, excited by each thought,
Love is a star from heaven, that points the way
And leads us to his home—a little spot
In earth's dry desert, where the soul may rest—
A grain of gold dust in the sand of life—
A foretaste of Elysium; but when,
Weary of this world's woes, the immortal gods
Flew to the skies, with all their richest gifts,
Love stayed behind, self-exiled, for man's sake.'"

"She's sentimental," thought Mr. Gillette; and although that worthy gentleman was as far from home in the field of sentimentality as ever Sancho Panza in the field of chivalry, he resolved, for the sake of $50,000, to make a desperate effort to be sentimental, and forthwith broke out into various awkward and rapturous exclamations in approbation of the poetry, with which the widow seemed greatly delighted.

The widow quoted any number of love ditties and sentimental passages, to all of which Mr. Gil-

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lette listened with great apparent pleasure, and made as many abortive attempts to say equally pretty things; and the widow seemed so much delighted that he actually thought he had succeeded. The interview was prolonged until near dark, when the widow, expressing great surprise that it was so late, arose to depart. Mr. Gillette requested the privilege of calling upon her at home.

"Not yet," replied the widow. "I should be happy to have you do so, but—the truth is, I do not at present wish my father to know that I receive the visits of gentlemen. There are reasons, which I prefer not to state now, but which are entirely satisfactory. If you wish to see me again, I will meet you here at any time you will name."

"To-morrow," suggested Gillette.

"Very well," said the widow, and laying her soft hand lightly in Mr. Gillette's, bade that thoroughly smitten gentleman good night.

As soon as she left the house the landlady came in, and asked very anxiously—

"Did you tell her?"

"Tell her what?"

"That I told you she was rich?"

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"No."

"I am glad. She would never forgive me. She wants to be loved for her own sake, she says—not for her money."

"She deserves it, hang me if she don't," interposed Mr. Gillette, quite dropping the sentimental style.

"You like her, then?"

"Yes, desperately."

"Good! we'll have a match."

"Why, does she like me?"

"Like you! Yes; she is in love with you already."

"No!" said the excited Gillette, fairly springing from his chair with rapture. "Did she tell you so?"

"Not in so many words," replied the broker; "but she might as well have said it. She said she was greatly pleased with you, and I could tell by her actions that she was dead in love. But the matter has got to be managed cautiously. As I told you yesterday, as long as she lives at home her father has the handling of her money, and he's a sour old fellow, and is very much opposed to her marrying, and would make a great fuss if he knew she intended to. It makes him mad for a week if a gentleman calls upon her, and she has to be very

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careful and avoid society on that account. But if you once marry her, he can't help himself, and will get over this fit, and it'll be all right. But if you should go there two or three times, he would be sure to forbid you the house. I don't see but one way of your doing it, and that is to meet here."

"Well," replied Mr. Gillette, "it will be just as well. I shall propose to her at the next meeting, or the one after, and I hope to be married in a little while."

"You can meet here as well as not, Mr. Gillette. You see I have a decent parlor where you will not be disturbed; but of course, you know, I have to pay a good rent for it, and you will, of course, be willing to do what is right."

"Of course," said Mr. Gillette, at the same time handing her five dollars. He believed the fifty thousand, to some extent, depended upon the good will of the matrimonial broker.

Having arranged everything to his satisfaction, he went to his lodgings, full of golden visions, and taking a volume of Selections from the reading-room, labored until midnight in committing to memory snatches of songs and sentimental tit-bits, to fire at the widow next day.

The meeting next day was highly satisfactory, and

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another interview was appointed for the day succeeding, in which Mr. Gillette proposed and was accepted.

"Now," said the widow, "do you believe me poor or rich?"

"I have made no inquiries concerning your circumstances," was the equivocal reply of the suitor. "I do not want to marry you for money—it is for yourself."

"The very reason I can love you," replied the widow. "You have acted nobly. You have proposed without knowing anything of my circumstances—without even asking to see my friends. And since it is so, I will tell you now that I am worth considerable property."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Gillette.

"Yes. I suppose I have fifty thousand, or thereabouts. And now I will explain why I do not want you to call on me at home. My father wants the management of my money, and is very much irritated if a gentleman pays me any attention. I prefer, on this account, to be married without his knowledge, to leave the city, and inform him by letter. He will be angry for a little while, but will soon get over it."

"It will be very easy to arrange matters in that

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way," replied Gillette. "We can be married here, at the office, and leave town. When shall we go?"

"Whenever you wish."

"It shall be a week from to-day."

"If you wish it."

This decisive arrangement having been made, and the widow having gone home, the landlady again took the liberty of calling Mr. Gillette's attention to the matter of house rent, and he generously gave her ten dollars.

As Mr. Gillette walked home that night, it occurred to him, as it has to the reader long since, that he had been rather hasty, and taken things too much upon trust. But the truth is, Mr. Gillette was so captivated by the widow's fortune and pretty face, that the possibility of fraud had not before occurred to him. He thought of what she had said: "You have proposed without knowing anything of my circumstances—without even asking to see my friends."

"True as preaching," soliloquized Mr. Gillette. "I took the old woman's word for it. Suppose it's a humbug? Suppose she isn't respectable? I've paid that old woman ten—five—ten—that's twenty-five dollars. I must see if there's a nigger in the fence."

And Mr. Gillette met the widow next day, fully

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determined to satisfy himself. It was quite dark when she proposed to go, and he asked to accompany her.

"I thought, my dear," she said, with some surprise, "that I had sufficiently explained my reasons for not wishing you to visit at my father's house."

"You have, my dear, and I am perfectly satisfied. I only proposed to go to the door."

"To-morrow night I shall be happy to have you do so—but—but to-night I have a servant girl with me who will accompany me home, and you will please excuse me," said the widow, betraying, in spite of herself, some embarrassment, which the suspicious eyes of her lover did not fail to detect. He appeared entirely satisfied, however, and left the house.

On his way there he had selected a good hiding-place, from which he could see the door of the matrimonial office, without being observed; and going directly thither, he concealed himself.

In a few minutes he saw the widow emerge to the street alone. She looked about a moment, then walked off hurriedly, and passed directly by the hiding-place of her suspicious lover.

When she had fairly passed, he came out cau-

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tiously, and followed at a safe distance. On she went to Broadway, crossed it rapidly, reached Greene street, turned the corner, walked down an indefinite distance, and stopped. Gillette noted the number very particularly. "I'll see about this crusty old father, and this servant girl that was to come with her and didn't," said he to himself savagely, as he turned away.

As he went down the steps, he observed a policeman watching him, motionless as the lamp-post by which he stood.

Mr. Gillette and the policeman were soon walking together in close conference.

In a few minutes, with desperate valor, which astonished even its possessor, Mr. Gillette rung the bell of the very door which his betrothed had recently entered. A servant answered the summons.

"Is Miss —— in?"

"Yes."

"Is she engaged?"

"I will see."

"Tell her a friend wishes to see her."

The servant returned in a moment. "It is all right. Walk up, sir."

"Ah, I see," thought Gillette, "she is expecting

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some one. I see why she didn't want me to come to-night. I suppose that she would have taken me to some more respectable quarter to-morrow."

The servant pointed Mr. Gillette to a door partly open on the second floor, and withdrew. Mr. Gillette pushed open the door and walked in. The charming widow of the fifty thousand was on the sofa. As Mr. Gillette entered she looked up, and recognizing him, uttered a scream of anger and surprise.

"Why are you here?"

"I came to see you; we are engaged; you are glad to meet me, I hope?"

The widow was silent.

"I called," resumed Gillette, after a momentary pause, "to say that it will not be convenient to elope with you next Tuesday, and that your crusty old father can manage your fifty thousand dollars as long as he pleases; also, that your servant had better accompany you again to-morrow, as it will be impossible for me to wait upon you home. I would also suggest that a woman who is found in an assignation house cannot collect damages for breach of promise of marriage; and also that the testimony of a policeman, who has often seen you come here, will be sufficient to damage your repu-

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tation, if you try that game, as I believe you mean to."

The widow, abashed for a moment, was greatly irritated by this speech—the longest, perhaps, that Mr. Gillette ever made in his life.

"You are a rascal and a fool, sir," she said. "You are a pretty man, aint you, now, to follow a woman through the streets, and come into her room in this way? You think you have been smart, I suppose; but look you here!" And the angry beauty held up a five dollar gold piece—the half of his last payment to the matrimonial broker. You are a smart man indeed, *you* are! Fifty thousand dollars! Rich widow! Don't tell her I told you! ha! ha! *Havn't* you been fooled?"

Mr. Gillette, thus reminded of his short-sightedness, began to think he was getting the worst of the logomachy, and started out.

"Oh, my *dear* Mr. Gillette!—my espoused! my life! my sweet poet!—don't leave me in anger!" said the widow, in mockery, opening her arms towards him. "I say! do you *think* you have seen Ingomar the Barbarian? How *did* he look? Tell me, my dear,

"'If what love is thou'dst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone'"——

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But before the verse was complete, Mr. Gillette was in the street. Justice to that gentleman requires us to say that it was his first visit to such a place. May it be his last!

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CHAPTER XXII.

Entitled "The Wandering Jew"—An Adventure in Twelfth street —The Hero mounts to the Fourth Floor, and finds a Girl with exceeding Red Hair—A Boy with a Natural Instinct of Justice.

Mr. Felix Jew, who is not a Jew, advertised in one of the papers that, having plenty of money, he wanted a wife, and invited any respectable, intelligent and good-looking young lady, not over twenty-three years old, to correspond with him through the Union Square post-office.

Two days after the publication of his advertisement he was quite surprised to find no less than thirteen letters awaiting him. He hastened to his apartments, and proceeded to open and read them. Some were written in a neat, legible hand, on faultless paper; others were penned in wanton defiance of orthography and syntax.

The night was devoted to answering such of these epistles as required answering; fixing times and places for interviews; and Mr. Jew arose from his task with the conviction that he had a good fort-

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night's work on hand to attend all the meetings his letters promised.

Some of the letters which he received, however, did not require answering. For instance, Jessie Waters wrote that she flattered herself she answered the description of the advertisement in all particulars, and begged that he would address or call upon her at — Twelfth street, fourth floor.

The next afternoon, Felix resolved to make his first adventure, and call upon the fair Jessie; and, notwithstanding a rain-storm set in, he would not abandon his project. He went to the place indicated, and found it in rather a hard neighborhood. It was a tenement house; and from the number of juvenile delinquents playing around the door, he concluded it was fully occupied. As he approached, he heard a small boy call out to a still smaller one, "Now, Sam Waters, you stop *sweerin'*, or I'll slap your chops."

"A brother, I presume," soliloquized Jew. "Hope the sister is not so ragged; but it shows that somebody named Waters lives here; so I guess I am not humbugged."

As Jew entered the large hall, the door of which stood open, a flock of juveniles of nearly all nations, in which the Celtic race considerably pre-

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dominated, rushed wildly about him, with amazed and inquisitive looks. Addressing the boy whom he had heard called Sam, he asked that hopeful representative of the Waters family if Jessie Waters lived up-stairs.

"Dad and mam live thar; d'ye want 'em?" was the reply. "I'll go;" and the juvenile representative rushed ahead and led the way to the fourth floor, opened a door and called out, in advance of Jew:

"I say, mam, here's a man as wants to see you."

"Go down stairs, you little rascal, or I'll prick your ears with my needle," said the loving mother, who had a piece of work in her hands. Mr. Jew walked in, without waiting for an invitation, and casting a glance around the room, saw a young woman about as large as the late fat woman at Barnum's, by one window, sewing; at another sat a female, younger by several years, and smaller by several hundred pounds, also sewing. Her face and hair were as red as the cow in the Koran, of which it is declared: "She is a red cow, intensely red; her color rejoiceth the beholders."

"Do you want to see me?" asked the mother of the boy, whose sudden exit by way of the stairs had been accelerated by the sharp application of a

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switch to that portion of his body protected by his coat-skirt, before the skirt was torn off.

"I called to see Jessie Waters," replied Jew.

"Jesse Waters? I don't know such. I've got a boy Samuel, and Henry Waters has got a boy named Isaac; but I don't know no Jesse."

"It's a young lady I expected to see," replied Jew.

"Jesse's a boy's name," said the woman, breaking out in a hoarse laugh; "*isn't* it, Miss White?"

"Yes," answered the huge maiden at the window.

"I hasn't only one girl, and her name's Susan," said Mrs. Waters.

"I suppose, then, I got into the wrong number," said Jew, desirous of retreating. "I am sorry to have disturbed you, and am obliged for your attention."

As he went out, the girl with the red hair followed him. The color of her face would probably have been considerably intensified with blushes, had its original hue admitted of intensification. She followed him to the third floor, and said:

"May be I'm the person you were looking for. Arn't your name Mr. Jew?"

Mr. Jew at once saw the state of the case, and not wishing to manifest his indifference, replied:

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"That is not my name."

"Oh! I thought it was," rejoined Susan. "I've got a friend by the name of Jew I expected to-day, and I thought you was the man. It's been so long since I've seen him, I have almost forgot how he looks."

"You are mistaken in the person," replied Jew. "I hope your friend will not disappoint you, and I wish you good day."

As Mr. Jew passed through the troop of juveniles, who eyed him with more curiosity than ever, the hopeful Samuel informed him that "his mam licked him every time he went up-stairs, and he should be glad when his dad got home, for he would lick her, and that would make it even."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The Second Adventure of Mr. Jew—He goes to meet Anna Barton—He encounters an aggrieved Husband—A Battle and numerous Black Eyes—Pursuit by Metropolitan Police Officers—Free Lodgings in the Station-House.

FELIX smiled at Sam's idea of justice, and winning the eternal gratitude of that precocious youth with a ten-cent piece, told him to be a good boy, and went directly to his lodgings.

The adventure with the red-haired damsel had given him an excellent appetite, and after showing his good will towards a satisfactory dinner, he set out in answer to the next letter requiring his attention, which had requested him to call upon Anna Barton, at a certain number of a certain street.

When he arrived at the street designated, he was disappointed to find, instead of palatial residences, as he had devoutly hoped, a long line of butchers' shops, stables, coal-yards and one horse stores, with suspicious-looking residences above. He thought, however, that it might improve before he reached Anna's locality; but in this he was disappointed,

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for when he came to the identical number he sought, he found a butcher's shop, in which a huge Dutchman, with a ponderous broad-axe, was dissevering the limbs of a defunct ox.

"Humbug!" involuntarily arose to the lips of Felix; but thinking there might be a mistake, he inquired if there was another number 51 in the street; and being answered in the negative, he ventured to ask if the wielder of the broad-axe knew such a person as Anna Barton, to which question he also received a decided negative.

Plunged in profound reflection, Mr. Jew walked on towards his lodgings, until he came to a spot inhabited chiefly by that useful class of our citizens known as river thieves, when he was suddenly stopped in his career by a man with the neck of a bull and a fist like the end of a South Sea Islander's war club, who informed him, unceremoniously, that he was a d—d rascal, and that they would settle their difficulties on the spot. He further remarked, for his edification, that if he called for the police until the day of judgment, it would do him no good, as they didn't have policemen in that neighborhood; yet, nevertheless, he mustn't call "police," and if he did he would knock his brains out.

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Felix trembled. "Who are you, and what do you want?" he demanded.

"I am James Barton, the husband of Anna Barton, that you've been trying to get to elope with you," was the astounding answer of him of the bull-neck; "and we'll settle that little business on the start."

Felix attempted to explain, and offered to show the letter he received from the treacherous Anna, but the injured husband threatened to stop his mouth with his fist, if he didn't "dry up."

"Since you won't hear to reason," said Felix, "what do you want?"

"I want damages. Give me fifty dollars and I'll say no more about it."

"I haven't got that amount."

"You lie, and if you don't pay me fifty dollars I'll take all you've got, and dog you until you'll be glad to get rid of me for ten times fifty."

Simultaneously with this threat, the aggrieved husband seized Felix by the collar and told him to "fork over."

"You're a thief and a robber," said Felix, whose "grit" had awakened. "I remember, now, I saw you watching around the butcher's shop when I

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was there. I'll see you in purgatory before I'll pay you a red cent."

No sooner had the unfortunate Felix uttered these menacing words, than his feet slipped from under him and he was levelled by a blow from the avenging fist of the mighty James. But he rallied to the charge, and being a man of some muscle and knowledge of the manly art, gave him of the bull neck a rap full on the nose, following it in good style with one in the eye, at the same time calling "Police!" at the top of his voice. His gigantic antagonist was completely taken by surprise with this notable demonstration, and it was several seconds before he gathered sufficient self-possession to give Felix a black eye, with a blow which sent him reeling to the earth. "Murder!" cried Felix; and the sound of rapidly-approaching feet convinced both that the stars and clubs were coming to the rescue.

The injured husband, with an oath which made Felix's hair stand on end, took to his heels; and Felix did the same, not wishing the affair to become public.

He of the bull neck, being perfectly familiar with the locality, had no sort of trouble in dodging the officers and escaping. Not so Felix. Notwith-

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standing he put on full steam, he was soon aware that the Metropolitans were after him, and were gaining in the race. He held out, however, with obstinate perseverance, in the hope of tiring his pursuers; but in this he was disappointed; and after a race of three-fourths of a mile, he was captured by the gentlemen in blue.

"We've got you, old boy," said one of the policemen, taking him by the collar. "You made good time, but you couldn't *quite*. You must go with us to the station-house."

"For God's sake, gentlemen," protested Felix, "let me off."

"Not a bit of it. What was the meaning of all that hullabaloo—'murder,' 'police,' and what not?"

"I made it. I was attacked."

"*You?* That don't go down, old feller; if you'd a-made it you wouldn't a-run as though hoof-and-horns was after you. It's no use talken'; come along."

"I am innocent; upon my honor, gentlemen; I was attacked under peculiar circumstances. I should not have called out had not my life been in danger. I protest"——

"Protest and be hanged; what do I care?" said

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he of the club. "You're a suspicious character, prowling around here at night when somebody cries murder, and there's no use talkin'."

In spite of his protestations, Mr. Jew was compelled to march to the station-house. He gave a fictitious name, and was locked up for the night in one of those delightful cells where prisoners are permitted to sit up or lodge on the hard side of a small plank. The station-house being crowded, he was put in with a fellow-unfortunate, whose breath was so rank with whisky and tobacco that Felix was quite prostrated by the odor. He was kept there until morning, when, as no one appeared to complain of him, he was discharged.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

The Concluding Adventure of Mr. Felix Jew—He goes to the Academy of Music, and gets in Love—A Sick Wife, who proves to be a Myth—A Cousin, who proves to belong to the Peter Funk Fraternity—Poem of a Matrimonial Candidate which led to Important Results.

LET all men remember, that in the last chapter Mr. Felix Jew, having been knocked down by the indignant husband of Anna Barton, was subsequently locked up in the station-house, and discharged next morning, with two black eyes.

As soon as the marks disappeared from his visual orbs, however, he resolved, notwithstanding his former ill-luck, to try once more.

Felix prided himself upon his ability to detect a person's character by his handwriting; and one letter, he decided, was the production of an honest and accomplished person. As this letter led to the final and most important matrimonial adventure of the hero, we publish it entire:

"MR. F. J.—I have read your advertisement, and although I have always before passed over things of this kind as trivial or improper,

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there is an air of sincerity and candor about yours, which has induced me to answer it. I have recently returned from school, with what is called a finished education. That is, I play the piano, have gone through as much of the natural sciences and mathematics as young women are expected to go through; and besides, *je parle Français*, my friends assure me, as well *almost* as though I had been born in Paris.

"I am very sorry, Mr. F. J., that in addition to these accomplishments, I cannot add that I am very pretty. But the divine gift of beauty (I am *very* sorry to say), has not fallen to my lot. I will give you a description of myself. I am medium size, rather slender, have black eyes and hair, and features which are neither very sharp nor very flat. In short, I am neither hideous nor winning in my appearance. If we are ever so fortunate as to become friends, I trust you will believe I have some decision of character, and some executive force. My reading consists of history and poetry. I never read a score of novels in all my life.

"If you are disposed to do so, I should like to have you write. Please address, "JENNIE BOUTON,

"Madison Square post-office."

Felix replied to this letter in flattering terms, and requested her to fix a time and place for an interview.

To this he received a prompt answer, in which he was graciously requested to meet her at the Academy of Music, the next Wednesday evening, and to secure a certain seat in the parquette, as she and her cousin would occupy the adjoining ones. If he would write his name on the libretto,

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and hold it up so that she could read it, she would recognize him.

In accordance with this suggestion, Mr. Jew secured the seat in question, and placed himself in it at an early hour. He thought much more of the expected Jennie than of the singing, and began to fear his unknown friend was not coming, when, during the second scene, he heard the rustling of silks, and the two seats next him, which up to that time had remained vacant, were filled by a young lady and a man about thirty-five years old, who attended her.

As soon as they had settled themselves, Felix displayed his signal, and the young lady turning to him said:

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Jew, I had not observed you before."

Mr. Jew was struck with the manner and appear ance of his new friend, and congratulated himself that in one more instance his power of judging character by the hand-writing had prevailed.

During the evening, the "cousin" absented himself between the acts, and this gave the new acquaintances opportunity to converse. By this means, Mr. Jew was informed that Miss Bouton was a resident of Baltimore, and that she was tem-

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porarily stopping in New York with her cousin, and during his wife's illness was overseeing the affairs of the household. He was invited to call upon her, and took the address, at the same time furnishing references.

Felix called shortly after this romantic meeting, and found Jennie in a very respectable house, and everything as he expected.

"My cousin, Mr. L——," said she, "is an old and familiar friend. He is old enough to be my father; but we always liked each other. His wife is a sweet woman, and an old schoolmate. We were intimate friends years before she married Cousin Billy. Her health is very bad now, however, and she does not leave her room. I came on here to make a short visit, and she begged of me so hard to stay and take charge of the house until she should recover, that I couldn't refuse her."

Mr. Jew's visits became frequent, and he took her out almost every night to some place of amusement, the "cousin" being always too solicitous about his wife to accompany them; and Mr. Jew, in an almost incredible short space of time, was completely captivated. He trusted the fair Jennie fully, and if other persons might possibly have seen suspicious indications, it was quite impossible

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for him to discover them, blind as he was in love. He was assured that his feelings were reciprocated, and thought himself the happiest of men.

At last he had to leave the city for a few weeks, and during his absence frequent and affectionate letters passed, and in nearly every epistle Jennie indulged her romantic turn of mind in stanzas of great merit, if tried by the fond judgment of Felix.

Here is a specimen from one of those tender epistles:

"We read that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' but ours, thus far, has not been disturbed by a single storm. Are you as happy as I am? There is only one thing that troubles me, and that is not in any way connected with our 'course of true love.' Poor dear Emma (the cousin's wife) is no better, and, I fear, will not be able to leave her room for many weeks. This, of course, imposes upon me much responsibility, and many cares; but as I am soon to be your wife, and have charge of *our* house, the discipline will, I trust, prepare me to make it cheerful, and to do better than I should without it.

"Do you know, dear, what I have been doing to-day? 'Writing verses, as usual,' you will say. Well, I *have* been writing verses again, and as long as you praise them so, I shall keep on. When you get tired of them you must say so, and I will stop. Here is what I have written to-day:

"Love! what is love? I cannot tell;
I feel a thrill of strange delight
Bind every sense with a sweet spell
By day and night.

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"I know my spirit is not free;
'Tis bound with strongest links to thine;
And yet I feel its slavery
Is all divine.

"Old memories, sacred in the past,
Have lost their once enthralling power;
Thy love is all—my first and last—
In every hour.

"If this be love, then do *I* love;
If this be love, then love is blest;
My soul submissive as a dove,
In thine must rest."

Felix returned to the city, and was delighted when Jennie showed him a letter from her father, dated at Baltimore, authorizing her to select a husband according to her own inclinations, and expressing many kind paternal wishes of long life and peace.

It cannot be expected that Felix concealed all his joy from his friends. He had one, in particular, to whom he confided the entire history of his attachment. But this friend came near losing his esteem, by venturing to question the sincerity and truthfulness of the fair Jennie.

"How do you know," said he, "that she has a wealthy father living in Baltimore?"

"I have seen a letter from him," replied Felix.

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"Did you see the envelope and post-mark?"

"No."

"Then, how do you know but this cousin, as she calls him, wrote it?"

"I *know* that she is incapable of deception."

"I hope she is; but when we deal with strangers in New York, it is impossible to tell what they are driving at. What evidence have you that these people are respectable?"

"The evidence of my eyes."

"I hope your eyes do not deceive you. But for my part, I advise you to look out for traps."

"I cannot listen to such insinuations," said Felix; and taking his hat was about to withdraw in high dudgeon; but his friend called him back, and explained that he did not suppose anything was wrong in the present instance; he only wished to put him on his guard.

Felix was reconciled, and proposed to show his friend some of Jennie's poetry. His friend read on until he came to the poem above quoted.

"She claims this as her own composition?" said he.

"Of course."

"Yes; there is no mistake about that. Her letter says: 'Here is what I have written to-day.'"

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"Well, what of it? She did write it?"

Jew's friend went to his book-case, and rummaging over a pile of old newspapers, selected one, and handed it to Felix, saying:

"I wrote that poetry, if it *is* poetry, three years ago, as you will see by the date."

Felix stood in mute astonishment, his face, meantime, turning red as fire.

"There is some mistake about it," said he at last, and hastily withdrew.

He called next morning, however, and his friend was pleased to find him prepared to listen to reason.

"You have been slightly deceived, that is evident," he remarked to Felix. "Perhaps, however, it is unintentional on her part. She may have read the verses some time ago and forgotten the fact, and fancied that she composed them herself."

"Charitable, but most improbable," replied Felix, who had grown suspicious. "I shall see."

His friend advised him, in the first place, to learn whether "the cousin" really had a sick wife; then to trace "the cousin" to his place of business; and, finally, to make inquiries in relation to his character—precautions which naturally suggest

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themselves, but which Felix, in his sudden and enthusiastic attachment, had entirely neglected.

The same afternoon Felix called upon the fair Jennie, and dissembling his suspicions, inquired after the welfare of Mrs. L——. He was answered that she was still confined to her room, and was no better.

"Who attends her?" he asked.

"Dr. Smith," was the reply.

"Which Dr. Smith?"

"I don't remember his Christian name."

"Where is his office?"

"I don't remember; my cousin would of course know. I never mind such things; I don't even know my cousin's place of business."

Felix was more suspicious than ever. He went early next morning, in disguise, and watched the house until "the cousin" started for his place of business, and followed him. He went down town and entered an auction store, with Felix unobserved at his heels, dressed in a very plain garb, and assuming the airs of a fresh importation from Jersey. A watch, warranted to be pure gold, was put up, and "the cousin" bid vigorously; but Felix run it up to thirty dollars, and it was struck off to him. As he expected, it proved upon examination to be

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utterly worthless, having only a face and brass case, without any inside works whatever; and he went directly to the mayor, and under an assumed name, made an affidavit against the auctioneer and "cousin." They were speedily brought up by an officer, questioned, and made to refund the money.

Jew made inquiries concerning the character of the gentlemen he had been dealing with, and was told they were both notorious mock-auction swindlers.

Having learned the character of Mr. L——, the cousin, he resumed his usual dress, and called at the house of that worthy gentleman, although Jennie had informed him the day before that she should not be at home. The same servant met him at the door who had met him whenever he had called, and informed him that Miss Jennie had gone out.

"How is Mrs. L—— to-day?" he inquired.

The servant smiled, and Felix, taking a ten dollar gold-piece from his pocket, slipped it into her hand. "You can be of service to me," said he, "and I will reward you. Tell me truly, is there such a woman as Mrs. L——?"

"Not unless Miss Jennie is," replied she.

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"Isn't there a sick woman in the house?"

"No. You can look for yourself."

And the servant showed Felix through every room; but they were all vacant.

The servant's tongue was thoroughly loosened by the gold, and she told him all she knew about the two persons in whom he was so much interested.

Mr. L——, he learned, was a single man about to be married, and Miss Jennie was a person whom he was anxious to get off his hands; and Jennie, being equally desirous to go, the two had together contrived the plan; and Mr. Jew seemed to be such a fine gentleman, that she (the servant) had often wanted to tell him, but didn't dare to. Miss Jennie abused her, according to her account, worse than ever a master abused a plantation slave, and she had found a place, and was going to leave that night.

Mr. Jew was convinced that he could prove enough by this servant to clear himself of a breach of promise case, if they should prosecute him, and took her address, promising to pay her liberally if her services were needed. He never called on Miss Jennie again, and has not been molested.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Eli Boyse treats his Father-in-law to a Champagne Dinner at Gosling's—He subsequently parts with his Boots: The Manner of said Parting being fully set forth.

Mr. Eli Boyse answered the matrimonial advertisement of a young lady, who, judging from the account she gave of herself, would make a very desirable acquaintance.

Mr. Boyse received a note, informing him that if he would be at Gosling's saloon at one o'clock on a certain day, and "wear a blue neck-tie with a turn-down collar, and a handkerchief sticking a little from his pocket, and sit as near the door as convenient," the advertiser would recognize him. The note, Mr. Boyse observed, was in a cramped and awkward hand, which after all efforts at disguise, looked more like a man's than a woman's. However, he attired himself in the style proposed by his unknown correspondent, and at the appointed hour seated himself near the entrance of the saloon.

He had only time to give out his order, before a

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middle-aged man, with garments slightly worse for wear, yet looking quite neat and respectable, approached and bowed:

"Mr. Boyse, I presume."

"Well?" said the young gentleman thus unexpectedly addressed. "You have the advantage of me; I don't remember to have seen you before."

"No, sir, I presume not. My name is —— but that don't matter now; let's come to an explanation at once."

Saying which the stranger seated himself beside Mr. Boyse, and proceeded thus:

"You came here expecting to see Miss Beck; but the truth is Miss Beck will not be here to-day. She is, in fact, sir, my daughter. She wanted me to come, in short, and see you, and talk the matter over, and if you desired to be introduced, and are a proper person to be introduced, as I have no doubt you are, we can easily come to an understanding; and I shall of course invite you to my house."

"As to that," replied the disappointed Boyse, "I can't tell whether your daughter and I would desire to become acquainted or not until we have seen each other. I expected to see her here, and if she had kept her promise, we would have known."

"You must know, my dear sir," replied Mr.

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Beck, "that this is no ordinary step for a young lady to take. My daughter acted under my advice; and I would never consent to have her meet a stranger in the manner proposed—never, sir. So that ends that matter. But as you appear to be a fine young gentleman I will inform you that I have her likeness in my pocket."

The fine young gentleman expressed great eagerness to see it, and with many assurances that it did not do justice to the original, the father complied with the request.

Mr. Boyse thought her the most beautiful being he had ever seen, was reconciled to the father at once, and invited him to order whatever he wished at his expense, called for champagne, and did everything in his power to make himself agreeable. The stranger ate as though he had just come out of a seven years' famine, and drank as though he had been spending at least a week on the Sahara Desert.

At the close of the repast, Mr. Beck addressed himself to Mr. Boyse thus:

"You have a very pretty foot, Mr. Boyse. I flatter myself there are few men with a better shaped foot than mine; but I believe yours is quite equal to it, and I fancy our feet are about of a size.

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I ordered a pair of new patent-leather boots—just like the ones you have on—near here to-day, and that's the reason I wore these old things—so I could leave 'em behind and get rid of 'em. Won't you go up there with me, Mr. Boyse?"

Mr. Boyse paid for the dinner and expressed his readiness to go. They went into the shoe-store, and Mr. Beck called for the boots he ordered an hour before. The man brought a pair of fine patent-leather boots, similar to those which Mr. Boyse had donned for his romantic meeting at Gosling's. Mr. Beck tried one on.

"Admirable fit," said he. "Mr. Boyse, let me see these boots on your feet, if you please; I'll try on yours. I believe our feet are just of a size."

Mr. Boyse accordingly took off his boots and tried on the new ones, Mr. Beck meantime having slipped on Boyse's, which he pronounced a perfect fit.

"I told you," said he, "that our feet were just of a size, Boyse, and don't you see I was right? I never saw a more perfect fit in my life than your boot to my foot."

Just at this stage of the acquaintance, Mr. Beck saw, or pretended to see, some one beckoning to him from the street.

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"Ah!" said he hastily, "there's a man on the sidewalk I must see just a moment. Excuse me, Mr. Boyse, I'll be right back;" and before the words were fairly out of his mouth, Mr. Beck had disappeared with Mr. Boyse's boots on.

Mr. Boyse waited five minutes—ten minutes—fifteen minutes—twenty minutes; but Mr. Beck did not return. He then requested the man in the store to go out and look for him, which he did, but returned with intelligence that the gentleman in question was nowhere to be seen, although he "had looked up street and down street, and around the corners."

"Has he paid for these boots?" asked Mr. Boyse, intending in that case to put them on and call it an even trade.

"Oh, no," replied the man. "He ordered them about two hours ago, and said he would call in a few minutes and take them."

Mr. Boyse easily perceived that he had been dealing with a "confidence man," and believing the best way out of it was to say nothing, paid for the new boots and departed. He did not see Mr. Beck again, and was never introduced to the original of the likeness.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

An Unmitigated Scoundrel—How Mr. Montgomery fell in with an old Acquaintance, and how he was Flogged by a Woman—How he made Love to a Boston Widow, and managed to get $1,000.

After having made our readers acquainted with so many virtuous and honest characters, it is with great reluctance that we introduce a rascal. The truth of history, however, requires us to say that the individual whose career will be traced in this chapter, was an unmitigated scoundrel, who lived by the constant practice of fraud, and hated nothing so much as honesty and justice.

This individual figured under so many different names that it is a question whether, in the multitude of *aliases* with which he concealed his identity, he did not actually forget the original, derived from his father. He must be known to our readers as James Montgomery, since he assumed the cognomen of that pious poet in the rascally transaction to be related.

Mr. Montgomery for some time made it a regular profession to advertise for a wife, and to answer the

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advertisements of others. He did not, of course, use the same name, or give the same description of himself, in all his advertisements; but, on the concontrary, when he had made about as much as he could out of one name and description, he would insert another.

This led him into awkward straits in some cases; for his correspondence was so extensive that he could not recognize the handwriting of each correspondent after letters were cold; and in three or four instances his new advertisements brought him in contact with old acquaintances whom he had known under different names, and whom he had so cheated that they were ready to pull the hair from his head—a feat which a woman effectually performed on one of the occasions referred to.

The circumstances were these: he advertised that a southern gentleman of ample fortune was spending a few months in New York, and wanted to take a bride back to his home in the sunny South, and invited any lady of accomplished manners and good standing, to correspond. In this way he made the acquaintance of a widow, and won her confidence, under the name of Truman Dixon; was invited to her house, and finally succeeded in borrowing three hundred dollars, under

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pretext that his last remittance from the South had been lost in the mail; after which, of course, he vanished from the widow's sight, as he supposed, forever. A year afterwards, however, he advertised under the name of Paine, and having received an answer, went to meet a lady at a matrimonial office; and when he was led into the parlor to be introduced, found no other than the identical widow from whom he had obtained the three hundred dollar loan.

"You good-for-nothing villain! you swindler!—is it you?" said the widow, flashing fire upon him with her eyes, as Roderick Dhu did upon Fitz-James.

"Indeed, madam," coolly replied Montgomery, not for a moment losing his perfect self-possession, "You surprise me. I have not the honor of knowing you, and excuse the abusive language you employ, as I perceive you take me for another person."

"None of that, Mr. Paine," replied the widow, pronouncing the word "Paine" with a withering sneer; "you called yourself Truman Dixon a year ago and borrowed $300 from me. I hope your remittance from the South has arrived, so that you can pay me the debt now."

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"It is strange," rejoined Montgomery, *alias* Dixon, *alias* Paine, "that you should be so mistaken. I am unfortunate indeed, if in my person I bear any resemblance to a man who could do so vile a thing as to cheat so fair a lady of the paltry sum of three hundred dollars."

"Oh, none of your fine speeches here, Mr. Dixon. I know that smooth, lying tongue of yours too well. You are Truman Dixon, and you know it as well as I do."

"I am not Truman Dixon," replied the rogue, vehemently. "I owe you nothing—will pay you nothing. You insult a gentleman, knowing he cannot chastise you. Were you a man I would break my cane over your head, if you so persisted in the absurd story. As you are a woman I leave you. Good day." Saying which, with well-feigned indignation, Mr. Montgomery turned toward the door.

"You don't get off in this way!" shouted the widow, in whom the long-smothered desire of revenge was fanned to a flame. "Pay me what you owe me, you miserable, lying vagabond!" And with these truthful epithets in her mouth, the stalwart widow seized the retreating Paine by the hair and hurled him to the floor. He was a small

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man, little accustomed to physical combat, and stood no chance whatever in the hands of the justly indignant widow, who grasped the fire-shovel and belabored him until he was grim with soot and perspiration, and his collar and shirt bosom were besmeared with the blood which streamed profusely from his nose.

Having plied her enemy with this instrument to her heart's content, the widow threw it aside, and seizing him by the hair again with both hands, set him on his feet, and whirled him around the room like a top, and finally, opening the door, gave him a push which sent him sprawling in the hall, telling him at the same time, he was a "miserable, dirty, swindling, mean, low knave," and that if "he would never torment her sight with his dried-up carcase again, she would call the debt paid."

Mr. Paine performed his ablutions under favor of the matrimonial agent, whom he assured that the whole thing was a blunder on the widow's part, and left, glad to escape with his life.

Mr. Montgomery generally managed to turn his matrimonial acquaintances to account in some way. If he could not borrow of them he would steal; and if the lady carried a gold watch he was sure to get it.

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Under the name of Montgomery, he got into correspondence with a weak-minded widow in Boston, with whom he exchanged likenesses. He wrote her many sentimental letters, in which he professed to be struck greatly by her appearance, and assured her that he was a phrenologist, and could determine her character and disposition as well from her picture as he could by an intimate acquaintance of years. He gave a very flattering account of his own circumstances, painted in glowing colors the beautiful home he possessed in the South, and assured her that were he not detained in New York by an unlucky illness, which, though it did not confine him to his room, the doctor assured him would not allow him to make a journey to Boston, he would visit her immediately. Since, however, he was prevented by sickness from visiting his adored, would it be asking too much for her to come to New York? She could spend a few days pleasantly; and this would afford opportunity to form an acquaintance which he fondly believed would be for their mutual happiness.

Unfortunately, the widow was foolish enough to believe all the hypocritical New Yorker wrote, and actually came to this city and put up at a hotel in Broadway. Mr. Montgomery immediately called

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upon her, and derived great pleasure from the fact that his health (which, by the way, was always excellent) had so far improved as to enable him to devote himself to her. They went to the opera—they went to the theatre—they went to the museum—they went everywhere; and in two weeks the widow returned to Boston to turn her property into money and get ready for the wedding, which was to be celebrated in that city, after which the happy twain were to proceed to Mr. Montgomery's estates in the South.

But after the widow had made all the necessary dispositions, Mr. Montgomery's health failed again, and she heard with regret that he would be unable to bear the journey for several weeks.

"But," wrote he, "do not let this circumstance delay our happiness. You have already made one journey to New York on my poor account; will you make another—the last one? You have disposed your affairs so that you have nothing to detain you there. Why not, then, come on at once? We will be married here; and I am sure that with you to nurse me, I shall be able to go South much sooner than otherwise."

The above tender epistle had precisely the effect intended. The widow immediately came on to

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New York, and received a warm welcome from her intended husband. "Your presence has already inspired me with new strength," said he. "I begin to feel quite well the moment I look upon you;" which, considering that Mr. Montgomery had been in perfect health for several years, was truly remarkable.

"You have disposed of your property, and have some money on hand, I suppose," casually remarked Mr. Montgomery during the interview.

"Yes."

"The reason of my mentioning it is to put you on your guard. I would let no one know that I had any money. This is a good hotel, and the servants and guests may be all honest; still, there are a great many chances for a stranger to get robbed in New York, and it is always best to be careful."

"Do you think there is any danger?" inquired the widow, with some alarm.

"Oh, I don't know as there is. Still, there may be. There are some very expert robbers in New York. I know a lady from the South, who was stopping at a hotel here, and went to her trunk one day to get some money, when she discovered it was all gone. The robbers had locked the trunk again, and nothing else had been disturbed. It was about

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a thousand dollars, and she never recovered a cent of it."

"Dear me!" exlaimed the widow; "that is near the amount I have got, I should hate to lose it. What would you do?"

"Oh, I'd keep a close watch; see that the door is well fastened at night, and so on. Or, you might deposit it with the landlord and take his receipt."

"I don't like to do that. Look a-here, Mr. Montgomery," said the widow, struck by a sudden idea, "won't *you* take charge of it?"

"Certainly, I can do that?"

"I wish you would. I would rather have it where I *know* it is safe."

Mr. Montgomery, with great politeness, pocketed a thousand dollars of the widow's money, generously leaving two hundred which she said she would keep herself, as she wanted to do some shopping before the wedding.

Mr. Montgomery soon after bade the widow an affectionate good-day, telling her he had got to go to Newark on business that afternoon, and was so feeble he should not be able to return until the next day.

Whether feeble or strong, he did not return next day, and the widow has not seen him or the thousand dollars since.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

A Brief History calculated to show that a Man is liable to be Mistaken.

Mr. Mix got mixed up with a matrimonial office, where he was introduced to a young lady named Clara ——, whom he visited at her father's house. He was quite favorably impressed with his new acquaintance. She played the piano well, sung well, and was witty and pretty.

One evening, on the occasion of his third or fourth visit, Clara was called out by the servant, who whispered to her, and asking to be excused a few moments, she absented herself near half an hour.

At length she returned to the parlor, apparently in a state of great excitement, which it seemed impossible for her to conceal, with all her efforts.

Mr. Mix expressed the hope that nothing had occurred to disturb the peace and happiness of his fair friend.

"I feared," replied she, "you would observe my

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agitation. We have been acquainted only a short time, sir, but I feel I can trust you, for I believe you are an honorable man; and I find it so difficult to conceal my feelings; I know you will wonder, unless I explain."

Mr. Mix replied that he had no right to expect an explanation. He was pained that she should be in trouble; but whatever the cause, he was sure she deserved sympathy. If she would honor him with her confidence, he would serve her if it was in his power.

"You are very kind—very kind, Mr. Mix, and I will tell you the cause of this. Don't you think, Mr. Mix, that a young lady ought to be allowed to refuse or accept an offer of marriage, according to her own views?"

"No one else certainly can have so good a right to decide."

"And don't you think it's cruel in a father to try to force his daughter to marry a man whom she despises, merely because he's got money?"

"Yes, I surely do."

"Oh, I think it is the cruelest, worst, wickedest thing a man can do!" said Clara, with great vehemence; "and that is just what my father is trying to do with me."

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"Indeed!"

"Yes. It is singular that I should feel confidence to tell you so much, or that you should take any interest in it; but I havn't a friend in the wide world I dare go to for advice, for all I have spoken to yet take up on his side." Saying which the forlorn Clara burst into tears; and Mr. Mix, considerably moved, expressed his sympathy and his readiness to do all he could in her cause.

"I am glad *you* do not take up against me," said Clara. "This man, Mr. R——, is from the South, and is very rich, and father looks at nothing else. He thinks it the strangest thing in the world that I should not want to marry him. I presume he is a good man; but I *can't* love him; and why should I be compelled to marry him?"

"I would not be compelled to marry him," replied Mr. Mix, growing savage at the old man's cruelty. "Have you told this man you cannot love him?"

"Yes, time and again."

"And still he persists?"

"Yes; he and father are together all the time. He seems to think father is more to be consulted than I."

"Then he is no gentleman, but a brute;" said

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Mix, waxing warm with indignation. "He ought to be tarred and feathered. I would see him and the whole crew sink before I would sacrifice myself to such a miserable old wretch."

"He is here now," said Clara, casting a terrified glance towards the next room. "He came and told father he must have an answer to-night. He says he has been put off and put off, and won't be put off any longer. That's what I was called out for. Father is very much excited, and threatens doing everything bad he can think of, if I don't consent; and the man is very angry because I left the room. *But somehow it seemed as though I must come to you*, and as though you would help me out of the difficulty. It is very strange, isn't it? And you are so good and kind to me, to take up on my side, I feel as though I had a strong protector."

"I will take up on your side, my friend," replied Mix. "I will not allow these wretches to sacrifice you. I am a southerner myself, and have blood enough to fight any rascal who would injure you. I'll go to this man and tell him candidly the truth —that you do not love him, and cannot love him, and if he is a gentleman, or has any lingering spark of decency in him, he will desist. But if he persists, I will tell him your cause is mine, and if he

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importunes you further, he must fight or be posted as a coward. That's the code of Chivalry."

"Oh, dear Mr. Mix! don't fight."

"But I have taken up your quarrel, and will carry it through at all hazards, as a matter of honor and friendship. Is the man in the other room now?"

"Yes; but"—

"I will see him at once. I will call him aside and talk it over coolly and candidly."

"No! no! don't do that."

"But I *will* do it. Come with me or remain, as you prefer." And so saying Mr. Mix went directly to the next room, in spite of the frantic efforts of Clara to stop him, failing in which she let him go alone, and ran off up stairs sobbing.

Mr. Mix entered the large sitting-room adjoining the parlor, where he had been assured this hard-hearted southern wretch was, at that moment, pressing the father to an immediate answer. He was quite surprised to find the old gentleman alone, with a cigar in his mouth, quietly reading his evening paper in gown and slippers.

"Good evening, Mr. Mix, take a seat, sir," said the old gentleman in a polite and friendly manner.

Mr. Mix was a good deal surprised, but com-

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plied with the invitation. "Where is Mr. R——?" he inquired, after looking about in vain for that gentleman to "turn up."

"Mr. R——, indeed, sir, I don't know," replied the old gentleman. "Has Mr. R—— been here? I have not the honor of his acquaintance."

"Ah, I was a little mistaken, I suppose," replied Mix. "He is a friend of mine, and I thought I heard his voice."

"It was probably some of the servants," rejoined the father. "They have been talking."

"Then you are not acquainted with my friend Mr. R——," resumed Mix, determined to find if there was any foundation for Clara's melancholy story.

"No, sir, I have not that honor."

"He is a very fine gentleman from my part of Virginia. I suppose you have some prejudices against southerners, up here?"

"Well, as to that, I have no particular prejudices, one way or the other. I never had much acquaintance South. Indeed, sir, I believe you are the first southerner that ever visited in my house, and I am sure I should have no quarrel with them if they are all as gentlemanly as yourself, although I believe slavery is a great sin."

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Mr. Mix duly acknowledged the compliment to himself, and bade the old gentleman good night. He had the privilege of helping himself to his hat in the hall, and left without another view of the persecuted Clara, under the impression that his chivalric demonstration in her behalf was quite uncalled for, and that the young lady's plan to draw him into an immediate proposal of marriage, was quite ingenious, but rather overdone.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Trials and Triumphs of Mr. Patrick McGrath—Squatter Sovereignty in New York—The Feud of the O'Fynns and the O'Donohues—How Mrs. O'Fynn demolished Doors—A Demijohn of Whisky is stolen—The terrible Engagement to which it led—The Belligerents cooled off with boiling Water—Another Wedding.

THE upper portion of New York Island, as all the world knows, is very stony; and numerous representatives of the Emerald Isle, exercising the undefined prerogatives of squatter sovereigns, have, like the wise man, built their shanties upon a rock, and there, safely domiciled with their wives, children and pigs, bid open defiance to the owners of the granite foundations of their homes.

Among those squatter sovereigns, Daniel O'Donnell occupies a firm position; and in the house of Daniel O'Donnell, a few months since, lived Patrick McGrath, a young man who was born in Ireland, but came to this country to seek his fortunes; and finding his cousin O'Donnell exercising the profession to which he had himself been bred, to

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wit, that of a hod-carrier, was very glad to take board in his family, and with him abide the chances of getting work; and it affords us great pleasure to record that in this he was highly successful.

Mr. McGrath possessed qualities which won the admiration of the young ladies who dwelt on the surrounding rocks;

> "For Pat was a broth of a boy,
> And a broth of a boy was he."

Nevertheless, when Mr. McGrath decided to get married, he caused no little jealousy and dissatisfaction, by summarily throwing overboard the entire army of admirers with whom he had exchanged many tender glances, and by going to a matrimonial office up town, kept by one of his countrywomen.

At the matrimonial office, Mr. McGrath was introduced to Jane O'Fynn, the daughter of James O'Fynn, ditch-digger, who occupies the second story of a brick house near 50th street, Mr. O'Donohue and family occupying the first floor.

It is well known that unhappy differences have long divided this house against itself, and arrayed the inhabitants of the first and second floors in deadly feud.

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The causes of these differences are manifold. In the first place, it is evident to every impartial person, that the hall is necessary to both families, and that both are entitled to equal rights therein; for if the O'Fynns cannot get into the hall they cannot mount the stairs, and their apartments on the second floor become of very little use indeed. It is equally evident that the hall is necessary to Mr. O'Donohue and family, being the only way of ingress and egress to and from the street.

But while impartial persons must and will admit the necessity of making the hall neutral ground, where the rights of both families shall be equally respected, the O'Fynns and the O'Donohues both attempted to gain exclusive possession and use thereof.

Mr. O'Donohue forbade Mr. O'Fynn and all his family the use of the hall; and Mr. O'Fynn forbade Mr. O'Donohue and *his* family the use of the hall. Mr. O'Donohue, to enforce his authority, had the hall-door locked behind him, when he went to his business one morning, and told Mrs. O'Donohue to put the key in her pocket, and not take it out until he or his son got home. But during the day Mrs. O'Fynn wanted to go into the street, which led to a demand on her part for the key, which Mrs. O'Donohue refused; whereupon the two fell

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to fighting in the absence of their husbands, and had a vigorous battle of an hour's duration. The result, however, was not decisive, except that Mrs. O'Donohue succeeded in keeping the key securely in her pocket; and Mrs. O'Fynn, despairing of getting it by force or otherwise, went to the yard and got a broad-axe, with which she demolished the door in the space of eighteen seconds, declaring she would serve Mr. O'Donohue in the same way, if he ever locked her in again.

Owing to this and various other occurrences, of equal public importance, but which we have not the space fully to record in this volume—as they in fact, would of themselves form a volume—the relations of the two families were of a hostile nature at the time Mr. McGrath was introduced as a suitor for the hand of Jane O'Fynn; and on the occasion of his first visit to Jane, as he was leaving the house, a small boy belonging to the hostile party, attempted to trip him up; whereupon he took the offending juvenile by the collar and stuck him into a mud-hole near by. This was regarded as a declaration of war—an actual commencement of hostilities; and from that day forth the feeling between Patrick and the O'Donohues was warlike in the extreme.

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Mr. McGrath, however, made rapid progress in his courtship; and a few days before the wedding, it was resolved to cement the bonds of good fellowship by a quantity of whisky punch, an article in the compounding of which Mr. McGrath believed he stood unrivalled.

The necessary ingredients were accordingly obtained, the water was put on the stove, and the family forgot their cares and quarrels in anticipation of a delightful carouse.

But the evil eyes of Mr. O'Donohue were upon them, even in this hour of happiness; and that gentleman, watching his opportunity when the backs of all were turned, slipped in unobserved, and carried off the demijohn of whisky, which, unluckily, stood near the door.

The discovery of this foul robbery, a few minutes afterwards, suddenly changed the delightful anticipations of the party to consternation and rage. They knew at once who had perpetrated the larceny; and all agreed that the property must be recovered, and the insults paid back.

Mr. O'Donohue had a son grown to manhood, who lived at home, besides the small O'Donohue already referred to. Mr. O'Fynn had no son, but, with Mr. McGrath, could match him in numbers,

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as Jane, it was believed, was more than equal to disposing of the juvenile, and Mrs. O'Fynn claimed to have whipped Mrs. O'Donohue in the memorable struggle for the key.

In about thirty seconds after the discovery of the robbery, Mr. O'Fynn's army marched upon the fortress of O'Donohue. It consisted of his entire force, male and female. Mr. O'Donohue, however, was not found unprepared. He had fastened his door; but Mrs. O'Fynn, in double quick time, brought the overpowering broad-axe, and it was levelled to the ground at a single stroke, and the invading host entered the enemy's camp. Then there was a pause, like the fatal lull of the tempest before its most terrible and destructive outbreak.

"What do ye want, gintlemen?" asked Mr. O'Donohue, at the same time displaying a shillalah of fearful dimensions.

"A praty question for ye to ask, ye blackguard, ye thafe!" replied Mr. O'Fynn. "What should we be afther wanting but the whasky, ye thafe?"

"What whasky's that ye're spakin' uv, ye blackguard?" said Mr. O'Donohue, who still confined his remarks to the interrogatory form.

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"The whasky you stole, thafe!" replied Mr. O'Fynn.

"Ye lie!" shouted Mr. O'Donohue, for the first time assuming the positive style of conversation.

"This speech was the signal for the grand encounter. Mr. O'Fynn and Mr. O'Donohue, each simultaneously wielded his ponderous shillalah in the air, and let it descend full upon the body of his antagonist, while the son of the latter grappled with the stalwart and soon-to-be-married Patrick McGrath; and the females commenced abusing each other with the tongue, not being prepared for battle without a dispute to warm the blood.

The struggle between Mr. O'Fynn and Mr. O'Donohue was of short duration. The latter soon worsted his antagonist so much that he quite abandoned the club, and getting astride of him, applied his fists to his face with something of the unction which inspired Morrissey, when he pummelled the Benicia Boy.

It is not to be supposed that the devoted and affectionate Mrs. O'Fynn could stand idle and see her husband pounded to mincemeat before her eyes. She therefore seized the weapon which Mr. O'Donohue had let fall, and gave that worthy gentleman a blow which sent him headlong to the

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floor, and inflicted a cut in the side of his head, from which the blood poured out, clotting the hair and covering the face.

"Murther!" screamed Mrs. O'Donohue. "Murther! ye've kilt me hoosband!" and with this assertion she charged Mrs. O'Fynn with a chair, in such energetic style that the latter soon fell prostrate on the field.

These proceedings had caused a brief suspension of hostilities between the belligerent young men, each of whom had his hands full, and they now rushed to the assistance of their friends.

While they were struggling together in a wild heap of confusion, the juvenile O'Donohue, who, up to this time had remained an inactive spectator of the scene, seized by a sudden emotion of patriotism, rushed to the stove, and taking the kettle of water which was heating for the punch, to be compounded of the stolen whisky, and which by this time was boiling, and threw the scalding contents full upon the struggling host, without reference to friend or foe.

It may appear strange that boiling water should cool off a party of excited men; but such was the case. They all stopped, as indeed they had reason to; for one had blisters on his face, another on his

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hands, another on the back, etc., and the battle ceased by universal consent.

It was found that in the conflict the disputed demijohn had been upset, and its inspiring contents offered up on the shrine of Mars. There was, consequently, nothing more to fight about, and Mr. O'Fynn and his army of occupation retired to the second floor, to discuss the events of the evening.

Next day Mr. O'Donohue had Mr. O'Fynn arrested for assault and battery, and in about a week the case came up in Special Sessions, known also as the "Poor Man's Court," the same in which the versatile Joseph answered for rifling the money drawer.

Mr. O'Donohue swore that while engaged in a peaceable manner in the duties of the household, Mr. O'Fynn broke into his room with a gang, and assaulted him, inflicting divers dangerous wounds, which compelled him to have his head done up in the manner the court saw it. Being asked what instrument Mr. O'Fynn used, he swore that it was a slung-shot, and that there was a hole in the side of his head so large that one might lay two fingers in it. The opposing lawyer denied that there was any wound on his head, and insisted that he should take off the bandage, which excited Mr. O'Donohue

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so much, the court thought there must be something in it, and made him remove the bandage, when it was discovered that there was only a slight scratch, as Mrs. O'Fynn's blow had resulted in no other mischief than a small loss of blood.

Mr. O'Donohue sustained his evidence by the testimony of his entire family; but when the witnesses for the defence, including Mr. McGrath, were called, they all swore as positively the reverse, and made it out that Mr. O'Donohue struck the first blow. They also related the stealing of the punch —a fact which Mr. O'Donohue and his witnesses had entirely overlooked.

The judge remarked that the two families had often been in court before, and had a habit of swearing directly against each other, which was really intolerable; said there seemed to be nothing in the case, and he should dismiss it, and intimated that if the parties ever troubled him with their miserable brawls again, he would send the whole gang to Blackwell's Island as disorderly characters.

Mr. McGrath did not allow these quarrels to interrupt his courtship, which he pursued with commendable perseverance.

As we have not had the gratification of recording a wedding, since that of the renowned German in

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the fifth chapter, we take pleasure in saying that Patrick McGrath and Jane O'Fynn were married a few days after the occurrences related; and that Mr. McGrath now resides on a rock, among the squatter sovereigns of the upper end of New York Island. May his wedded life be more prosperous than that of Mr. Altkopf.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

The advantages of knowing German—Mr. Black's Adventure with a Maid from Faderland—A very fine Scheme is discussed in his presence, which he has the good fortune to understand.

A YOUNG American of this city, who had acquired some knowledge of the German language, saw an advertisement that a young and accomplished German lady desired to form the acquaintance of an intelligent and appreciating gentleman, with a view to matrimony. He answered it, and received a reply inviting him to meet the advertiser at a certain matrimonial office on the west side of the town, the next Sunday afternoon.

He went, and found her very good-looking, and well-dressed, and although he had from the first supposed her a humbug, was at a loss to determine her aims; but he was not long left in doubt.

She was accompanied by a young girl who was dressed like a child, but whom he thought older than her costume indicated.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" said the young lady. But Mr. Black determined to feign ignorance of the

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language in which she addressed him, thinking it might lead to some interesting developments. He therefore asked her the meaning of what she had said.

"Oh, you don't speak German, then? I only asked you if you speak it; but as you do not, we will converse in English; and this little girl here will not understand a word of it, so you need feel no embarrassment on her account."

She then turned to the little girl, and said, in German:

"Look out, girl, and not speak a word of English, nor seem to understand a word that is said."

"I won't," answered the juvenile.

Mr. Black praised the language and literature of Germany, expressed great regret that he had not had better opportunity to study them, asked his new friend's opinion of Goethe and Schiller, and found she discussed those authors in a manner which displayed considerable familiarity with them.

But in the midst of the conversation she would often address her young companion, and the substance of the conversation carried on between them at different times, was as follows:

Young lady.—You see by this man's dress and

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conversation, he must have money. There are a gold watch and chain, worth I presume a hundred dollars. Look at his gold buttons and studs; see what an elegant cravat and diamond on it.

Girl.—Yes, and he is not very strong, and I believe you can easily get him to go with you. You see he loves poetry. Talk with him about that, and finally ask him to go with you and see your books.

Young lady.—I will manage that part of it well enough. All I want of you is to follow my instructions.

Girl.—You'd better contrive to find out if he's got any money about him now.

This conversation was perfectly intelligible to Mr. Black, who was at a loss whether to be more indignant or amused at the scheme which his new female friends were discussing, under the impression that it was all Greek to him

It was in the winter season, and night soon came on. The girl suggested to the young lady it was time to bring matters to a crisis.

The young lady then began to discuss a robbery which she had been reading in one of the papers, and to remark on the danger of carrying money about one, especially in the night. Black, under-

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standing perfectly the drift of her remarks, facilitated her progress in knowledge, by saying he never had thought of such a thing as being robbed, and never carried less than a hundred or two hundred dollars with him. "In fact," said he, "I believe I have three hundred or more with me to-night."

"But you go armed of course," said the young lady.

"Oh, no; I never carried weapons in my life; nothing more than a jack-knife," said he, laughing.

"But I should think you would be afraid of being robbed."

"No—oh no; I never was molested yet, and I've been around New York at all hours."

The two females regarded each other with lively satisfaction.

"You have a great love for poetry, I see," said the young lady, abruptly changing the subject.

"I am an admirer of poetry and art," replied Black.

"I am always delighted to make the acquaintance of such persons; and although I never, of course, ask strangers to my home, I feel that our love of the poets and painters makes us old friends.

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I have a collection of the poets and of paintings, in which I take more pride, perhaps, than they warrant; but I have spent all my life in collecting and studying them, both in Germany and in this country; and it would give me great pleasure, I assure you, sir, whatever may be the result of this singular acquaintance, to have you look them over."

"You do me great honor, madam," replied Black.

"Would it please you to walk over this evening, Mr. Black?"

"Nothing, I assure you, would afford me greater pleasure."

Exchanging significant glances with her companion, the young lady said to her:

"You see now that everything is ready. Hurry back as soon as you can, and tell Tom and Bill he has got $300 and a gold watch, and is not armed. I will start out in just forty minutes. They must hurry down to —— street, there by the new building and vacant lot. As we pass they will attack us, and I will faint away. They can soon rob him, and I shall know nothing about them, of course. Now hurry as fast as you can. It is just ten minutes past five, and at six precisely I shall start."

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The girl departed, according to orders; and the young lady, turning to Black, said:

"I have sent her home in advance to have a fire built in the library. I wish to see Mrs. —— a few moments, and beg to be excused."

She was gone near half an hour, returned, and after conversing a few minutes, looked at her watch and said the library would be ready by the time they got there, and if he was willing they would go.

"Ist es schon sechs Uhr?" said Black, looking at his watch. "Sie haben dem kleinen Mädchen versprochen um sechs Uhr auszugehen. Hat es Zeit gehabt mit Ihren Freunden Tom und Bill zu sprechen?"

The astonishment and dismay of the commander of Ticonderoga, when Ethan Allen burst into his sleeping apartment, and demanded the surrender of the fortress, was not more complete than that of the German beauty, when Mr. Black opened upon her the above volley of German, showing her not only that he could speak the language, but that he understood the scheme of robbery which had been discussed in his presence.

"You told me you did not speak German," she finally stammered, after a long pause.

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"I beg your pardon, madam, I did not say so. You took it for granted; and you probably see now that I understood all the conversation between you and that girl. I must be excused from paying my respects to your friends Tom and Bill, in the new building, to-night, and I wish you good evening."

Mr. Black received no reply from the young lady, who was, indeed, quite speechless with chagrin, and he left her to contemplate her books and paintings at her leisure.

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CHAPTER XXX.

Physicians and their Love Secrets—Dr. Bland—His Promises, and how they are fulfilled—How to become Invisible—How to win the Obstinate, etc., etc.—The Mayor stops the Doctor's Letters—The Doctor is Arrested—He admits that he is a Humbug.

THERE are numerous pretended physicians in this city, who claim to possess charms that will "gain the lasting affection of the opposite sex." Those who have wooed in vain, have but to practise the arts they teach, and all obstacles will disappear.

The deceptions of these quacks are so transparent that none but the most ignorant are victimized. Their claims are mere advertisements for worthless, if not injurious mixtures, which, under pretence of miraculous powers, they sell to the credulous at exorbitant prices.

Dr. R. Bland, whose business is carried on in a small room on the fourth floor, in Nassau street, and who resides in Thirteenth street, has not been excelled by his competitors, either in the magnificence of his promises, or his failure to fulfill them.

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He has published and sent over the country a small sheet, called the *The New York Journal*, in which he has heralded the fictitious fame of his arts, and the glory of his pretended achievements.

A large portion of this sheet is devoted to the advertisement of a twenty-five cent book, of which he is the author, and which, according to the announcement, is the most valuable work ever published. It not only teaches the entire art of beauty, courtship, and marriage, but scores of things as wild and wonderful as ever entered the brain of an oriental dreamer.

The modest title of this precious volume is as follows:

"*The Secret Clue to Courtship, Love, and Marriage, and the Road to Health, Wealth, Fame, and Honor.*—This book shows how the single of both sexes may secure wedded bliss; how love may be won by all; how the homely may be made handsome; the ignorant wise; the diffident courageous, and the sick healthful. It explains, in a distinct manner, comprehensible to all, how the manners, deportment, and personal appearance of everybody, favored or otherwise by nature, can be made charming, fascinating, and the envy of the public. It shows, also, how poverty, wretchedness, and suffering may be averted, by giving plans by which thousands of the old and young of both sexes can find employment, and gain riches. Replete with wisdom and entertainment."

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In the advertisement of the book are specified numerous extraordinary arts it teaches, from which we select the following specimens:

"How to beautify a woman, to make her face look pale, or full of pimples, or to change her whole appearance altogether, or as desired.

"How to render fences, posts, siding of buildings, roofs, etc., to last one hundred years, and then present no appearance of age or wear.

"How to extract gold out of all dirt, sand, gravel, etc., by a new, chemical, and very cheap process.

"How, after the manner of mushrooms, to raise abundant crops of grass and clover, without seed.

"How a common hen's egg may be made to grow larger than a man's head.

"The whole secret of love and beauty; also how to be handsome. How to win the lasting affection of the opposite sex.

"How to make a charm against judges and juries, etc.

"To know what your future wife or husband is to be.

"How to make a matrimonial, or love-letter charm.

"How to know when a person will be married.

"How to court an American woman, a French woman, a red-haired woman, a German woman, an Irish woman, an English woman, a Spanish woman, a quadroon, a Quakeress.

"The whole art of courtship, love and marriage.

"How to make whiskers grow on boys or men at any age, and of exceeding beauty.

"How to draw lucky numbers in lotteries, and be successful in all games of chance.

"How to obtain a knowledge by the use of which we can foretell all things to come.

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"How, by the use of pepper, to dry up the human body.

"How to increase the weight and measure of wheat, rice, rye, one-third; also spices, coffee, etc.

"How to make all the hair on the head, whiskers, eyebrows, etc., to fall off.

"To cause a room to appear all on fire, awful to behold.

"How to eat and handle fire without harm.

"How to roast chickens, fish, meat, etc., without fire.

"How to cook a fowl and still have him alive.

"How to become invisible, so that one may enter a store or house when full of people, and carry off any number of things, without being seen.

"How to make one dollar appear like, and be satisfactorily received as two dollars."

The public will surely be indebted to the writer, if he gives them a correct idea of a book which teaches so many invaluable arts. It cannot be doubted but all would at times, find it convenient to make one dollar go for two dollars; and the faculty of becoming invisible would be of great utility, especially to those who are troubled with scolding wives, creditors, or sheriffs. As this appears to be one of the most miraculous of the gifts which the celebrated doctor teaches, we copy that portion of the book relating to it:

"When I last had occasion to visit Venice—for, with Byron, I can say,

"'I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand,'—

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I noticed that many persons, who had an excellent education, dressed and lived well, and mixed in good society, were known to be without property. They had incomes, I was told, but no estates. A great many of these people would disappear from sight a day or two in the week, and nobody knew where they went. In fact, this thing was so generally practised, that none of the Venetians, from being used to it, paid any attention to the matter. Being a stranger, it naturally attracted my notice, and finally excited my curiosity, vastly. I am of a very inquisitive turn of mind, as my readers, no doubt, are aware by this time. To learn everything that is worth knowing, has been my motto through life; and I almost feel like welcoming death for the sake of penetrating the mysteries of the world of spirits.

"In the house where I lived, was an Adonis of a fellow who had fine apartments, and who enjoyed all the creature comforts available in the city of the Adriatic. He dressed superbly, always had money, and lived altogether as well as many a small continental prince; but I was told that he did not possess a ducat's worth of property.

"'Was he an opera singer?' I asked. 'No.' 'A musician?' 'No.' 'An author?' 'No.' 'A politician?' 'No.' 'A government spy?' 'No.' 'A gambler?' 'No, no, no.'

"Well, what could he be, then? I thought, and asked myself the question a thousand times. Surely he had not discovered the philosopher's stone, or found a gold mine! His money must come from *somewhere*, there was no denying that! I observed that he, too, was missing two days every week, and that none of my fellow lodgers (several of them had *their* days of disappearance also) chose to know or suspect anything of the nature of the business that occupied his attention during those curious days.

"I cultivated his acquaintance, and after a while succeeded in

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gaining his confidence. Finally, I ventured, in a delicate manner, to introduce the subject of his absence from his outside haunts for two days out of every week—speaking of it in a playful way, and skillfully alluding to the fact that I was a stranger, which accounted for my inquisitiveness. He seemed disconcerted at first, but in a few moments recovered his affability and equanimity of temper, and promised to satisfy my curiosity at his earliest convenience.

"About a week after this conversation was held, he said to me with a serious air:

"'To-morrow I *vanish* again.'

"'And the reasons?' I begun.

"'Shall be made known to you then. At what time do you rise?'

"'With the sun,' I answered.

"'At sunrise, then, I will knock at the door of your chamber. You will be dressed?'

"'Are we to go out then?' I asked.

"'Oh, no; you need not take off your *robe de chambre*,' he replied with a smile.

"He was at my door next morning at the appointed time, and it is perhaps needless to say, that I was 'up and dressed,' waiting to receive him. In silence he conducted me to his own apartments, entered with me, and after carefully securing us from interruption by the aid of bolts and bars, bade me be seated. Taking a seat beside me, he said:

"'You see, signor, every man has his secret. Mine is life, wealth, everything to me. I am the younger son of a noble family, the heads of which died in poverty, leaving me nothing but an excellent education and a robust constitution. I found it necessary to earn money, in order that I might not starve, and I was deter-

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mined to do so without sullying my family name, by becoming a shopman or a recognized mechanic. I also made up my mind to avoid continuous, vulgar labor; in short, I settled with myself to live like a gentleman, as a man of my birth ought to do. Perseverance will accomplish anything, *mon cher ami*. After repeated failures, I hit upon a plan by which I am enabled to do all this and more. Look here.'

"He then arose from his seat, and pulled what appeared to me to be a damask table-cloth, spread over an ordinary table, away from where it was lying, and revealed a neat stand, with drawers, etc. Upon this stand were lying, in various stages of preparation, a number of plates of glass. I approached and examined them. I had the secret of the Venetian's income at once. *He was an etcher and engraver on glass.* The art, he assured me, had for a long time been lost; but in looking over some old monkish manuscripts, he had been fortunate enough to acquire the information necessary to revive it. . . . . .

"'But the process?' I eagerly said.

"'Is known only to me of us two. I shall not disclose it.' This declaration he made so abruptly that I forbore to trouble him any further upon the subject at that time.

"Two months after that I left Venice, never to return. Just as I was ready to start, my Adonis of a friend placed a neat little package in my hand, and bade me good bye. I have never seen or heard of him since. The package contained a full account of his etching and engraving on glass. I have it yet, and will dispose of it to any person who will send me five dollars."

Such, O reader! is the fulfillment of Dr. Bland's promise to teach by his book, the art of walking like an unseen spirit among men. This he does by offer-

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ing, for five dollars, a recipe for etching and engraving on glass, worth as much as the same surface of blank paper.

Great as is the contrast between the promise and the fulfillment—abrupt as is the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous—this is an exact illustration of the services Dr. Bland performs for humanity in this volume.

The matrimonial promises of the doctor are magnificent. "I hope to see the day," says he, "when old maids and old bachelors will be regarded as rare curiosities."

Look now at the manner in which he proposes to bring about this matrimonial millennium.

After some general directions, in which young men are advised, if they would win a young lady, to be coquettish when she is coquettish, and to treat her in all respects as her conduct deserves; the young of both sexes are advised to dress well, and patronize good tailors, shoemakers, and dentists. "Speaking of these foldkes," continues the doctor, "reminds me that dentists are among those most to overcharge for their goods and their services. For a set of teeth they charge from $150 to $300. This is outrageous and extortionate in the highest degree. I can furnish as fine a set of

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teeth as ever was seen . . . for the nominal sum of $20."

Ladies are requested to let the natural color of the hair remain, and not attempt to change it; and in a foot note the doctor says: "I have a preparation composed entirely from oriental herbs, that will restore hair to its natural color, no matter how grey it is. . . . I will send one bottle on receipt of three dollars."

Constitutional awkwardness is assigned as one reason why people remain single; and in a foot note the public is informed that the doctor has a mixture which will overcome timidity and awkwardness, which he will forward for two dollars per half pint bottle.

The public is also notified that the doctor has discovered a potent mixture which he calls "Cupid's Bouquet," which "exerts such power as was supposed, in the palmy days of the Israelites, to be swayed by the thick incense that stole through the aisles of the temple, and appeared to ascend to God, bearing men's prayers with it." . . . "Its influence upon myself," continues the doctor, "who have been familiar with it for fifteen years, is vast, so vast that it is sometimes a source of astonishment. . . . Yet I am not anxious to dis-

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pose of it. However, as it is of value to all who desire to feel easy in mind, brilliant in spirits, and healthful in body, and diffuse a loving and lovable atmosphere wherever it is carried, I think it my duty to accommodate my friends and readers with it if they want it. The directions are few. It is to be dropped upon the apparel of yourself, and of those of whose good wishes you feel anxious to be possessed. A drop will suffice for one occasion. This may be applied to the person of a friend without detection. . . . I will send a phial of this rare preparation to any address, upon the receipt of five dollars. I have been offered as high as $1,000 for the recipe, but I will never part with it while I live. After I am dead, my heirs may do what they please with it."

These specimens will show the method which Dr. Bland, and all others of his class take, to dispose of their worthless compounds. If you would win a husband or wife, pay Dr. Bland five dollars for Cupid's bouquet; if you would not oversleep yourself, pay Dr. Bland two dollars for the "London Morning Glory;" if you would have beautiful eyes, pay Dr. Bland two dollars for his "Court Eye Balm;" if you would be rich, pay Dr. Bland

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three or five dollars for a recipe for "India Ink," and so on to the end.

The public, whom the doctor thus faithfully serves, will be pained to learn that the authorities of this city do not appreciate him; and that the mayor actually stopped his letters, believing the name Bland to be fictitious. Immediately the name of S. Hankinson appeared as the one to which letters should be addressed, and the individual dealing in the secrets and arts discussed in this chapter, assured the reporters that was his real name. Since that, however, he has again been operating under the name of Bland.

But the police again interfered with this gentleman. The mayor issued a warrant for his arrest; he was taken into custody, his papers were seized as indecent, and the doctor held to bail.

When the officers arrested him, he threatened them with terrible vengeance if they touched his things; and his lawyer assured them they made the seizure at their peril. But they were not overawed by these threats; and a bystander advised the doctor to put in practice the art of becoming invisible, which he professed to teach. "Come, doctor," said he,-"convince us you are not a humbug. Let us see you disappear!" But owing to a

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want of power or inclination, the advice was not followed; and the doctor has since been arraigned by the grand jury, against which, it seems, he did not use his potent charm.

After he was admitted to bail, a reporter one day met him at the entrance of his office, as he was going into the street, and the doctor commenced conversation in reference to the affair, and the manner in which the reporters had written about him. "You have shown me no mercy," said he, good-naturedly.

"We have written nothing but the truth, doctor," replied he. "You would not of course suppose us such fools as to believe in the absurd stories you palm off on the ignorant."

"Oh, no," replied the doctor; "of course you know there is a great deal of humbug, but you see we must all live."

"You must have many interesting cases in the course of your practice on credulous patients," said the reporter.

"Yes, indeed," responded the doctor, laughing. "I have a man in my office now—I just left him there—and it seems impossible that any human being should be such a d——d fool as to believe the stuff he believes. I have been soaping him for

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an hour, and I shall make it pay. He wants a love charm. I professed to be very reluctant to sell it; told him it gave the possessor such power I dare not intrust it only with such as I know to be honorable and good men. This, of course, only made him more anxious, and I have taken time to consider whether to accommodate him. By the time I get ready to give him an answer, he will be ready to pay any price."

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CHAPTER XXXI.

Madame Hurst—Fortunes of a Fortune-teller—A successful Experiment—Her Opinion of her Customers and of her Art.

About two years ago, an Irish girl married an American sailor in her own country, and a few months later, at the earnest solicitation of her husband and his family, came with him to this city, accompanied by a sister to whom she was much attached. She very reluctantly left Ireland, where she had a comfortable home, and only consented to do so on the assurance of his parents that she should never want the comforts of life.

After her arrival, however, these promises, though kept for a time, were soon forgotten. The husband, dependent for subsistence on his labor, went on a long sea voyage, and she found herself homeless and destitute, with her sister and a young child to take care of.

When a child she had cultivated the art of fortune-telling, and obtained many a half-crown of gentlemen by its practice. In her emergency she

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resolved to set up as a fortune-teller, and for this purpose rented a basement room in Madison street.

She reflected that in the business she must encounter the competition of old and experienced heads, and she resolved upon an experiment. She advertised in one of the papers, that she would "answer questions on love, marriage, and absent friends, and tell all the events of life," for one shilling.

This was an astonishing reduction of prices, as other fortune-tellers charge one to five dollars for their services. But she reflected that persons who patronize fortune-tellers are generally poor as well as ignorant, and that many who could not afford to pay a dollar would gladly pay a shilling.

The result showed that she had calculated wisely. Her success was immediate, and far exceeded her expectations. The first day of the appearance of her advertisement, customers thronged her door before she had breakfasted, and so great was the rush that she could not get time to eat her dinner. The shillings came in as fast as she could shuffle her cards and go through the stereotyped lingo.

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A curious man (the same who visited Madame Lebon), called upon this cheap fortune-teller, who assumed the name of Madame Hurst in the early part of her career, and has furnished the writer with the following account of his visit:

"I called upon Madame Hurst, as she calls herself (which of course is a fictitious name), about three o'clock in the afternoon. I was told there were two girls in the room, to whom she was unfolding the secrets of the future, and of this I was subsequently convinced, when I saw two silly-looking creatures come forth from her presence, with a look of evident excitement on their faces. At the time she was dealing with these customers, eight girls and myself awaited our turn in the hall.

"Her apartments were in a dark and dingy basement, and she had no conveniences for persons in waiting. We were compelled to stand in the gloomy, filthy hall, until by dint of taking down a pile of household articles which stood behind the door, seats were secured upon inverted wash-tubs, a box, and one old chair without a bottom.

"I was anxious to learn the views which induced the eight females by whom I was surrounded, to visit the fortune-teller, and entered into conversation, in which they were not at all backward.

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They declared without hesitation they were there to see when they were to be married, and what the fortune-teller could promise them in this respect. Most of them appeared to be servant-girls; but there was one better dressed and more modest than the rest, whom I overheard whispering to her attendant, 'what *would* my father say, if he knew I was here?' I also overheard one of the servant-girls whisper that she would willingly give the fortune-teller fifty cents, if she would guarantee her a husband within a year.

"They seemed thoroughly to believe in the art of fortune-telling, and that the madame had power to bring about whatever she pleased.

"I awaited my turn with as much patience as I could command. Several arrived after me; but about the time my turn came, there was so much prospect of rain that all hurried off. And they had good reason; for a terrific storm of lightning and rain began immediately, and must have drenched the retreating maidens to the skin. A fearful peal of thunder shook the house as though each stone was suddenly animated with terror, and the lightning and wind prostrated buildings, unroofed houses, tore up trees, and scattered signs and awnings through the streets.

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"Whatever confidence the fortune-teller may have had in her professed power over the elements, when I entered the room, she was ghastly with fright, and paid no attention to me. 'God above us!' she exclaimed, 'what a horrible storm! Oh, Heaven! the house will tumble down on our heads!' and kindred ejaculations, until the tempest subsided. She then took notice of my presence, and asked abruptly what I wanted.

"I replied that I came to consult her on matrimonial business.

"'You will pay before-hand, if you please,' was her first remark. "It is twenty-five cents for gentlemen—a shilling for ladies."

"'Why this partiality to ladies?' I inquired.

"'I prefer to have them come for all the men; and the men can afford it.'

"Having received her fee, she shuffled the cards in the usual way, and went through the routine 'revelations'—as indefinite, of course, as the enunciations of an ancient oracle. After she had finished, I told her, laughing, that I did not believe a word she had said.

"'If you do not believe what I say, why should you come here and pay out your money?'

"I came to see how credulous people must be

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who believe such nonsense. Do you suppose I am silly enough to swallow it? Let me take the cards and I will manage your next customer as well as you can yourself. I can tell your fortune as well as you can tell mine. You know as well as I that this is all humbug. The theory of your art is, that certain combinations of cards indicate certain things—disappointments or the contrary—success or failure in business, etc.; and any one who knows enough to learn and remember a few simple rules, can tell fortunes. You see I am not a dupe, and you might as well own that you are not. Do you believe anything in it yourself?

"Far from being offended at this onslaught upon her profession, she seemed pleased; and replied, that she of course did not believe in it at all, since she understood how utterly foolish the whole thing was, and added:

"'The reason why I don't want gentlemen to come, is, they are not so superstitious as the women. They don't believe what I say, but the women, poor things, and especially the servant-girls, swallow every word of it.'

"I inquired concerning the nature of the errands of her customers, who, she assured me, were nearly all females. She replied that they came to consult

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her about matrimony, in almost every instance; that they believed she had power to gain them a husband, and that marriage was certain with her aid.

"I asked her if she thought it right to deceive people in such a way, and take their money without any equivalent.

"'Oh, as to that,' she replied, 'I can't say it's right exactly; but it's only a shilling, and it don't hurt them any to pay that, and it does me a good deal of good. If they didn't come to me and pay a shilling, they would go elsewhere and pay a dollar. So, you see, I actually do them a service.'"

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CHAPTER XXXII.

The "Matrimonial Alliance Bureau" of Clement A. Watson, in South Brooklyn—Some original Documents, showing the *Modus Operandi* of Matrimonial Brokerage, together with the Correspondence and Experience of Mr. James P. Hope, Lawyer, and the Conclusions to which he came.

We believe the "Matrimonial Alliance Bureau" of Mr. Clement A. Watson, No. 65 President street, South Brooklyn, was never heard of until one morning last December; and that the first intimation the public had of its existence, was the announcement in the *Herald* that upwards of nine hundred happy marriages had been effected by its agency. This, certainly, was an auspicious beginning. What an advantage to a physician, for instance, when he sets up in practice, to be able to announce that he has cured nine hundred patients! "If," he would naturally say, "if I can cure nine hundred persons merely by a *design* of becoming a practitioner, what can I not do when I am actually started?" The following we believe to be the first

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announcement of Mr. Watson's establishment. We take it from the *Herald* of Dec. 22d, 1858:

"MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE BUREAU, 65 President street South Brooklyn, N. Y. Established 1856, for introducing ladies and gentlemen at present unknown to each other, who are desirous of entering into matrimony. Upwards of 900 (comprising all classes of society), have been already advantageously married and made happy through this medium. Detailed prospectuses with forms of application and all particulars, sent (under cover) on receipt of 50 cents to any part of the Union, Canadas, or West Indies.

"CLEMENT A. WATSON, Manager."

A young man who gave the name of James P. Hope, of Syracuse, having seen the above promising advertisement, called to confer with the benefactor of maids and bachelors whose name was attached to it. The house looked rather shabby, and the door was open, although it was in the winter time. He rung the bell, and a woman came to the door with a child in her arms. It occurred to him that a free application of soap and water to the interior of the premises would decidedly improve appearances.

"Is Mr. Watson in?" he inquired.

"No, sir."

"Isn't his office here?"

"Yes; but he isn't."

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"When will he be here?"

"I don't know."

"But doesn't he stay here to attend to his customers?"

"He's here sometimes; but not much."

"But doesn't he have office hours? What time shall I be sure to find him?"

"Well, if you'll be here at 6 o'clock this evening, you'll be sure to see him."

Mr. Hope told the woman he would call at that time, and begged she would ask Mr. Watson to meet him, as he wished to see him on business.

At six o'clock he called again, but Mr. Watson was not to be seen, and he went home without getting a glimpse of that distinguished gentleman.

Two or three days later, not having time to renew the attempt in person, he dispatched a friend, with orders to make an appointment for him, provided he saw Watson, and if he did not see him, to leave a note, requesting him to be at home the next Monday, at 4 o'clock. The friend went, but had no better success. Mr. Watson was not to be found, and according to directions, he left a note.

Mr. Hope concluded that Mr. Watson was a myth, or that he would not be seen until he was

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feed. Therefore he wrote a note and inclosed fifty cents, which he resolved to leave if he still failed to have his eyes feasted with a sight of the great Watson. He was met at the door by the same woman, who informed him that Mr. Watson was not in.

"I had word left here on Saturday, that I would call at this hour," said Hope.

"Well, he is not in, and I don't know when he will be."

After receiving this answer, not altogether unexpected, Mr. Hope deposited in her hands the following note:

"NEW YORK, *Jan.* 10, 1859.

"MR. WATSON—

"SIR: Having seen your advertisement in the *Herald*, I am anxious to get a copy of your prospectuses, and will call to-morrow for the same. I inclose fifty cents in payment therefor. I should like to have an interview with you, and will call about 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

"Yours respectfully,

"JAMES P. HOPE."

In accordance with his promise, Mr. Hope called next day; but the invisible Watson did not yet deign to bless his eyes with a sight of his sacred person. He had, however, left a letter for him; and his [Mr. Hope's] generosity enables us to lay

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before our readers an exact copy of the contents:

"'MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE BUREAU,'
"65 President street, South Brooklyn, N. Y.,
"*Jany.* 11*th*, 1859.

"MR. HOPE—

"SIR: Regret not being able to remain at office, till 4 o'clock to see you, caused by a prengagement. You will, however, be able to glean all necessary information, by perusing the inclosed Prospectus. Should the same meet your approbation, I shall be most happy to afford you a pleasant and agreeable introduction. In the first instance, however, it is absolutely necessary to fill up the inclosed schedule with particulars, and return the same *with the registration fee, two dollars*, on receipt of which I will submit for your approval the filled schedule (with full particulars) and the Photograph of a Lady applicant, whom I will select, in accordance with the requirements of your schedule.

"Awaiting your commands,

"Yours most respectfully,

"CLEMENT A. WATSON."

The "accompanying documents" which Mr. Hope received, were printed and as follows:

"MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE BUREAU,

"65 PRESIDENT STREET, SOUTH BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Referring to your communication, I am led to presume that you are a single person. If such be the case, I shall be glad to receive your instructions to select for you a partner from my books.

"If you honor me with commands, you may rely on my study-

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ing your interests in all points, as I will only select a party suited in every respect to your taste, circumstances, position, etc.

"Having numerous applications daily from all quarters, through my unlimited connections, I am in a condition to offer speedy and agreeable introductions to both sexes, whereby marriage will follow. The evidence of my having effected many hundred marriages during the last three years, through this medium, is the best guarantee that I can offer to my clients, who thus avoid the artificial social system, which, in so many instances, prevents a reunion of hearts, and sacrifices to conventionalism the happiness and even the lives of thousands of the young of both sexes. Secrecy maintained in all cases.

"Yours, most obediently,

"CLEMENT A. WATSON."

RULES.

"1. The registry or retaining fee of two dollars, to be paid in *all* cases before any information is furnished, thus, to a certain extent, preventing parties from applying through mere curiosity.

"2. Charges to be made strictly in accordance with the ability and position of applicants.

"3. Only parties of respectability to be treated with.

"4. The annexed schedule of particulars to be filled up and returned, with two dollars; also real name and address, *in confidence*, on a separate piece of paper, which will not be given up to any one without authority in writing—thus securing inviolable secrecy.

"5. Those who object to fill up the annexed official schedule may send a written statement.

"6. The founder to have the sole power of making selections, and sending copies of original applications, but in *all* cases omit-

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ting the name and address of clients, which are submitted in confidence to the negotiator.

"7. When the necessary preliminaries are arranged, parties can submit their portraits in the *first instance* before appointing an interview.

"8. Portraits, reports and documents submitted *confidentially* must be returned within four days.

"9. Any subscriber not acting up to the rules, forfeits his or her claims against the founder for services to be performed.

"10. All documents, portraits, etc., to be kept in lock-up cases.

"11. Private interviews with the manager fixed *only* by previous appointment, and the fee of two dollars remitted.

"12. All letters to be prepaid to prevent refusal, and those requiring answers must send stamped envelopes for that purpose. "CLEMENT A. WATSON,

"*Manager.*"

The schedule to which reference is made both in the letter and prospectus of "the founder," was as follows:

"This to be cut off, filled up, and returned prepaid, with answers to as many questions as practicable, and addressed, Mr. Clement A. Watson, 65 President street, South Brooklyn, N. Y.

"SCHEDULE OF APPLICATION.

"MALE OR FEMALE.

"Initials only; name to be on a separate piece of paper?

"Occupation or business?

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"Age and sex?

"Light or dark?

"Tall, short or medium?

"Robust or slender?

"Have you a good constitution?

"What are your habits?"

"Do you belong to any religious denomination?

"Are you a bachelor, widower, spinster or widow?

"Supposed income—what derived from—any present fortune or perspective?

"ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

"Give a description of the person you desire for a husband or wife (as the case may be), and if you have anything further to add, please place it under the inclosed heading."

This schedule Mr. Hope filled up in due form and dispatched to "the founder," with the following accompanying letter:

"NEW YORK, *Jan.* 12th, 1859.

"C. A. WATSON, ESQ.—

"SIR: I called yesterday and received your prospectus, which I now return duly filled, with the required registration fee of $2. I shall call at five o'clock to-morrow for the schedule and photograph you propose to submit, and hope then to see you, as I can more fully explain my views and plans than by writing. If you cannot see me at that time, please leave a note, stating definitely *when* you can.

"Respectfully yours,

"JAMES P. HOPE."

Mr. Hope's conjecture that there was no such

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thing as getting a sight of the founder without feeing him, was correct as will be seen by rule 11; and he blamed the founder for not making the fact known in his advertisement.

He called at four o'clock the next day, and was again told that Mr. Watson was not in, but that he was expected every minute, and had left word that he would see him. He therefore called again in about an hour, when he was informed that the long-sought founder was in his office, prepared for an interview; and entering the front room on the first floor, he at last saw the being in question—a short, thick-set man, about thirty years old.

"Mr. Hope?" said the founder.

"The same, sir. I suppose you received the filled schedule and the fee I sent you?"

The founder assented.

"I have called to examine the filled schedule, and the likeness of the lady to whom you propose to introduce me."

The founder attempted to turn the conversation into another channel; but Mr. Hope was not to be diverted. At last the founder said:

"Mr. Hope, I am prepared in your case to waive the ordinary forms, and you need not take the trouble to examine a schedule or likeness, nor

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leave a portrait of yourself. I will introduce you to-morrow, provided, of course, you pay me a sufficient fee."

"How much will that be?"

The founder fell into a profound reverie, and finally suggested that Mr. Hope, being well off, could not object to the small sum of twenty-five dollars."

"To whom will you introduce me for that sum?"

"To a widow in New York. I have just seen her this afternoon—a beautiful woman, with one child."

"A boy?"

"Unfortunately I don't remember; didn't in fact inquire. She can't fail of pleasing you."

"But suppose she doesn't please me?"

"Then you needn't pay. You must advance five dollars *now*, and I will introduce you. If satisfied, you shall pay me twenty more. If not satisfied, I will refund twenty shillings."

"But her likeness? If I could see that I could determine about advancing the five dollars."

The founder seemed somewhat puzzled by the repetition of the demand for the likeness; but reminded Mr. Hope that under the rules he was

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"to have the sole power of making selections," and in fact refused to show any filled schedule or likeness.

Mr. Hope being a lawyer, it was natural that the legal maxim, *falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*, should occur to him. "If this fellow," thought he, "breaks his word before introducing me, what guaranty have I that he will introduce me at all? or that the widow with whom he proposes to make me acquainted is respectable? How does this man know I am not a humbug and a swindler? He requires no references—gives no pledge of sincerity or virtue but his bare assertion—inquires nothing about my antecedents or acquaintances—does not even know whether I have given him a real or fictitious name. Yet, if this widow is honest, he is ready for five dollars to impose me upon her as a man whom he knows to be sincere and respectable! It looks to me as though this Watson is a humbug, and merely wants the five dollars. If I pay it, nine chances out of ten he will never introduce me. I do not, in fact, believe he *can* introduce me, or that he has a single schedule filled up by a lady, or a single likeness. If he had, he would show it."

Having arrived at this conclusion, Mr. Hope did

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not see fit to be introduced. Whether his conclusions were just, our readers can judge.

The founder has since removed his establishment to another locality.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

A NEW AND SINGULAR CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF MRS. CUNNINGHAM BURDELL.

She visits a Matrimonial Office in Forty-third street—Is introduced to Mr. Fitzgerald, of St. Louis—Her Appearance and Dress—Her Opinion of Domestic Peace and of New York Ladies—She offers to find a Model Wife—Her Sentiments on Love, Marriage and Divorce—Is a Free-Lover—Mrs. Willis, the Broker—Discourses of Ghosts—She relates the Wonderful Story of a Clock—Fitzgerald makes a Remark about Dead Men, and Cunningham gets Nervous—An Important Confession about her Marriage—She tells her Age—She offers to cure Fitzgerald of a Cold—Wants him to go and drink a Punch of her making—He thinks of the Bloody Work in Bond street, and declines—She accepts Five Dollars as a Slight Token of Respect—She Discourses of Murders and Executions—Is opposed to Capital Punishment—Denounces the Reporters as a Meddlesome, Lying Set of Vultures—Her Opinion of the Tombs as a Residence—A Decisive Meeting—Cunningham wants a Set of Furs—She offers to take Charge of Fitzgerald's Household Affairs—Wants him to take a House Up Town—Mr. Fitzgerald attempts to get away, but is seized by Cunningham and detained by Force—He makes another Present and gets into the Hall, which is Dark—He finds himself Locked in—He calls in vain to be released—He gets into the Parlor—Resolved to smash a Window—Interesting Dénoûment—Where Mrs. Cunningham went after the Meeting.

THE excitement caused by the murder of Dr. Burdell, at 31 Bond street, on the night of January

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30, 1857, has scarcely a parallel in the criminal records of this city. The extraordinary circumstances of the affair; the relations which the inmates of the house sustained to the victim; the long and pedantic inquest of the coroner; the subsequent trial and acquittal of Mrs. Cunningham for murder, and her attempt to bring forward a false heir to the Burdell estate, for months filled the columns of the public prints, and were read with absorbing interest.

After the decision of the Surrogate, which denied the marriage of Mrs. Cunningham to Dr. Burdell, and excluded her from any share in his estate, she disappeared from public view, and nothing has been heard of her except an occasional newspaper paragraph, one of which announced her marriage to Mr. Eckel, which that gentleman promptly denied. Other paragraphs have represented her as living in fine style up town, while others have located her in New Jersey; others have married her youngest daughter to a wealthy Southern planter, and others again have denied any such marriage.

The writer is in possession of a singular and authentic history, which will throw some light upon her recent movements and present position.

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In November last, a young man giving the name of C. Frank Fitzgerald, of St. Louis, Mo., went to the matrimonial office of Mrs. Jessie Willis, No. 18 West Forty-third street, in this city—an office which was started in the summer of 1858, and has been quite extensively advertised. We copy the following specimen of the advertisements from the *New York Herald* of January 27th, 1859:

"MRS. JESSIE WILLIS will give introductions to ladies and gentlemen with a view to matrimony, at her office, 18 West Forty-third street, from 3 to 8 P.M. Parties suited; references required. Gentlemen's fees $1; ladies free. Letters from the country must be post-paid, with return letter stamps. N.B.—All business confidential."

The house of Mrs. Willis is situated near Fifth Avenue, and is plain but neatly furnished. She is a Spiritualist in faith, and on her table are found Judge Edmonds's work, and several books by spiritual mediums.

Mr. Fitzgerald was understood to have plenty of money, and was promised an introduction to a young widow, who was represented as possessing every desirable accomplishment; and for this purpose he made his second visit to the office one Monday afternoon, but the young widow did not make her appearance according to agreement.

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Mr. Fitzgerald waited near half an hour beyond the time fixed, and Mrs. Willis several times expressed her surprise that the lady did not come, and finally said:

"This lady is always so prompt, I fear she will not be here to day. If you choose, however, you can wait a little longer; and if you would like to pass away the time pleasantly, meanwhile, there is a widow now in the next room, to whom I will introduce you, merely for a passing acquaintance. She is considerably older than yourself, and I do not suppose you would think of marrying her; but she is intelligent and lively in conversation, and I think you would be pleased with her."

"Very well," replied Fitzgerald; "let her come in; I shall be happy to see her."

Mrs. Willis then retired to the room adjoining the parlor in the rear, which communicated by folding doors, and led in the widow.

It happened that Fitzgerald was in New York at the time of Mrs. Cunningham's trial for murder, and having visited the court several times while it was in progress, retained a distinct recollection of the prisoner's features and countenance. And when Mrs. Willis led the woman into the room, he instantly recognized in her the same

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Mrs. Cunningham Burdell whom he had seen in court.

She was dressed in deep black, as she was during her trial, and had on a heavy veil of the same color, which was thrown back over her hat. But her garments bore evident marks of time, and she looked much older than when he saw her a few months previous.

It was perhaps with some difficulty that he suppressed an exclamation or look of surprise at this sudden and unexpected apparition; but immediately it occurred to him that he would feign ignorance, which might enable him to learn something of her character, and perhaps satisfy his own mind in relation to the awful mystery connected with her history.

Be it known that the introductions of a matrimonial broker differ from introductions in general, in that the broker gives no names—only an obscure ejaculation, which one might possibly think represented a name, but which he had not understood. Such was the introduction of Mr. Fitzgerald to Mrs. Cunningham, whereupon, he arose and bowed in his politest manner.

"I am spending a few weeks in New York, madam," said he, "and having seen Mrs. Willis's

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advertisement, it occurred to me I might make some pleasant acquaintances by calling here. I am happy to see you, and trust our acquaintance will be mutually agreeable."

Mrs. Cunningham gave Fitzgerald a piercing look, as if to satisfy herself whether she had ever seen him before; and of this he was perfectly conscious. His self-possession, however, if shaken an instant upon the first recognition, had fully returned, and he bore her scrutinizing glances without any exhibition of anxiety.

She replied that she regarded Mrs. Willis's office an institution of great utility to strangers, and remarked that there was, in her estimation, nothing improper in the system.

"Matrimonial offices," said she, "are very common in Paris; people think nothing of it there. But some of our Americans have an idea they are immoral. But that depends altogether upon the use people make of them. Strangers who come here without any acquaintances, find it very convenient to be introduced into respectable families, where they can enjoy social advantages, and occasionally pass a pleasant evening with friends."

"That was my idea in coming here," replied Fitzgerald. "New York is pleasant in the day

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time, when we can go about and see such a variety of things; but at night, I often get tired of the opera—tired of the theatre, and the ordinary amusements, and feel greatly the need of good female society."

"You are not married, then, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. Married men, I take it, are happy and contented to stay at home."

"Not always," replied Cunningham. "Many find themselves worse off than before. You would be astonished, if you knew all I know about the unhappiness of married people in New York. These cases are very common."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, everywhere, but particularly in New York. The truth is, ladies think so much of dress and fashion here, they do not make good wives. There are very few fit for a man to marry. There are some, however. I know a young lady, fourteen years of age—a very particular friend of mine—to whom I would introduce a gentleman of the right stamp.

"What qualifications would you require?"

"Well, he must have means, of course. A poor man may be just as good as a rich one, and all that; but whatever people may say, money is desirable.

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He must be rich, and must be a gentleman who would appreciate her, not make a slave of her. I tell you, sir, the man who gets her will find a true wife. I have known her intimately from childhood, and she has not been educated in the follies and extravagances which most girls get into. She is domestic in her tastes and habits, and understands household duties as well as the accomplishments of the parlor. She is beautiful, too, and I do not know what more could be desired."

"But the picture you have drawn of domestic unhappiness is not encouraging to a bachelor. You are a widow, and have seen much of society, and your opinion that unhappy marriages are very common is certainly entitled to weight."

"Yes, unless you marry understandingly, you had better let it alone. The only way I would recommend a young man to marry, would be to take some one whom an experienced female friend could recommend. Women of my age, for instance, are capable of judging, and this young lady I speak of I could recommend from personal knowledge."

"I think, at best," suggested Frank, "there would be a possibility of mistake. If custom only permitted separation when parties are dissatisfied, it might do."

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When Fitzgerald uttered this sentiment, which a free-lover might easily construe in favor of his theory, he watched the effect; Cunningham gave him another searching look, and he thought her side glance the most devilish he ever encountered. It was a mingled look, in which suspicion was predominant.

"In the present state of society," she answered, "it would not do—I mean it would be regarded as wrong."

Fitzgerald perceived she had put the worst construction on his remark it would bear, and replied:

"Many things would be regarded as wrong by society, which, nevertheless, if carried out, might be for the good of society. Public opinion is not always a correct criterion."

"That is true," replied Cunningham. "I entertain views on that subject myself which I should not dare to make known to my friends, only some who could appreciate them. I believe, for instance, that persons who are not fitted to each other, ought to be allowed to separate whenever they choose; and I do not believe that the legal ceremony constitutes marriage at all."

Cunningham's interesting and liberal discourse on marriage and divorce was here interrupted by the

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entrance of Mrs. Willis, the broker, who sat down between Fitzgerald and Mrs. Cunningham. It was now twilight, the gas had not been lit, and everything in the room wore a gloomy aspect. The broker, as if impressed by the sombre spirit of the hour, began immediately to talk of ghosts and spiritual manifestations.

"When I took a hotel to keep at the corner of Spring street, a few years ago," she commenced, "I had two excellent servant girls with me that I was anxious to keep, and, in order to do so, retained them several days without anything to do, while I was waiting to begin in the hotel.

"One afternoon, one of them comes into the room, and says: 'I want to go over to a relative of mine, for I have just heard their little boy is sick.' Very well, I told her, she could go. But we had an old clock in the house, which had stood on the mantel four years without stirring; and just as this conversation took place, what should the old clock do but begin to strike; and it actually struck ten! The girl was frightened, and said she thought that was a warning, that the little boy, her cousin, was dead, and that he died at ten o'clock. She hurried right over there; and sure enough, the child had died, just at that time."

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"You believe in spiritual manifestations, do you not?" said Fitzgerald.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Willis.

"As to that," said Fitzgerald, "I cannot see the philosophy of the dead coming back and manifesting themselves. I believe that when a man is dead, he is dead, and do not think there are ghosts enough in the universe to make a clock strike. I believe the soul lives hereafter; but I have seen no evidence which convinces me it comes back again.

"I believe," added Fitzgerald, in a solemn and impressive tone, looking directly at Mrs. Cunningham, "I believe the old maxim, that '*dead men tell no tales.*'"

Fitzgerald made this remark expressly to see what effect it would produce; and as he uttered it, Mrs. Cunningham gave a nervous start, and again fixed on him the piercing side glance, which he thought so devilish. Her look seemed to say, "Did you intend that remark for me?" and he immediately changed the subject, to prevent suspicion.

The conversation which followed was on love and matrimony, and Frank asked her how long she had been a widow.

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"I have been a widow over four years—almost five," she answered.

Shade of Dr. Burdell! thought Frank, where is this woman's story of having married a few months before the murder?

"And do you believe," he asked her, "that a person can love more than once?"

"Yes, I think so," she replied; "but I don't know. I never had but one lover, and that was the man I married."

Frank again bethought him of the story she told when under arrest for murder—her pretended attachment for the doctor—her claim that he was her second husband, and the attempt to get the estate.

Mrs. Cunningham expressed the opinion that attachment does not always depend upon age, which, subsequent events convinced Frank, was intended as an intimation that although she was several years his senior, an attachment was not impossible.

"It is a delicate question to ask a lady, I am aware, madam," replied he, "but I should like to know your age?"

"I am thirty-two—have a daughter seventeen. I was married at fourteen."

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Mrs. Cunningham then went on to describe the pleasant social gatherings she had at her house; said they made it a point to entertain some of their friends every evening, play cards a little, dance, perhaps, and enjoy themselves generally. She further informed Frank that she had a large circle of aristocratic acquaintances, to whom she could introduce a friend.

She finally said it was time to go home; that she lived only a short distance from there, and should walk. As it was quite dark and unpleasant, Frank felt bound to offer himself as an escort, which offer was accepted.

Before leaving, she went out and had a long consultation with the broker, which was carried on in a low tone. At length the broker came in alone, and whispered to Frank that the lady was not averse to a lover herself, and had taken a liking to him; but charged him by everything high and low not to intimate that she had whispered such a thing to him, for she (Cunningham) knew nothing of it, and she (the broker) had done it entirely of her own notion.

Mrs. Cunningham soon after announced her readiness to go, and the two set out in company. She went to the Fifth Avenue and turned down. As

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they passed the palatial residences of that street, she would point out a house and say Mr. So-and-so lived there, and that she was an intimate friend of the family. Finally she paused before an elegant dwelling, and turned to the gate as though she intended to enter; but suddenly turned away, saying: "I have a sister living here, and intended to stop, but as it is so late I think on the whole I will not."

The two walked on to Madison Park, and Frank began to feel fearful he should meet some stray acquaintance, of whom he had a number in that locality, and became exceedingly anxious to get rid of his charge. He therefore remarked that he had an important engagement in Brooklyn, and feared he should be late. "I have to go over the South Ferry," added he, "and I see there is a South Ferry omnibus."

"You had better take it," said Mrs. Cunningham. "I only want to go around to Lexington Avenue to make a call, and can just as well go alone. I have a friend there who will accompany me home."

"It is very ungallant," said Frank, "to leave a lady alone in the street at this hour; yet, if it will make no difference with you, haste must be my apology."

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"It will not make the slightest difference, I assure you, sir," said Mrs. Cunningham; and after renewing his promise to meet her at Mrs. Willis's the next Friday afternoon, he bade her good-night.

THE SECOND INTERVIEW OF MR. FITZGERALD AND MRS. CUNNINGHAM.

The next Friday, at five o'clock, both parties were at the matrimonial office, according to agreement. Mr. Fitzgerald observed that Mrs. Cunningham had a pale, haggard and sleepy look; and she felt called on to apologize, which she did by saying she was up all the previous night with a sick person.

"I am a great nurse," said she, "and as you are complaining of a bad cold and headache, I think I shall have to try my skill with you."

Frank replied that he was indeed quite ill, and doubted not her treatment would soon restore him; but at once changed the subject by inquiring after the young lady of whom she had previously spoken to him.

Mrs. Cunningham replied that she was well, but that it took a widow for a good nurse; and other-

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wise managed to attract conversation to herself. She finally said:

"I tell you what it is, sir, if you want to get cured, come with me."

"Do you propose to introduce me to your family to-night?"

"Oh no, sir. The time may come when that will do; but it will not do yet; you cannot even know my name. When we know each other well enough—when I know who you are, and you know who I am, then I will invite you to my house. But until that time comes I shall not do so."

"I thought," suggested Frank, "by your speaking of nursing me, that you would take me under your care at home."

"No. There are plenty of restaurants where we can go. You are, I presume, acquainted with some of them."

"I don't know that I am. The truth is, I have led a very quiet and straightforward life in New York."

"Well, there are plenty of places where we can go. There is one at the corner of ——— street and Broadway, where we can have a room to ourselves, and be waited on in good style."

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This conversation was interlarded with much irrelevant gossip, and by this time it was quite dark. Fitzgerald thought he fully comprehended Mrs. Cunningham's meaning, and resolved to retreat at once. He, therefore, remarked that he was too unwell to remain longer, but would go directly home, and take some medicine for his cold. At the same time he took out his pocket-book, and said:

"I trust, madam, as I cannot remain longer to-night, you will not be offended if I offer you a small present, merely as a token of sincerity. It is, of course, but a trifle, and nothing to what I shall expect to do for you if our acquaintance continues."

Saying which he took out a formidable roll of bank notes, and handed her five dollars.

Mrs. Cunningham took the money without hesitation, and said:

"I thank you. I have done nothing to deserve it; but perhaps I shall be able to in future."

"At any rate you are quite welcome to so small a trifle, and I trust you will never have cause to charge me with ingratitude," replied Frank.

He was about to leave, but Mrs. Cunningham called him back.

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"It is early yet," said she, "and I am really troubled about your cold. You have a bad cough, I perceive, and if you are not attended to at once, I fear it will amount to something serious."

"I hope not," replied Frank.

"The truth is, there are few people who know how to nurse a sick person," she continued, quite earnestly. "I can cure you of your cold, I am sure, so you will not feel it to-morrow. Come, go with me to the place I speak of, *and I will fix you up a punch which I am sure will cure you.*"

Mr. Fitzgerald thought of the pile of bills he had displayed—thought of the ugly side glances cast on him more than once during the evening—thought of Bond street and the bloody tragedy—and finally of the possibility of a punch which would not only cure his cold, but all the ills his flesh was heir to, and found the association of ideas decidedly unpleasant.

"I am much obliged to you, madam," he replied, not allowing any of his thoughts to find expression in his countenance; "you are very kind indeed, and I believe your punch would cure me; but really I must deny myself the pleasure to-night. I feel so ill I must go home at once."

"Well," she said, "you must of course be your own judge."

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The broker now came in, and began to talk about the execution of James Rodgers, the boy-murderer, which had occurred that day, and an account of which, it seemed, she had read in the evening papers. She remarked that it seemed hard to hang so young a person.

"How did he bear up?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

"Very well, I believe," replied Frank, to whom the question was addressed; "I have not read the account, and shall not, probably. I take no interest in such things, and could never understand the great love the public seem to have for murders and hangings."

"But you must see accounts of these things in the papers," said Cunningham. "We have a shocking number of murders in New York."

"Yes, there seems to be a great propensity for cutting throats, and putting men out of the way, among you New Yorkers. But it seems that most of the rascals get clear here; your jurors acquit nearly everybody that is tried."

Cunningham, who had appeared very nervous during the entire interview, seemed more so at this stage of the conversation, and remarked that it was a difficult thing always to tell who was guilty and

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who innocent; and that public opinion was very unreliable in such matters.

Fitzgerald, in commenting on the great number of startling tragedies which the New York papers serve up with such vigor, remarked that he had always supposed the accounts were exaggerated.

"They are exaggerated," said Cunningham. "The papers are not to be relied upon at all. The reporters are a set of vultures that beset a person the moment anything occurs, and if they can't get anything true that suits them, they make it out of whole cloth. The reporters will lie as fast as they can write, and they may use short-hand at that. Look how they worried poor old Mr. Blount's life out of him. They make a thing ten times worse than it would be if they would let it alone. They are a meddlesome, lying set."

"I presume it is for their interest to overdraw," responded Frank; "but I suppose Rodgers was really hung."

"Yes," said Cunningham, "I suppose the poor fellow was killed. It is a barbarous custom, in my opinion, and I think it ought to be abolished. I don't believe in capital punishment. I remember, when I was a child, of seeing a man hung at the Tombs; and I never have passed the Tombs since but I have thought of an execution."

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"A hard place that Tombs, I should think," remarked Frank, thinking desperately of Mrs. Cunningham's capabilities to judge of that establishment as a residence.

"It is a horrible place," she replied with much earnestness; but suddenly checking her vehemence, added: "at least I should think so. I have been there as a visitor several times, and it didn't seem to me any person could live there."

Fitzgerald appointed the next Monday afternoon for another interview, at which time, he said, he hoped to be in better health and spirits, and bade her good night.

THE THIRD AND LAST INTERVIEW OF MR. FITZGERALD AND MRS. CUNNINGHAM.

Mr. Fitzgerald promptly kept his appointment, and found that Mrs. Cunningham was no less prompt. He believed this would be a decisive interview, and was busy devising means for ending an acquaintance which had commenced wholly by accident, been pursued wholly from curiosity, and which, from every consideration, he felt must be immediately terminated.

Mrs. Cunningham's appearance was more pale and haggard than on the previous occasion. She

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was, in fact, a type of perfect mental misery, or of great physical prostration. She again apologized, by saying that they had a wedding at her house the night before. "My second daughter," said she, "fourteen years old, was married last night to a wealthy Southern planter. He is much older than she, but loves her dearly, and I hope they will be happy."

The broker soon after entered, and said a lady and gentleman were present who wanted the parlor. "As we are all pretty well acquainted now," she said, addressing Frank, "perhaps you will have no objection to going up-stairs. There is a pleasant room directly above this, and I have ordered fire and lights."

Fitzgerald ascended the stairs, followed by Cunningham, and was ushered into the room described by the broker. There was a bed in one corner, and a cheerful fire in the grate.

"Is it possible," thought Frank, "that these people have concocted a scheme to charm me with this society until a late hour, to rob me of the roll of bills they think I carry! Is this the Delilah who is to shear my locks, that somebody may cut my throat or pick my pockets?"

The more he thought of it, the more his suspi-

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cions were aroused, and he reflected with satisfaction on the means of defence he had provided in case of foul play. He resolved to learn definitely the nature of Mrs. Cunningham's expectations, and bring his visit to a speedy close. He accordingly seated himself near a front window, at a sufficient distance to watch her motions, and in a position to observe the door, which he did closely, and commenced a jovial conversation, as though his spirits were undisturbed by any of the apprehensions referred to. Mrs. Cunningham plainly intimated that a set of winter furs would be very acceptable, and that seventy-five or a hundred dollars would purchase as good a set as she desired.

Fitzgerald went into a long discourse on the liability of bachelors to lose shirt-buttons, and have their clothes otherwise disordered, to all of which Cunningham assented, and professed to be an excellent hand to look after such matters.

Gradually she threw off the restraint which she had formerly observed in conversation, and finally, when he asked her directly if she would accompany him South, she replied in the affirmative without hesitation; and when he intimated there was a possibility of his going into business in this city, she urged him, in that case, to buy and fur-

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nish a house up town, which she pledged herself to take care of in the best style, and to look after his general welfare in the most satisfactory manner as long as he remained single. As a slight manifestation of her interest, she pinned the binding to the cuff of his overcoat, where it had been loosened.

"You see," said she, "I am a good hand to take care of things. You will get that house if you come here, will you not?"

"I will see," replied Frank, looking at his watch. "I will think the matter over; but I have an engagement at the Lafarge House at six o'clock this evening, and I see it is almost six o'clock now."

"But you are not going to leave me so soon?"

"Yes, madam, I must go immediately."

"No; that will not do. You must spend the evening here with me. There is a good fire, and you needn't go."

"A very tempting offer, surely," replied Frank; 'but, indeed, it is impossible to accept your generous invitation; I cannot break my engagement."

"Is it so important that you must leave me alone here?"

"Yes, it is on business, and imperative. Good evening, madam."

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Fitzgerald took his hat and started for the door; but Mrs. Cunningham, suddenly rising, said with a smile:

"No, sir, you cannot go."

"But I must go."

"No, sir, you shall not go; you shall stay here with me;" and so saying, she seized him by the arm, and hurled him back into the chair. Fitzgerald was astonished at her great muscular strength.

"There is power enough," thought he, "to overcome half the dentists in Bond street united." She handled him, in spite of his resistance, as a strong man would handle a child. He again attempted to go, and again she forcibly drew him back, this time giving him two or three whirls with one hand, with the utmost ease.

"Sit down," said she; "I told you you could not go. You see I am bound to have my way."

"Indeed, madam, you seem determined to detain me; but I repeat I must go, and shall not remain another minute," said Frank, firmly.

"You will go if I choose to let you out of the door," said Cunningham.

"And if you do not choose to let me out of the door, I will go."

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Mr. Fitzgerald is invited to [illegible]

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... had ... started for the door;
... n., suddenly rising, said with a
...
...
... shall not go; you shall stay here
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"Sit down," said she; "I told you you could not go. You see I am bound to have my way."

"Indeed, madam, you seem determined to detain me; but I repeat I must go, and shall not remain another minute," said Frank, firmly.

"You will go if I choose to let you out of the door," said Cunningham.

"And if you do not choose to let me out of the door, I will go."

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Mr. Fitzgerald is invited to Sit Down.—Page 344.

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"No; you will spend this evening with me. We will play cards; you must *deal*."

The mention of "dealing" reminded Fitzgerald that a present might not be unacceptable, and he took out his porte-monnaie.

"Perhaps you will accept a little parting present?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," said she, taking the proffered bank note. "If you are determined to go, I will let you off if you will fix a time for seeing me again."

"Monday, four o'clock," said Frank, quite anxious to get out doors.

"Very well; now you may go. I hope you will decide to take that house up town."

"Before I meet you here again," replied Frank, "I shall decide definitely what course to pursue."

Fitzgerald descended to the hall, with the intention of going directly out; but the hall was profoundly dark, and the house was silent as a tomb. He groped his way to the door, but to his consternation found it bolted and locked, and, as he thought, the key removed. It was, of course, an easy matter to slip back the bolt; but this did no good; he was a prisoner, watched, for all he

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knew, by some lurking assassin, who was awaiting in the dark a favorable opportunity to dispatch him.

He groped his way to the basement stairs, and pounding with all his might and main, called for Mrs. Willis to come and let him out. There was, however, no response; the basement, so far as he could see, was as dark and silent as the hall. He pounded and called several minutes in vain; and finally discovered there was a light in the parlor. He rapped upon the door, but received no answer. After rapping several times he tried the door, and was relieved to find it unfastened. He looked in but the parlor was vacant.

"Ah," thought he, "the broker told me she wanted the parlor for the use of a lady and gentleman, but I see that was all moonshine; it was only a stratagem to get me up-stairs, plotted undoubtedly long before I came."

Fitzgerald had confided to a friend the history of his former adventures, and this friend was of opinion that he had undertaken an unpropitious business, and was dealing with customers he should not trust too far. He therefore consented, at Fitzgerald's request, to follow him to the house, and keep up a sharp watch outside, and be ready to go to his

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assistance at call, if anything should occur. Fitzgerald confesses that during the period we are describing, he thanked his stars this friend was so near him, for he now firmly believed the women had laid a plot to rob him. But once in the parlor, he felt comparatively safe. He resolved, if not released immediately, to smash one of the windows if he could not raise it, and leap into the street—a feat easily accomplished.

He determined, however, to make one more effort to go out regularly, and returning to the basement stairs, set up such a pounding and calling as must have penetrated every part of the house. There was no response, however; and what appeared singular, notwithstanding Mrs. Cunningham must have heard him from the first, she paid no attention to him whatever; he did not see her again, nor hear a syllable from her lips, more than he would had she been a thousand miles distant.

Not receiving any answer to his fruitless blows and calls, he returned to the parlor, and seizing a chair, was advancing to charge the window, when he heard footsteps. He waited, ready for peace or for war, and soon the broker came up the base-

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ment stairs with a lamp, and asked what was wanted.

"I want to get out of this house," said Frank. "You seem to have taken the liberty of fastening me in here."

"Oh, Mr. Fitzgerald, is this you?" she exclaimed, with apparent surprise. "It seems to me you do not make us a long visit to-night."

"I have stayed considerably longer than I wanted to. I have been trying to get out here, and pounding and calling until I expected the police would be in to quell the disturbance. I concluded you were deaf. Didn't you hear me?"

Mrs. Willis made no reply, but unlocked the door, and Fitzgerald, without standing upon ceremony, walked out, breathing freer, and went directly to his lodgings.

Next day he called upon his friend for information relative to outside movements, and the further proceedings of the Bond street widow. He learned that his trusty companion had watched the house during the entire period of his visit, and had discovered various appearances which, under the circumstances, he regarded as suspicious. A rough customer, who had watched him closely, went first

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into the front yard, and subsequently disappeared in the rear, and upon examination, the friend found a rear entrance to the premises.

After Fitzgerald left the house, the friend kept his eye constantly upon the door, and after waiting some time, saw a lady in black come into the street, who, from her dress and figure, he believed to be Mrs. Cunningham. She turned towards Fifth Avenue, and he, being stationed between the house and that street, walked on, and turned the corner, where he stopped in the shadow of a lamp-post. He expected she would pass him immediately, but she spent some time, apparently in looking about, as if to see whether she was watched. Finally, however, she passed, and the full gaslight on her countenance made him certain he had not mistaken the individual. She saw him, and gave him a scrutinizing look, but finally went on and hailed an omnibus. He followed until he thought there was an opportunity to enter unobserved, when he took passage in the same vehicle. Mrs. Cunningham kept her face turned from those in the coach, and rode on to White street, when she got out and went to No. —, a house on the north side, not far from West Broadway, which she entered.

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This house is one in which rooms are let without board, and is by no means as magnificent as the residences of Fifth Avenue, which she had pointed out to Fitzgerald as the home of her friends.

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APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX.

[*From the Daily Evening Post, Feb.* 14.]

THE MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE ARTICLES.

We publish to-day the concluding chapter of "Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis"—a series of articles the first of which appeared in the Evening Post about six months ago, and which, we believe, exposes nearly every phase of swindling perpetrated by means of matrimonial offices and matrimonial advertisements.

The subject was novel, and the writer of the articles is the first who has given it a thorough investigation. His inquiries have been long and laborious, and not always pleasant; but the results, as he has given them, are in every essential respect authentic. Some doubt has been expressed, by correspondents and others, as to the truth of his descriptions of the several interviews held in a recent instance, but we are assured, on the best of evidence, that they are nothing more nor less that a faithful report of what took place and was said. If we had not been convinced of this, the articles would not have been printed in this paper. The author, moreover, has many letters and documents that have fallen into his hands, and which we have seen, confirmatory of the stories he has narrated.

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The exposures demonstrate that, although some may be honest in announcing themselves as candidates for matrimony, the advertisements are generally the masks of schemes of licentiousness, extortion or robbery. They often emanate from matrimonial offices, or people who patronize them, and are published for grossly improper purposes. Of those which come from "outsiders," a few are put forth by curious and mischievous persons, and are comparatively harmless. Others are inserted for the purpose of getting foolish men of property within the power of the advertiser, and in order to "levy black mail," as it is termed, or to rob them outright.

Matrimonial brokers, as the readers of the articles must be aware, make the highest professions of respectability and honor for themselves and their patrons. But the truth is they have themselves no means of guarding against deception, even if they were so disposed; and their assertions that they require references and certificates of good character, are unfounded pretences, to gain the confidence of customers.

The practice of personating women said to be worth a large amount of property, who, in fact, would be penniless but for the liberality of lovers, is not uncommon among them, and the experience of Mr. Gillette, in one of the numbers, is a fair illustration of their titles to virtue. Many breach of promise cases arise from acquaintances formed in matrimonial offices and by means of advertisements, a fact which is illustrated by the history of Mr. Jenkins, in another number. In short, it may be taken for granted, in nearly every case, that these proceedings are designed to decoy unthinking, inexperienced and heedless persons into some trap, either to wheedle them out of their

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money, or to put them in a position in which they will be completely in the power of the sharpers.

We believe that the writer who makes these exposures has rendered a service to the public, and the book which he proposes to form from his contributions will contain much valuable information. In a city as large as New York there is always a large number of gullible people, both male and female, and a large number of rascals to gull them, and one of the duties of the public press is to indicate and describe the various methods by which the process is accomplished.

THE END.

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The occasion was one of peculiar interest. Such an array of talent as the speakers presented, would, under any circumstances, have given assurance of a rare literary feast; but when representatives of different branches of the Christian Church, hitherto somewhat antagonistic, found themselves side by side on a broad platform of Christian Charity and Brotherly Love, they could not but draw inspiration from the occasion as well as the soul-inspiring themes on which they dwelt.

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be, interested, and this title has been adopted on account of its peculiar adaptation to the contents of the book.

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